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America's Only Rock 'n' Roll Magazine

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Creem

VAN HALEN

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BEHIND THE SCENES REPORT

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MITCH RYDER
COUGAR COMEBACK!

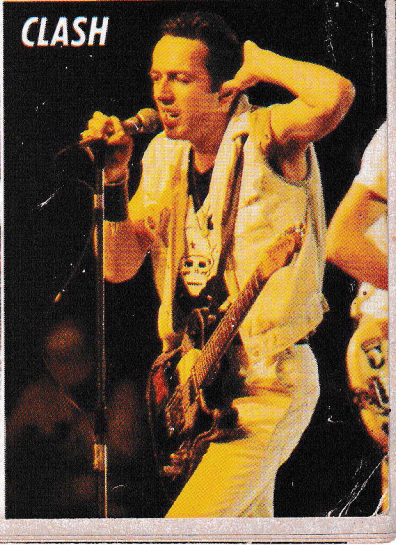
RAMONES
GRADUATE!

TALKING HEADS
HUMAN LEAGUE
FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
BILLY IDOL
DAVE EDMUNDS
R.E.M.
BLASTERS

BOWIE

MEN AT WORK

CLASH



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NO. 4

CREEM

SEPTEMBER
1983

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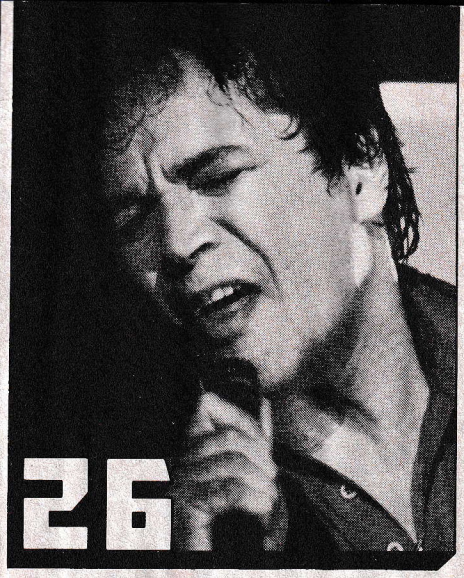

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IS THERE SOMETHING WE SHOULD KNOW?

We are Duran Duran's greatest fans. We have six posters of them, four Duran Duran shirts, and a scrapebook!
Duran Duran's #1 Fans
Where MTV Is,
Springfield, MA
(Wait awhile, and it'll be a scab-book!—Ed.)

I am extremely offended by the idiotic reporter Annene Kaye, who did the report on the article, "The Man From D.U.R.A.N. D.U.R.A.N."
J.L.
San Jose, CA
(By the way, Annene got a B on the report.—Ed.)

...what really made us mad was when you compared John Taylor to Ric Ocasek's ears!
Two Very Mad Devoted Duran Duran Fans
Pineville, LA

How come John Taylor said that there are only certain types that like Nick? I'm a straight, 17-year-old girl looking for Nick Rhodes! So, I sit here waiting for Nick Rhodes to come on a big black horse and take me away from the Hell I live in!
Beth M.
Hossville, KY

Each member of Duran Duran comes from a good family, and would not say any of those infantile remarks you wrote in your trashy magazine.
Anne Potratz
Long Beach, CA

As for the editor's comment about Nick Rhodes and the editorial assistant's closet, well, I think you know what I'm going to say.
H.S.
Rocky, MT
(Sez Kim: "No, what?")

WORST IS BEST

OK, hold on to your dentures! I am the worst, I repeat, ABSOLUTE WORST Go-Go's fan there is on Planet Earth, ba-bop-ba. I own none of their albums, no posters, no pictures. I don't even know their NAMES! But I think the lead singer's a fat swine! Altogether, I have spent exactly $0.00 on them! It's GREAT!
Dolly (By The Hair)
Rio

CATS ARE HECK!

A few months ago, a cat was keeping us up at night. Richard lured it into the basement with *canned mackerel (mmmmmmm)* and we tried to trap it but it got away and was running up the walls and flying through the air. Then it hid in one place and Rich tore everything there away. It was a wreck and smelled like *canned mackerel* and that

OVER A DECADE OF ROCK 'N' ROLL!

BOY HOWDY!

CREEM

America's Only Rock 'n' Roll Magazine

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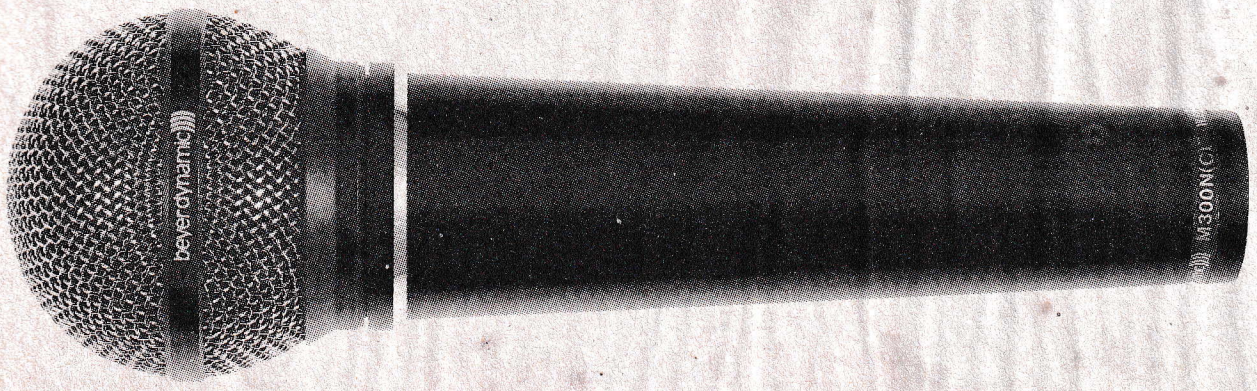
BOY HOWDY! CHAIRMAN

Why the Beyer M 300 could be a better choice than the vocal mic you were going to buy.



What criteria qualify a microphone as an industry "tradition"?*

Microphones like the Shure SM58 have been described as industry "traditions"* based on a variety of reasons including durability and a practical ball-end design. But now there are new vocal mics offering many of these standard features in addition to updated design approaches with certain advantages implicit in the newer technology.

The new Beyer M 300 is designed to deliver consistent performance under the most adverse road conditions. And because it represents new criteria in microphone design, you may notice that the M 300 can also give you increased sensitivity and a crisp, articulate sound that can enhance your voice's distinctive personality.

The heart of any microphone is the element that transduces acoustic energy into electrical impulses. Unlike some other microphones, each Beyer mic has its own custom-designed element (field-replaceable in the M 300) to optimize the microphone's performance.

Does a rising midrange peak necessarily make a mic sound better?

The Audio-Technica ATM41 has a "gently rising curve"* in the midrange for increased clarity. And although this can eliminate a "muddy" sound, Beyer believes you should decide if it adds up to a better sound.

With the new Beyer M 300, we've combined definition in the upper midrange for greater clarity with full-bodied response throughout the frequency range. The M 300 represents our design philosophy that a good sound means a well-balanced sound and no single characteristic is achieved at the expense of overall frequency response.

At Beyer Dynamic's ultra-modern manufacturing facility in West Germany, we hand-build virtually all of our microphones in the most evolved state of fine German engineering. For the first time, the new Beyer M 300 offers you Beyer excellence at an affordable price.

How can a vocal mic claim to have the "today"* sound?

With today's constantly evolving technology, we don't doubt that newer entries into the vocal mic market such as the Electro-Voice PL80 represent updated thinking in design and manufacturing. But when someone claims to have designed a microphone based on the "complex frequency components of the human voice's waveforms,"* we must ask: Whose human voice? And when someone tells you their mic has the "today" sound, we must also ask: What is the "today" sound?

At Beyer Dynamic, we believe that *you* are the best judge of what is the optimum mic for your voice and your sound. In fact, we encourage you to audition a variety of competitive mics before making a final decision.

Trying a Beyer means you care enough to bypass the easy choice for the kind of mic that will distinguish your vocals in live sound and recording situations. The Beyer M 300 comes equipped with a high-quality cable with Neutrik XLR connector.

The Dynamic Decision

beyerdynamic

*Extracted from competitive promotional literature or advertising.
*Documentation supporting specific comparative claims available upon request.

Beyer Dynamic, Inc. 5-05 Burns Avenue, Hicksville, New York 11801 (516) 935-8000

THE NEW WAVE METAL

Heavy metal lives!! And it's roaring on in this CREEM Close-Up devoted to the loudest and latest in metal thunder! Who'd ever thought we'd go from Led Zep to the Plasmatics? That's just some of what you'll find here, as well as Def Leppard, Iron Maiden, Judas Priest—and that's just the tip of the iceberg. You'll find a photo feature devoted to metal at this year's US Festival, and the "Metal Hall Of Fame," devoted to the top acts of all-time!

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SEE PAGE 65 FOR DETAILS

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damn cat smell. I was screaming. Rich caught it in a mailbag and we put it in a bike basket and I rode 20 blocks east and across Golden Gate Park. That was about three weeks ago.

It came back yesterday. Everything got wacko and nutty. Rich waiting in the dark—at midnight—trying to psych out a cat. I didn't know who Rich was. We had to sleep in the living room. Today Rich caught the cat—in fact, about two hours ago.

Rich made a trap and pulled a rope when the cat went under this thing. And it was held down by bricks and a big log. Then we dragged it into the basement and put it in a bag (with leftover tunafish) and Kim and Dave came over and we took that goddam cat to Sausalito in one of the worst rain storms ever. HAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Then I was torturing the cat by barking and jumping right next to it while it was in the bag. We dropped it off in front of a SEAFOOD PLACE.

Angel
San Francisco, CA

BAD KITTY!

It seems to be that I, Alley Cat, sent a letter to your Mail section which I have regretted ever writing. I didn't mean *anything* in that letter (except for the part about the Who—OK, this is a Who letter!) and I must have been a bloody raving lunatic to have sent it out. Enclosed is the letter which I wish for you to receive and as for the other letter—scrap it.

Alley Cat (meow!)
The Alley

(As it turns out, we never got your first letter. Boy, do you look stupid now!!—Ed.)

FORGET IT!

We sincerely regret the damage your mail received during handling by the Postal Service and hope this incident will not seriously inconvenience you. We realize your mail is important to you and you have every right to to expect it to be delivered in good condition.

Although every effort is made to prevent damage by the mail, occasionally this will occur because of the great volume handled and the rapid processing methods which must be employed to assure the most expeditious distribution possible.

We hope you understand and want to improve our processing methods in order that even a rare occurence can be eliminated.

Please accept our apologies.
Gene Cole
Postmaster

(Not until you give us back our hollowed-out jeep!—Ed.)

B'GOSH, B'GOLLY!

What does Boy Howdy mean? You always say, "Always say Boy Howdy." I want you to know that I always do, but I don't know what it means. I've sort of been using it in place of something like "Gosh" or "Golly Gee." Is that right?

Nancy Graver
Lancaster, PA

(No.—Ed.)

COOKING HINT

Do you usually put fish in the same barrels as shotguns?

Astro Jetson
Punkland, ZZ

(Only fish that look like George Harrison!—Ed.)

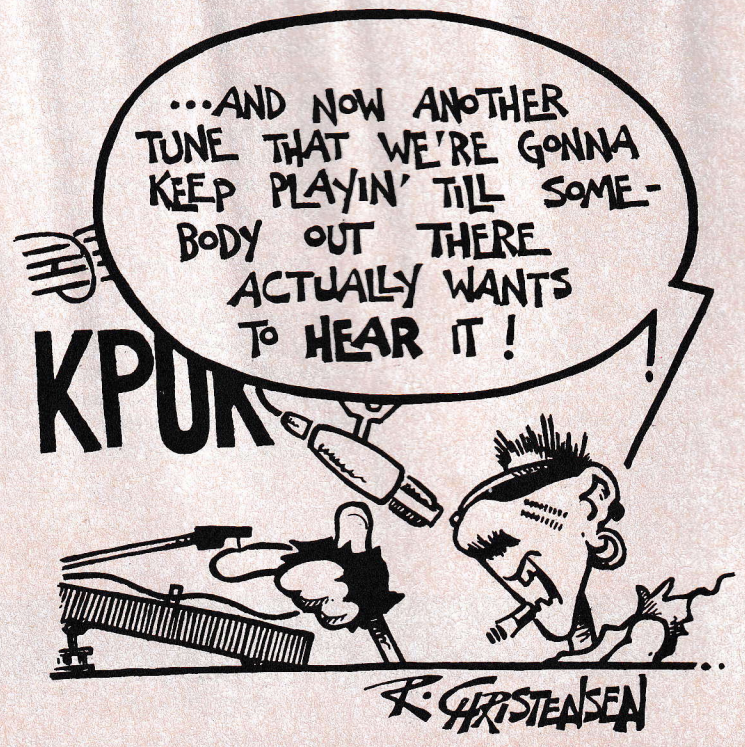
SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL

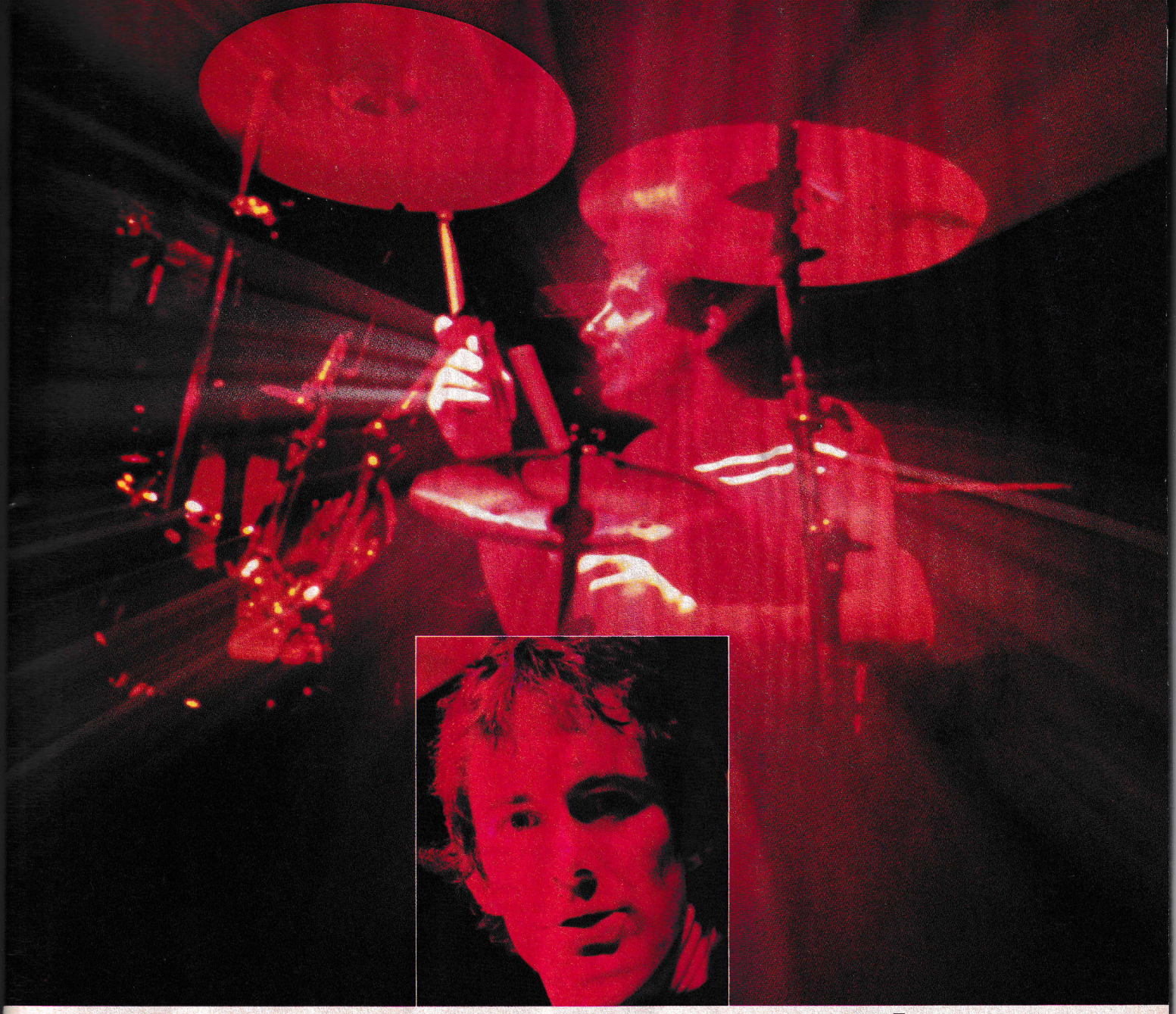
Did you realize that Ozzy Osbourne looks almost exactly like Donna Cortlandt on *All My Children?* It's uncanny! I mean, they could really be sisters or something!

Capt. Ludwig van Hot Wax
Nowhere near Granite Falls, WA

NEXT TIME, TRY IT WITH YOUR EYES OPEN!

Holy smokes, you silly ones, but we *like* to verk in our undervare while sitting on electric chairs while our hairdresser remains on the floor, sobbing, and we wish, we wish we were a fish who ate Goober peas 'cause we love them chicken wings and we wanna be a Weight Watchers poster





"There are lots of drums out there. But there's only one I want up here."

—Alan Gratzer, REO Speedwagon

It's ten p.m., and 30,000 rock 'n rollers are preparing to ride the storm out. It's been a good night. The crowd's up. The band's up. And the last thing Alan Gratzer needs is for his drums to let him down.

That's why he plays Ludwig. Only Ludwig. From the 6-ply shells to the hardware to the heads.

"I've played them all my life," he says. "I've experimented with others, but I always came back to Ludwig. To me, they're just better made. The craftsmanship is higher."

"The sound is rich, pure, consistent. And they're built so solidly—they have what it takes to stand up to the tour. Ludwigs have never let me down."

Alan Gratzer isn't the first great drummer to say nice things about Ludwig drums. Top rock drummers have been making similar comments about their Ludwig outfits since rock 'n roll began. As Alan puts it, "Ludwig isn't just great sound and craftsmanship—it's a rock 'n roll institution."

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child and we *are* Elmo, but sometimes we wish we were Neil Diamond 'cause it's magically delicious!

Caption Readers from
God knows where

NOBODY ELSE WANTS 'EM ANYWAY

LET KORDOSH KEEP HIS DREADLOCKS!
Boy's Girl
El Segundo, CA

OH, WE THOUGHT YOU SAID *HERBS*!

My seventh grade English teacher gave us the words to "Stairway To Heaven" to practice finding verbs!

Melissa Whitley
Bryan, TX

SAY ROB "THE SLOB" AGAIN!

How come your male readers get good looking CREEM DREEMs and we female readers get scummy looking CREEM NITEMAREs? Subhumans like Philthy Animal Taylor and Martin Chambers are not men, but SLIME! I thought out my own list of real CREEM DREEMs for your hungry-eyed female readers—all of us wishful groupies at heart.

1. Jim Morrison: who can resist the Lizard King in leather? Jim makes pitiful imitators like Rob "the Slob" Halford look like sweaty albino worms who would probably have fought in Vietnam.

2. Marc Bolan: what girl could reject that wanton waif? With his smoldering innocent beauty, he was the King after Morrison. If I hadn't been all of four years old at the time of his fame, I would have loved to bang a gong with him!

3. Robert Plant: preferably surrounded by lemons.

4. Joe Perry: just make him pose with a black Strat. He doesn't have to comb his hair—only arch his back, clench his Marlboro between his sexy lips, and sulk, pout, and sneer!

5. Steven Tyler: in silver Spandex, singing "I got a big ten inch (record)."

Not much to ask for, is it? I'm a devoted cover-to-cover reader, so maybe you owe it to me and every other crazed fan to print the aforementioned CREEM DREEMs. One final parting snicker at Lita "She-Wolf" Ford. HA HA HA!! Grace Slick would look cooler in a flannel bathrobe and fuzzy slippers! So there, "She-Whale!"

Oh, and by the way, darling Ed., would it be possible for *me* to photograph my CREEM DREEMs? Just me and my Nikon, *really*...

Alice
Gypsyville, ND

COMING SOON: LIST OF LISTS

OK, OK! I finally have it for ya! Here's the list of the 15 most disgusting, ugly, gross, blecchy, yukky, grody, barf-me-out-gag-me-with-a-spoon male rockers of the past 20 years: 1) Ozzy Osbourne, 2) Meat Loaf, 3) David Lee Roth, 4) Ted Nugent, 5) Steven Tyler, 6) Keith Richards, 7) Angus Young, 8) Elvis Costello, 9) Geddy Lee, 10) Pete Townshend, 11) Marshall Crenshaw, 12) Mick Jagger, 13) Joe Strummer, 14) John Cougar, 15) Elmo.

A Girl On Film
Rio

(What's with all this Rio stuff? For the last time, it's R-E-O!—Ed.)

NAVY BOO

Hey lissen gang, I know I've been a little lapse in the letter dept., lately, but it's kinda rough concentrating on writing when you've got a hundred squids breathing down your neck all the time. *[Funny—it's never bothered us!—Ed.]* See, I've been restricted to the ship here for almost two months now (the result of being busted for a positive urinalysis test) and just recently, I even spent three days in the brig on bread and water! I also went from Third Class Petty Officer (E-4) to Seaman Apprentice (E-2) and, in short, may be leaving the Navy a little sooner than expected. Also, to make everything just neat, neat, neat (as the Damned once said) my ship is in the middle of a six-week refresher training program in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, which is a real tropical paradise, let me tell you.

Anyway, the main reason for my writing is in reference to the article on Ms. Joan Jett. What I would like you to do in case you happen to see or hear from her is tell her that one of her biggest fans thinks she is definitely "still hot." In fact, to me she's the hottest little guitar slingin' babe in the whole world.

John
FPO Miami, FL

I LOVE ROD 'N' REEL

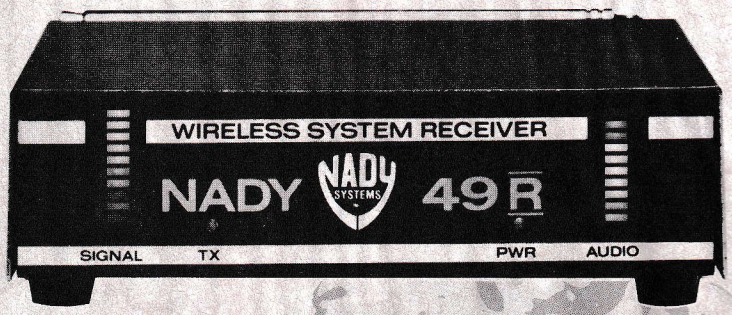
What, Joan Jett got a cover story? What happened, did someone have a memory lapse? I thought you guys didn't like Joan. Why you don't like Joan is beyond me! Surprisingly, this article didn't rip Joan to pieces like the others ALWAYS do, that is, the few articles you do print. I'm glad to see you guys are FINALLY writing about Joan Jett. C'mon, she deserves more credit and recognition than you give her. No matter what anyone else thinks or says, Joan Jett is the only real rocker, no one else can compare to her. Joan is and will forever be the QUEEN of NOISE!!!!

Jetticated Forever
Redding, CA

(Who else would WANT to be?—Ed.)

WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE!

My name is Marjory the Trash Heap. I only buy your mag cuz of the pictures. The captions suck. I weigh 700 lbs., have purple hair and orange eyes. I enjoy jumping off buildings, hunting boa



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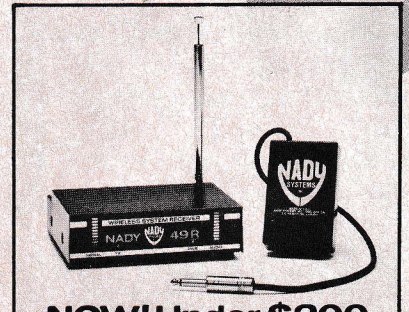

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constrictors and eating glue. I am afraid of falling planes, midgets taking me away in UFOs and finding poisonous worms in my alphabet soup. Although I am 22, have my left ear pierced 14 times and have three rings through my nose, I have taste in music.

I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you.

Marjory
San Diego, CA

BAUSCH & LOMB BEG TO DIFFER

When I saw Iron Maiden in concert, after lusting and drooling severely, Bruce Dickinson looked right into my eyes. I've started to howl at full moons, and tomorrow I'm going to try to lick my eyelids. I'll be OK, don't worry.

Mrs. Steve Harris
Hell, 666

SO DOES HIS MAMA

I was wondering how can you become a person like Dave DiMartino?

Deanna Wilkerson
Maderia, OH
(Sez Dave: "Drink a lot.")

NEEDS IDENTITY

Just because Boy George dresses feminine doesn't mean he's gay. I wear ties, jackets, pants, hats and other men's apparel and I am female—am I queer?

Diana A.
Louisville, KY
(Yes.—Ed.)

WE DID IT FOR THE AMBIENCE

Just a short, non-smartass (so you probably won't read it) note to say *thanks* for bringing back the sorely-missed (by moi) "Eleganza" column. John Mendelssohn is a fine writer who deserves to appear more often in your pages. And anybody who likes Boy George is A-OK in my book. Seems he's really given your caption writers a field day. I don't understand any of them (*what's* real tiny and wiggles?); only don't laugh too hard—he's *huge* in Britain.

Ms. 45
Rochester, NY
(Yeah, only when excited.—Ed.)

RETALIATION

New Wave is taking over the world—yes, you laugh now, do you?—Well, we got some news for you! Get this—we sent Rob Halford, Mr. Heavy Metal himself, a pair of white Capezio's and an issue of CREEM's *New Rock*. Well, we just received a letter from him today saying thanks for the *great* shoes, and now Judas Priest is adding a synthesizer to the band. Beat that!

Tasha Taylor Rhodes & Bathsheba LeBon
Rio Lane, Planet Earth

WHAT IS TRUTH?

Any truth to the rumor that Journey's latest smash hit "Faithfully" was written by Lionel Richie?

Dylan Dykes
Jefferson City, MO

PROBABLE WRONG ADDRESS

We recently acquired your June issue of CREEM, and enjoyed it thoroughly...the entire family! The captions beneath your photos are witty, catchy, and definitely different (but enjoyable).

As I am long past the "teens and twenties," I

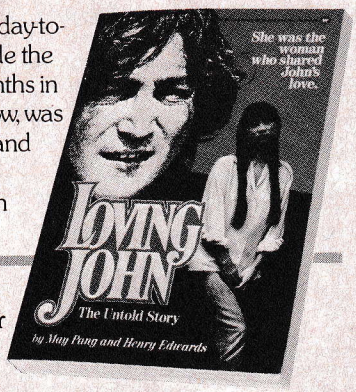
She was the woman who shared John's love.

Loving John
The Untold Story
by May Pang and Henry Edwards

She was the Lennon's personal assistant before she became John's longtime lover. Now, for the first time, she is telling her story. *Loving John* is May Pang's never-before-published intimate account of her life with John and Yoko, of John Lennon's tempestuous relationship with his wife, of the powerful influence Yoko had on John's life and music, of their stormy eighteen-month separation... all from the point of view of the woman Yoko personally chose to begin *Loving John*.

"The Hottest Thing Around. A Weird Love Triangle for Our Times..."*
It will shock you as it shows you Lennon at both his best and worst: the flashes of genius, the all-night recording sessions, the drugs, the chaos, the bouts of violence, the intimate details of John and Yoko at the Dakota. The Lennon's whims were May Pang's commands, and no matter how strange, May followed them.

Loving John captures Lennon's hectic day-to-day life from his paranoid isolation inside the Dakota to his and May's cash-poor months in California to the love affair that, until now, was the rock world's biggest secret—a firsthand account that every rock fan must read. It includes over 40 private photos taken by May Pang.



"Sizzling... Beatles fans will love the details... [the] friendships with other Beatles, Elton John, Mick Jagger, David Bowie, Phil Spector, Harry Nilsson, etc...."—Liz Smith, syndicated columnist

The most revealing book on John Lennon ever written.

To order, send check or money order for $10.20 in U.S.A. or $12.00 in Canada (includes postage and handling) to: Dept. PAA (CR), Warner Books, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103. Please specify title of book and #R37916-6. Please allow four to six weeks for delivery.

A Quality Paperback

WARNER BOOKS

am not prone to read "rock" type publications. However, as I said above, your June issue, the first I/we had ever seen of its type, was quite enjoyable. Unlike many publications I have read in the past, yours seems upfront and truthful.

The article we all enjoyed the most was the one on Mr. Michael Jackson, by Sylvie Simmons. We have enjoyed watching this young man since he was a child, and it was very heartwarming to see such a pleasant article written about him/his character.

My sincerest thinks for a classy publication.

Candy S. Coleman (...and family)
Buckley, MI

UP ON THE WOOF

I wouldn't take you to a dogfight even if I thought you could win!

An Elmo Fan
Bethel, CT

ONE QUACK MIND

You can tell which ones are ducks because they're wearing leg warmers.

I Conceived Thomas Dolby
Mystic Mountain, Anarctica

FROM THE TRANSCRIPT OF CREEM READERS' INSANITY PROCEEDINGS

Hey, Jerk! Don't read this! I'm talking to you! Don't look at me like that, turn the page! Damn!

A Fan From Planet Earth
East Brunswick, NJ

I'm insane/No you're not! I have a split personality/No, *I* have the split personality! I like your magazine a lot/It makes me want to puke on my cat! I'm a fanatical Def Leppard fan/I hate...no, I like Def Leppard! Hey, we finally agreed on something/No we didn't! Stop contradicting me/I'm not contradicting you! Yes you are/No I'm not! Yes you are/No I'm not...

Kathy/Sav
Largo, FL

P.S. Sav stands for Sarcastic and Vicious/No it doesn't! Yes it does/No it doesn't...

SOPHISTICATED BABY HUMOR

Please print this, because I want this ass called Cathy, from Marina Del Ray, CA, to know just what I think about her and her sophisticated humor!

I think it is the most distasteful and unsophisticated joke I ever read. The person who wrote this joke must have the mentality of a two-year-old baby. This person has a pitifully disturbed mind and seriously needs help.

I just want to let everybody know I feel real sorry for the state of California if everybody out there has the same sadistic and demented sense of sophisticated humor.

John
Jersey

(Didja hear the one about the blind man in the fish market?—Ed.)

RIGHT TO HATE

RIGHT NOW I am lying on my bed in my room. Just finished reading your "Letter From Britain" dept. Supposed to be doin' Bio homework. Hey—what the hell, right?! Listen, CREEM, you're the best mag around here but, like I said, you're tops!

Listenin' to one of my BOC tapes (#1!), but gettin' back to your "Letter From Britain," I thought it was great. Even though you cut up "punk," I still think you're all right. Thanx for all that info. People have the right to hate punk, just like I have the right to hate country, opera and too-commercial pop, etc.

Karen
Vineland, NJ

MORE SENSELESS DEATHS

How the hell can I get a date with Nick Rhodes, keyboardist for Duran Duran? I would do absolutely *anything*, even kill (myself!) to have the chance to meet him!

Blissfully,
Shari G.
Jamestown, NY

FUN IN OZ!

I have an answer to Angry Andy Overkill who wrote in CREEM in May, 1983. If you get drunk in Australia, the room you're in will turn counter-clockwise.

Colin Hay's American Cousin, Fuzzball
Hicksville, NY

(The eye's have it!—Ed.)

A HEAD OF HIS TIME

Why the hell don't you have articles on the Grateful Dead? The Grateful Dead are Number One.

Sincerely,
A Dead Head Burnout
Brooklyn, NY

STOOOOPID

I would like this to be printed in your mag: I forgot what I was going to say.

Aline LeBon
Smog City, CA

"NOT MY LOVER"

I read articles about Michael Jackson all the time. I read that he has no friends that aren't some kind of star and he feels strange around ordinary people.

I may be crazy wanting to be a friend of Michael's, but I do! If I have to be in some kind of contest to be a friend of his, I want my entry in there 100 billion times!

Tany Long
Jacks Creek, TN

(Sorry, yoooou loooose!—Ed.)

JOE "DELI" RUSSO: THE CONTROVERSY CONTINUES

I was reading about what Joe "Deli" Russo had to say. I think it was terrible how you made fun of him all through the magazine. He must feel terrible.

Janna Henry
Holbrook, NY

(He does, and he don't smell so good either!—Ed.)

I think I saw Joe "Deli" Russo on a street corner flashing small animals.

Susan Green
Other Creek (no kidding), FL

Dear Joe "Deli" Russo: Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

Moe "Jelly" Gusso
Yukon, OH

Will Joe "Deli" Russo take the place of Elmo?

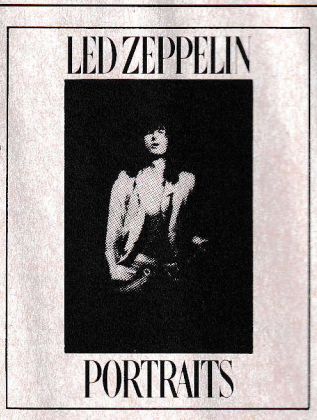
A Concerned Person
(Who sincerely hopes not)
Berkley, MI

(Bite your tongue, non-believer. Then send it in!—Ed.)

Led Zep Like You've Never Seen Them!

Led Zeppelin: Portraits
by Neal Preston

The Tour Photographs 1970-79
Introduction by Cameron Crowe



Rock-At-Home! – bringing rock 'n' roll to your doorstep – is proud to announce the exclusive October 1983 release of the ultimate Led Zep collector's item, the *limited-edition*, bound portfolio collection of Neal Preston's historic photographs of Led Zeppelin. Over two years in the making, the stunning **Led Zeppelin: Portraits** is a jumbo 11 x 14 inch book, printed on the highest quality photo-reproduction paper. It features more than 72 beautiful black and white pictures of Page, Plant, Jones, and Bonham, most of which have never been seen before, and many whose negatives were printed especially for this volume. It will be published in a limited edition of 5,000 copies numbered and signed by Mr. Preston.

Neal Preston served as Led Zep's official tour photographer, travelling with the band from 1973 through their final major performance at Knebworth, England, August 1979. The photos contained in his book range from that legendary concert to early press conference shots, People magazine portraits, and the picture used on Jimmy Page's passport!

Led Zeppelin: Portraits, a once-in-a-lifetime souvenir, will *not* be available in record or book stores or through any other mail-order company. It sells for $25.00, but Rock-At-Home! is offering it to Creem readers for $22.50 (a $2.50 savings!) on orders postmarked on or before August 20, Robert Plant's birthday.

Order today for a reserved numbered and signed copy and guaranteed shipment on the book's release date, Friday, October 28, 1983.

Rock-At-Home! 150 East 35 St. Suite G3 New York, N.Y. 10016

YES, please reserve _____ copy(ies) of **Led Zeppelin: Portraits.** I've enclosed a check/m.o. to Rock-At-Home! for $25.00 ($22.50 if postmarked on or before August 20). I am adding $2.50 shipping per book. (N.Y. residents please add sales tax.)

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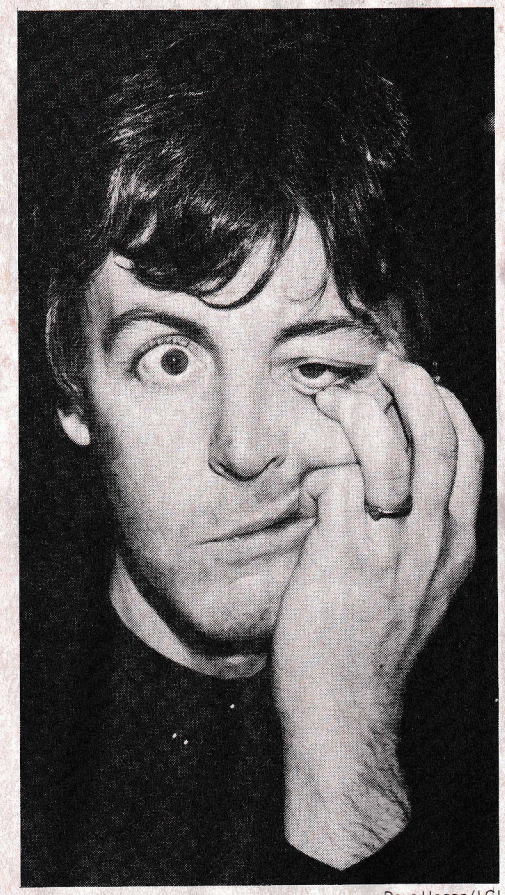
CHRISTGAU CONSUMER GUIDE



Dave Hogan/LGI

by Robert Christgau

JOAN ARMATRADING: "The Key" (A&M):: Folkies manque to the contrary, it's not hard rock she's unsuited for, a point she drives home on the side-openers, which are as nasty as this album gets both musically and emotionally, and also as rousing. What she's unsuited for is pop—the way Steve Lillywhite's hooks lockstep with her alto singsong on "The Key," "Drop The Pilot," and "The Game Of Love" makes the friendly sentiments expressed therein seem quite mechanical. And since she's always been a tough broad, that may well be the case. **B**

THE B-52'S: "Whammy!" (Warner Bros.):: Though they still pick up some great ideas at interplanetary garage sales, their celebration of the pop mess-around is getting earthier. "Whammy Kiss" and "Butterbean" do actually concern sex and food, respectively, while "Legal Tender" and "Queen Of Las Vegas" show off a healthy respect for money—that is, a disrespectful attraction to its alluring usefulness. "Song For A Future Generation" is a completely affectionate, completely undeluded look at the doomed, hopeful, cheerfully insincere dreams and schemes of the kids who dance to B-52's songs. And the Yoko Ono tribute is for real. **A-**

JOE "KING" CARRASCO AND THE CROWNS: "Party Weekend" (MCA):: Even when he was nervoused out Joe King always used to be fun because what kept him going was high spirits—at worst, a little extra adrenalin. Now he sounds as hyper and overextended as Richard Gottehrer's production. Good parties are such fragile things. **B**

ALBERT COLLINS: "Don't Lose Your Cool" (Alligator):: Kicking off with a blistering boogie, borrowing wisdom from Percy Mayfield and wit from Oscar Brown Jr., and played with an edge throughout, this is everything you could ask of a blues album except—except that it isn't quite not just another good blues album. A must for aficionados and a fine introduction for novices, but inbetweeners can live rich and meaningful lives without it. **B+**

MILES DAVIS: "Star People" (Columbia):: It's said that Miles has soloed better recently, and that the music relies on blues cliches. But like *Agharta*, this is the band's record, although unlike *Agharta* it works because Miles reins the band in—Mike Stern's blues duties keep him unfused, John Scofield gains needed muscle, Bill Evans hardly opens his embouchure. Anyway, blues is supposed to be a music of reinvented cliches. And Miles sounds fairly fine. **A-**

DURAN DURAN: "Rio" (Capitol):: With music drily electronic enough to pass for new wave and moistly textural enough to go over as pop, lyrics that rearrange received language from several levels of discourse into a noncommital private doggerel, and a limitless supply of Bowie clones to handle the vocal chores, this is Anglodisco at its most solemnly expedient. It lacks even the forced cheerfulness of (whatever happened to?) Haircut 100 (wait, I don't really want to know), and if it had as many hooks as A Flock Of Seagulls (not bloody likely) it still wouldn't be silly enough to be any fun. **C-**

"HEAVEN 17" (Arista):: As communiques—in Britain, where this group speaks directly to a general youth public—these cool-to-gnomic commentaries on a modernity in which jobs aren't roles, dreams aren't ideals, and the personal isn't quite the political undoubtedly earn some anthemic aura. As artifacts—in the U.S., where this group is sometimes confused with Duran Duran—they're dance music, albeit with generally thought-provoking hooks. **B+**

HEAVEN 17: "The Luxury Gap" (Arista):: Although their second U.S. album lacks the surface appeal of the debut compilation, it runs deeper, and politics makes the difference—not because their conscience impels them to come up with likable protest novelties like "Fascist Groove Thing" and "Let's All Make A Bomb," but because their compassion induces them to explore a subject to which they have privileged access. Nowhere else in music or sociology will you learn so much about the would-be hedonists who live the technopop/Anglodisco life. Obsessed with an upward mobility that fails to produce the advertised highs, their protagonists suffer the weariness known only to those who habitually overtax their wills. And Glenn Gregory's cultivated, well-meaning vocals combine concerned observation with hard experience just soulfully enough. **A-**

LEGAL WEAPON: "Death Of Innocence" (Arsenal):: Since like so much L.A. gothic this punk metal cultivates melodrama with an enthusiasm that could be campier, I don't quite know how to take Kat Arthur's tales of young woe. If she really did get sodomized by daddy on the floor, the hooky crudity of her response is guts ball. But if she just thought incest a fitting hook for such a crude grabber of a riff, she should have thought some more. And the strain of such distinctions renders the crudity less satisfying than its hooks warrant. Address: Box 1083, Del Mar, CA 92014. **B+**

LEGAL WEAPON: "Your Weapon" (Arsenal):: The follow-up is less unrelenting than the debut, but it's also subtler in crucial little ways— tempo change here, Byrdsy decoration there, burr in the throat all over the place. Kat Arthur may well be turning into Joan Jett with something to say and something else to say with it. She's still young and she still means it, but she's gained perspective on her bombed-out blues. **A-**

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS: "Confrontation" (Island):: There are no major songs among these lovingly selected outtakes, and on side two the material drags as low as the forced, synth-drenched "I Know." But even that one has a bridge

typical of the songcraft that set Marley apart from his brethren, and on every track his vivacious attention to detail jumps out when you listen up. Inspirational verse: "Oh Lord, give me a session not another version." **B+**

JUDY MOWATT: "Black Woman" (Shanachie):: Mowatt seems like an exceptionally decent person. Her avowals of sisterhood are a welcome corrective to Rasta sexism. But as a frontwoman she's a backup singer. The straightforward decorum of her timbre suits her fine, but her lack of inborn dramatic grace and soul technique make her modest tunes more tedious than they have to be. And I don't hear the boys in the band putting their backs into it. **B-**

NEW ORDER: "Power, Corruption And Lies" (Factus):: The second or third Joy Division II album has occasioned disputation among the faithful. Some claim that it cynically recycles their riffs, while others think it raises that old new music to transcendent summits. Me, I find it relatively gentle and melodic in its ambient post-industrial polyrhythms, their nicest record ever. I also think it sounds pretty much like the others. **B+**

PINK FLOYD: "The Final Cut" (Columbia):: Though I wish this rewarded close listening like John Williams, Fripp & Eno, or the Archies, it's a comfort to encounter antiwar rock that has the weight of years of self-pity behind it—tends to add both literary and political resonance. With this band, aural resonance is a given. **C+**

A.C. REED & HIS SPARK PLUGS: "Take These Blues And Shove 'Em" (Ice Cube):: The crudest blues album anybody's made on purpose since Hound Dog Taylor died allows this saxophone player to sing—about needing a day job. Unlike his sometime leader Albert Collins, Reed doesn't stand a chance of knocking you over with his chops, which he knows. Unlike his noncousin Jimmy (whose tunes and harp parts he's wont to lift), he's far from certain to win you over with his slurs, either. This he may not know. But his earthiness is down-and-dirty enough to ensure that he'll come close. Address: 2615 North Wilton Avenue, Chicago, IL 60614. **B+**

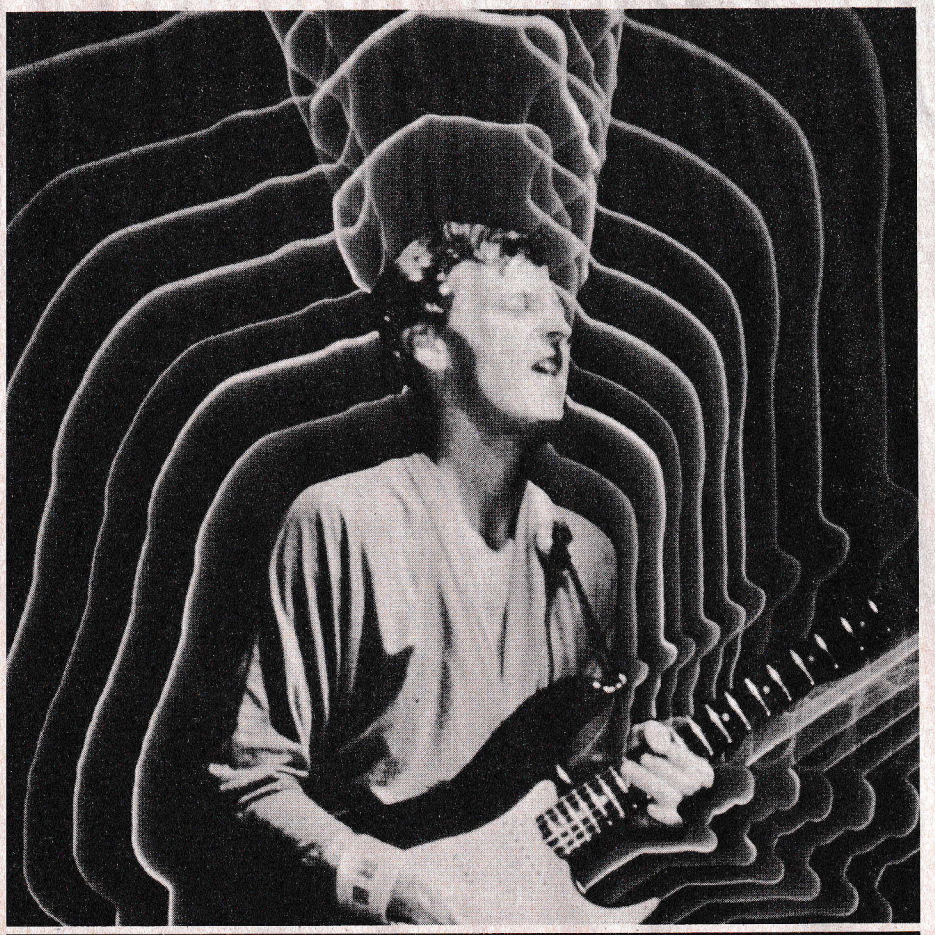
THE REPLACEMENTS: "Hootenanny" (Twin/Tone):: Thrashing their guitars or shambling like bumpkins or reading the personals w/musical accompaniment, this young band has a loose, free-wheeling craziness that remains miraculously unaffected after three records. They'll try anything—there's even synthesized percussion on one cut. If the rock 'n' roll spirit is your bottom line, you'll love 'em. But because they play it so loose they do gravitate toward sloppy noise, which means that too often they're more conceptual than a loose, free-wheeling rock 'n' roll band ought to be. Address: 445 Oliver Avenue South, Minneapolis, MN 55405. **B+**

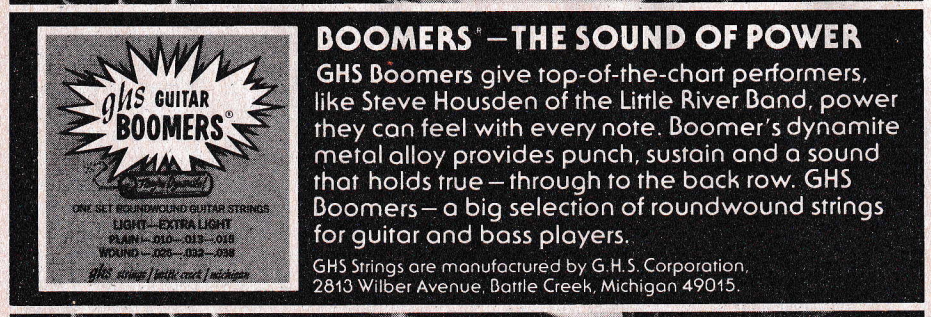
RICHARD THOMPSON: "Hand Of Kindness" (Hannibal):: Divested of Linda, RT stands tall as just another first-rate singer-songwriter. Near as I can tell, he divides his first solo album since 1972's passing strange *Henry The Human Fly* between the four songs on side one that say a poisoned farewell to his tear-stained wife and the four songs on side two that praise her replacement for saving his life before warning her not to toy with his affections and criticizing her dancing. Rocking in that blocky Morris-dance manner, but distinctly contemporary, these could be passing stranger. They're of such uniformly excellent quality, however, that even Warren Zevon, say, will be hard-pressed to top them in 1983. Gosh. **A-**

FONZI THORNTON: "The Leader" (RCA Victor):: As a fan of this winning second banana, I'd hoped he'd earn his title. Unfortunately, no quantity of returned favors from such class pop-funkers as Kashif, Ray Chew, and Nile & Bernard will do the trick for a man who not only doesn't sing as indelibly as pathfinder Luther Vandross, which is understandable, but doesn't write as indelibly either. Best Chic song: the perky "Perfect Lover." **C+**

PETER TOSH: "Mama Africa" (EMI America):: A surprisingly good album from a man who's been acting the fool for years, but the quality's in the groove, not the man—and in the Afrogroove rather than the reggae groove at that. Best songs: "Stop That Train," which he almost ruins with lounge-roots phrasing, and "Maga Dog," which has never sounded better. Both were written in the '60s. **B**

U2: "War" (Island):: The deadly European virus that's always tainted this band turns out to be their characteristic melodic device, a medieval-sounding unresolved fifth frequently utilized by monks in Hollywood movies. In other respects, however, their hot album is rock 'n' roll indeed. The Edge becomes a tuneful guitarist by the simple expedient of not soloing, and if Bono has too many Gregorian moments his conviction still carries the music. Anyway, I'll take his militant if pacifist Christianity ("The real battle has begun/To claim the victory Jesus won") over most of the secular humanism and Jah love rockers are going for these days. **B+**





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GHS Boomers give top-of-the-chart performers, like Steve Housden of the Little River Band, power they can feel with every note. Boomer's dynamite metal alloy provides punch, sustain and a sound that holds true—through to the back row. GHS Boomers—a big selection of roundwound strings for guitar and bass players.

GHS Strings are manufactured by G.H.S. Corporation, 2813 Wilber Avenue, Battle Creek, Michigan 49015.

ROCK 'N' ROLL NEWS™

David McGough/DMI

Nicknames: Cro-Magnon & Dobbin!

Keith Richards has postponed his marriage to **Patti Hansen** (again!?! We're beginning to think this guy has cold feet!) until the **Stones'** new LP is completed. The big news is that it might be a double Stones wedding with **Mick Jagger** and **Jerry Hall** sharing the bill...In other Stones news, the rubber-lipped wonder has completed a film script entitled *Tin Soldier*, which deals with an aging rock star whose 13-year-old illegitimate son shows up on his doorstep. **Malcolm McDowell** is slated to star in the flick.

And we didn't even know they liked reggae! According to the new **Bob Marley** biography, *Catch A Fire* by **Timothy White**, the CIA had the late reggae king under surveillance during the late '70s. Based on records obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, White claims that "it's more than clear that they kept close tabs on him, the Rastafarian movement and the reggae scene." Maybe they were just looking for some of that good ganja...

More fish stories? **Rod Stewart** and **Ron Wood** have finally completed their book together, which they've reportedly been working on for 15 years. Titled *A Variety Of Annoyances*, the book recounts life on the road with the **Faces**, the rowdiest rock 'n' roll band on earth at the time...

Watch for the release this summer of an American **Beach Boys** *Rarities* LP.

He still likes 'em young. **Jerry Lee Lewis** recently married for the fifth time, although his new bride is a little older than 13. The 47-year-old Killer married **Shawn Michelle Stephens**, 25, of Detroit, whom he met three years ago while playing a show in the Motor City...

In case you haven't heard yet, **Stevie Ray Vaughan**—the extraordinary Texan guitarist who plays on **David Bowie**'s *Let's Dance* LP—pulled out of Bowie's current tour (which, by the way, has received lukewarm reviews in Europe) two days prior to the opening date in Brussels. Vaughan refused to sign the Thin White Duke's contract because "it had no relationship to the verbal agreement" Bowie had made, promising several opening gigs for Vaughan's own band, **Double Trouble**, as well as allowing the guitarist to promote his debut solo LP, *Texas Flood*, in interviews. On top of this, Vaughan claims that Bowie offered him minimum union wages, meaning that he would have earned less than $300 per concert, not much when you consider that Bowie received a million and a half clams for his appearance at the US Festival. *Station To Station* henchman **Earl Slick** has been recruited to fill Vaughan's shoes, while Double Trouble tours America on their own...In other Bowie news, the chameleon prince is reportedly having a hot and heavy affair with **Jay Ling**, the girl featured in his hot and heavy, MTV-censored "China Girl" video.

And we thought they meant it, maaaan. Believe it or not, a drunk **Glen Matlock** recently told England's *Melody Maker* that the **Sex Pistols** are seriously considering reforming under the persistent urging of ex-manager **Malcolm McLaren. Johnny "Rotten" Lydon, Steve Jones, Paul Cook** and Matlock—the original Pistols line-up—are tossing around an offer to play a one-time-only gig in New York which would be broadcast around the world via closed-circuit video. Lydon may be looking for a new gig now that **Keith Levene**, one of the founding members of **Public Image Limited**, has left the group, reducing the band to Lydon and drumer **Martin Atkins.**

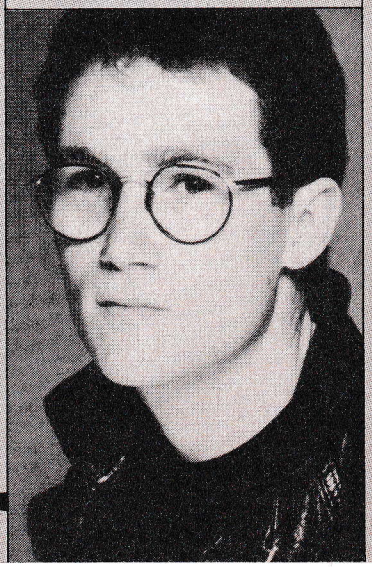
Van Halen's **David Lee Roth** has been making the scene lately. First, the singer joined **Broken English** onstage at L.A.'s Troubadour to commend the band on its performance, and announce: "It's a real pleasure to see three studs who make the rhythm that moves you!" Several weeks later, he joined **Billy Squier** onstage in San Francisco for a rousing version of Squier's "The Stroke." An interesting sidebar: Van Halen proved to be *very* astute businessmen during the US Festival. Although they originally signed to appear for a million bucks, their contract included a clause that guaranteed that no one would get a better deal. Thus, when **David Bowie** signed for $1.5 million, Van Halen automatically got another $500,000. Yeah, and times are tough all over.

Stevie took shaving lessons from *Gregg Allman!*

Danny Sugerman's follow-up to his **Jim Morrison** biography is being readied for an August 15th release. *The Illustrated History Of The Doors* will feature never-before-seen photos, reminiscences, and concert/album reviews.

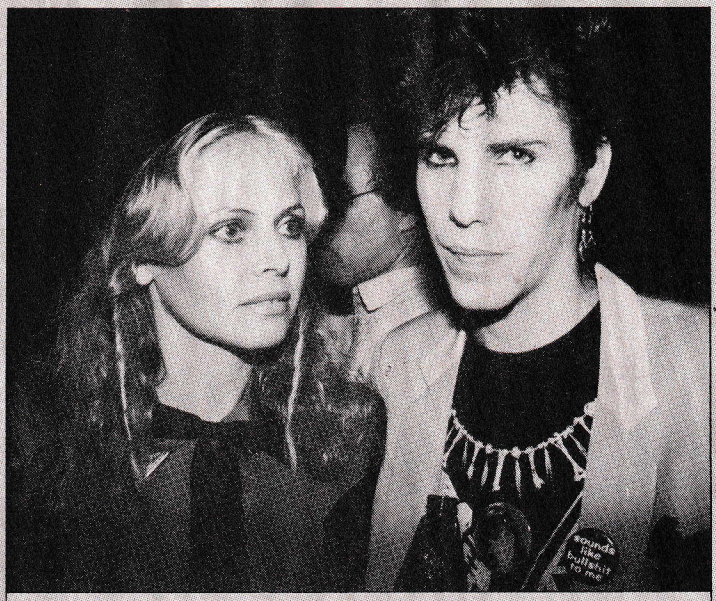
Marshall Crenshaw recently opened a show for **Hall & Oates** at Michigan's Pine Knob Music Theatre. Backstage, Crenshaw was admiring a 1963 Gretsch guitar belonging to H&O guitarist **G.E. Smith,** when Smith turned around and presented his axe to the bespectacled MC proclaiming, "Here's my guitar to you for writing such great songs."

...Wiped out Dad and Barney. Now where's *Aunt Bee?*



"'Ola Pepe?' What *did* that mon mean?"

ROCK 'N' ROLL NEWS™



Tom Jamison

Slim's button reacts to the news of the engagement.

Stray Cat Slim Jim McDonnel is going to marry **Britt Eklund**, who's old enough to be his mom.

Perfectionist **Bruce Springsteen** finished his new album (tentatively titled *Born In The U.S.A.*), immediately decided he didn't like it, and is writing some new tunes for the long-overdue record.

Bow Wow Wow's **Annabella Lwin** to sign a film contract with **Walt Disney**, including plans for a *Wizard Of Oz* sequel? At least she'd get to keep her *clothes* on...

Dorothy with a mo'? You've *got* to be kidding!

Robert Matheu

Perhaps **Donny Osmond** has been watching former childhood rival **Michael Jackson**'s recent success closely, as Osmond is reportedly recording a new LP with several major "new wave" artists, whose identities are yet to be revealed. Couldn't be any weirder than **John Denver**'s forthcoming LP which features one track with **Bob Marley**'s band, the **Wailers** including **Rita Marley**. Rasta *Denver?*

Johnny Carson's Carson Productions has acquired rights for a yet-to-be written three hour TV movie called *Imagine: The Story Of John Lennon*. **Yoko Ono** signed the contract for the film which will trace John and Yoko's relationship from their first meeting in 1965 to Lennon's death...Meanwhile, Lennon's old songwriting partner **Paul McCartney** recently clarified his famous quote ("It's a drag, innit?"), muttered after Lennon's murder. Macca claims what he actually meant was "Isn't it one unholy goddamn endless drag?" Paul is also planning to tour soon with **Ringo Starr** in a band that may include **Dave Edmunds** and **Chris Spedding.**

Ever the nice guy, **Kevin Rowland** and his **Dexy's Midnight Runners** were opening a show for **David Bowie** in Paris, when the impatient crowd started giving the band a hard time. How did Rowland retaliate? By telling 75,000 Bowie fans that their idol was a "wanker" and comparing him unfavorably to **Bryan Ferry**. Spoilsport Bowie had the band kicked off the next night's show...

Elvis Costello recently released a single in England titled "Pills And Soap" and credited to **The Imposter.** A bitter look at the Thatcher regime, the record has been released as a limited edition, which means once they're gone, there won't be anymore. Things may change by the time you read this, however, as it's turning into El's first British hit in a long time.

The Clash have chosen 23-year-old unknown **Peter Howard** as their new drummer.

We know that we've reported it numerous times, but ex-**CCR John Fogerty** recently said, "I feel the next album is finally on the way." Here's hoping it's true.

Colonel Tom Parker has severed his connection with the estate of **Elvis Presley** in an out-of-court settlement. Parker—who had been receiving 50 percent of the estate's income until a probate judge halted the payments, following a report which accused Parker and RCA of cheating Elvis's heir, **Lisa Marie**— agreed to turn over a portion of his collection of Presley memorabilia to the estate for display at Graceland. In return, Parker will receive more than $2 million from RCA for the rights to "all Presley related contracts."

The song "Stranded" on **Stevie Nicks'** new LP, *Wild Heart*, was inspired by **Prince**'s hit single, "Little Red Corvette." So, naturally, the cosmic queen cajoled Prince into playing on the record. "I started playing the song, and he walked over to the synthesizer and began playing this incredible part with his two fingers," said Nicks. "We did it all in the middle of the night." Hmmmm.

Pink Floyd will be performing a concert in Britain this fall, and word is that the band will bring the spectacle to New York later in the year for a worldwide simulcast. The band will be without keyboardist **Rick Wright**, of course, who left the group earlier this year.

Marvin Gaye's always had some interesting ideas on the

Gary Gershoff/Retna

Next: "I think, therefore I must see you completely nude and shaven."

relationship between the physical and the spititual. So now the legendary soul great has taken his "Sexual Healing" to its ultimate extreme by penning a new tune entitled "Sanctified Pussy." That *Marvin*!! Also written at the same time: "It's My Duty To Spank Your Booty, My Masochistic Beauty." Eat your heart out, **Prince**!

Todd Rundgren is the executive producer of a five-song mini-LP for the **Rubinoos**, their first record in several years. Todd will be sharing production chores with his band **Utopia**, who are also acting as rhythm section on the EP.

Now cruelly misshapen, Rundgren rarely tours...

Steven Stone

Spirit Amps

A Lot Of Amp For A Little Money

If you're just starting out, or you're upgrading what you started out with, you've got a lot of amps to choose from. Roland's just made your choice a lot simpler. Roland's new Spirit Amps combine great sounds, and loads of features, with a price that won't break the bank. Feature for feature, dollar for dollar, you won't find a better deal than the Roland Spirit amps. Just compare the features below.

Spirit 50
Output: 50W/
Speaker: 12"/Controls: Overdrive (Pull On), Volume, Master Volume, (Pull Presence) Bass, Middle, Treble, Reverb/ Input Jacks/Hi, Low, Main In/Output Jacks: Headphones, Pre-Out/ Switch Jacks: Overdrive, Reverb.

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Output: 30W/
Speaker: 12"/
Controls: Volume (Pull Overdrive), Master Volume, (Pull Presence) Bass, Middle, Treble, Reverb/Input Jacks: Hi, Low/Output Jacks: Headphones, Reverb, Switch Jack.

Spirit 10
Output: 10W/
Speakers: 8"/
Controls: Volume, Master Volume, Bass, Middle, Treble/ Input Jacks: Normal/ Output Jacks: Line Out, Headphones.

Spirit 50 Bass
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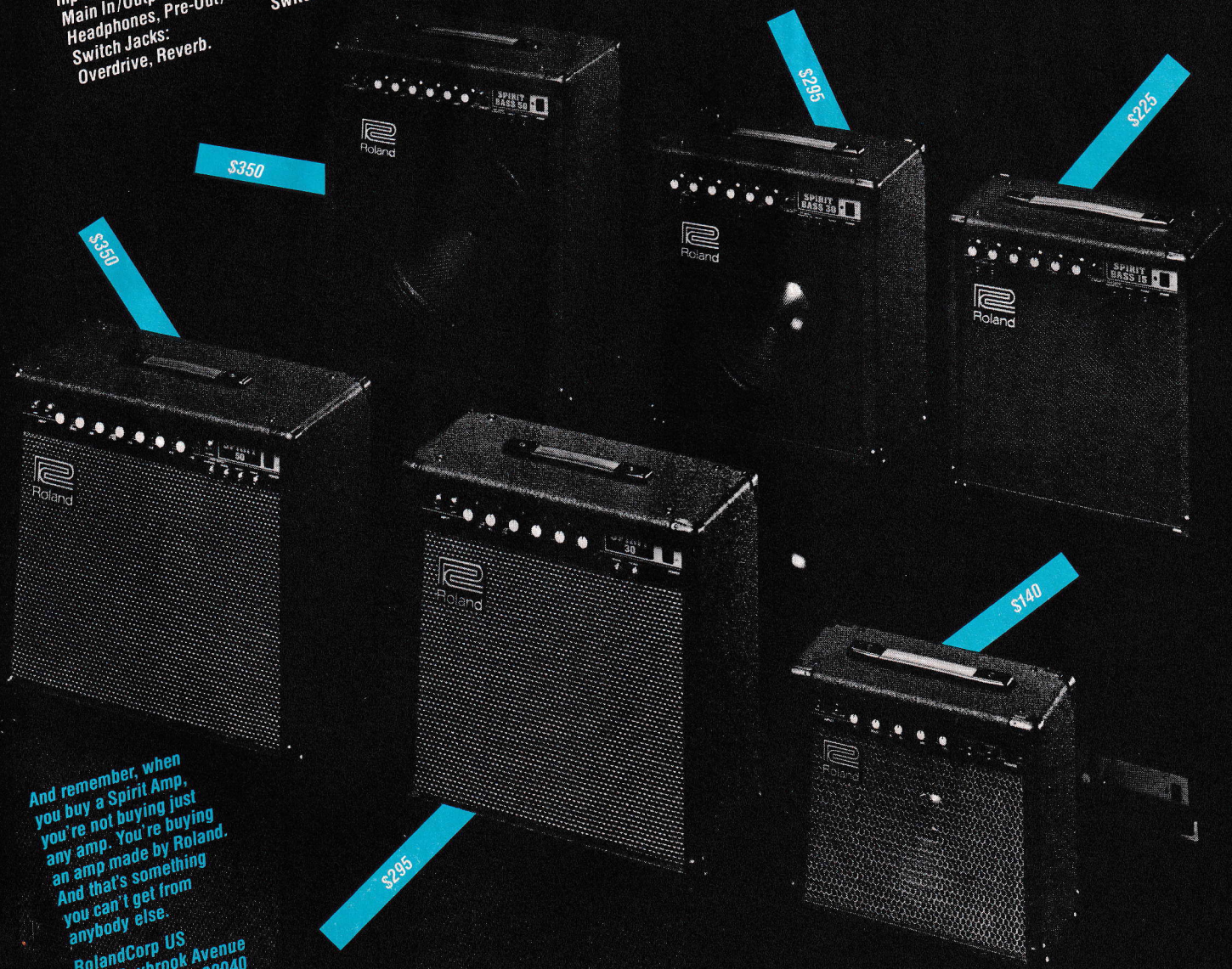

And remember, when you buy a Spirit Amp, you're not buying just any amp. You're buying an amp made by Roland. And that's something you can't get from anybody else.

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THE BEAT GOES ON™

Take This Group And R.E.M. It!

NEW YORK—In just a couple of years, R.E.M. has gathered a coast-to-coast constituency not through hype or promotion but through originality, smarts and solid songwriting. On the trail of their popular EP, these tunesmiths from Athens, Georgia are making quite a splash with their first I.R.S. LP, *Murmur*. Onstage, R.E.M. is just as riveting in the cavernous Ritz as it is in the comparatively tiny back room at Maxwell's in Hoboken. R.E.M. hit both niteries on their spring swing through New York. The Maxwell's gig was advertised only as "Chronic Town (The Band Time Forgot)" but enough R.E.M. fans got the hint and the show promptly sold out. Let the skeptics be damned—Americans are becoming feverishly devoted to a band that doesn't use synthesizers, advocate armed revolution or dress up like women.

R.E.M.'s lead singer Michael Stipe chokes the mikestand with both hands and sings with his head bowed almost prayerfully over the microphone. In such songs as "Pilgrimage" his deep, somewhat nasal vocals intersect with tight backing vocals to create lovely Byrdsian harmonies. Whether slashing chords across "1,000,000" or picking out the glistening guitar figure in "Laughing," Peter Buck gives R.E.M. tunes their edge without ever playing a solo. Buck and bassist Mike Mills are both full of fire when trotting across the Ritz stage or hopping about in close quarters at Maxwell's. Drummer Bill Berry kept things cooking through the over-20-song set which concluded with encore covers of "Secret Agent Man" and the Velvet Underground classic, "There She Goes Again." But when they tore into "So You Wanna Be A Rock 'N' Roll Star," Buck's treatment of that circular guitar riff brought the song within a hair's breadth of an R.E.M. original.

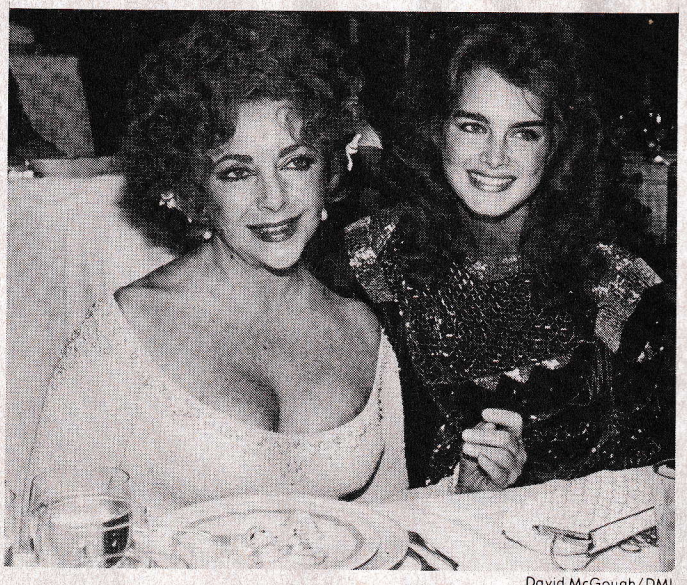
Laura Levine

We would've been RAM or ROM, if we were *smarter!*

Just what makes an R.E.M. song an R.E.M. song is a wily butterfly to chase after. Peter Buck's hypnotic guitar figures frame the songs while Mike Mill's lyrical, contrapuntal bass lines add another level of harmonic development. The structures of R.E.M. songs are studiously atypical, facilitating a surprise verse, chorus or bridge at any time. Their chords are consistently the *right* ones and are arranged quite tastefully. (So tastefully, in fact, that something ignoble within me almost hopes that R.E.M. will just once do something silly and embarrassing.) Actually, the one aspect of R.E.M. that's garnered the greatest grumbling are their mostly indecipherable lyrics. So who cares if I used to sing "West Of The Fields" as "Westchester Field" and even continue to believe that the crucial line in "We Walk" is "tape—erase us"? Right or wrong, my shower curtain has heard its fill of lines like "wastin' time, sitting still" or "I could live a million" or "It's not a clock, don't try to turn it off." Backstage at the Ritz, I asked Peter Buck about these baffling R.E.M. lyrics.

"When the band first started," explains Peter, "Michael (Stipe) and I were talking about how much we despise most rock 'n' roll lyrics that lately seem to be these dumb boy/girl things or these dumb nihilist things." Are the lyrics deliberately obscure? "It's not deliberate," defends Peter, "it's the way we naturally write...We're not the most straightforward, message-oriented people." Since every R.E.M. song credit bears all their names, I asked about the mechanics of collective songwriting. Lead singer Stipe tends to write most lyrics, but as to the music-writing process, Peter's best explanation was, "We just sit around in Mike's bedroom and make noise until something approaching interesting occurs."

I asked how the band was getting along with I.R.S. Records and Peter responded, "They're just really good people. They know what the band's about and haven't asked us to do anything warped or weird or crappy..." I wondered what the idea was behind the tangle of underbrush on the cover of the LP. "The cover was a conscious Flannery



David McGough/DMI

LIZ "HAS" LUNCH WITH BROOKE!

"Hey, uh, Liz?" Brooke whispers out of the corner of her mouth, "When I said you could taste my shrimp creole, I didn't really mean—" "Shuddup and smile for the camera, kid (urp)!" "Listen, I hate to bring it up, Liz, but last night you ate all my fish divan! And the night before it was the wiener and donut omelet," whimpers Brooke, "My *favorite!*" "I said (urp) shuddup and smile (urp) kid!" "C'mon, Liz, I haven't eaten in three weeks! Don't you remember the chocolate chip pancakes? All those Whoppers? My birthday cake? *The Moose?!*" "Lissen, boneface, I (urp)...I, uh (urp)...you can (URRRRRRRRP!)...oh, never mind (hic!)."

That Darn Chipmunk!

HOLLYWOOD—That toddlin' town is at it again. Plans to bring a revamped *Alvin And The Chipmunks* show to Saturday morning television this fall are underway at NBC.

Simon, Theodore and ALVINN!!!, those prisoners of rock 'n' roll whose album *Chipmunk Punk* burned up the LP charts a while back, will be blessing their viewers with more musical gems, according to series producer Ross Bagdasarian Jr., son of the original Chipmunk creator.

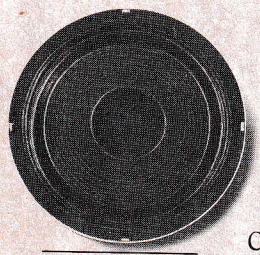
"We've written a lot of original music, including some rock 'n' roll and New Wave," Bagdasarian said.

The furry threesome will be joined by the "Chipettes," as well as by assorted special guests.

"In one of the episodes," Bagdasarian said, "an animated Mr. T. guest-stars." Animation would not seem to be necessary, however, because Mr. T. *is* a cartoon.

Heather Joslyn

CELESTION EXPOSES THE MYTH BEHIND "THE CLASSIC" SOUND.



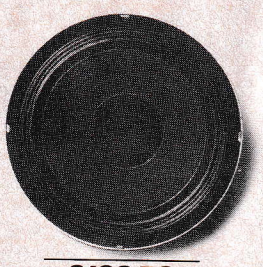
G12M 70

When you hear the name Celestion, you probably think of that "classic" Heavy British rock sound we're famous for. And we're still creating that sound with our new G12M 70 speaker. Yet, Celestion loudspeaker technology adds up to much more than just *one* sound. We offer a wide variety of speaker models, each with its own distinct tonal personality. Like our G12 80, the versatile loudspeaker used by top players and known for its clear brilliant sound.

Your speaker ultimately plays an important part in defining the overall character of your sound. And with Celestion's diverse line you can choose the subtle tone colors and textures you want in the music, while you get the most out of your amp.

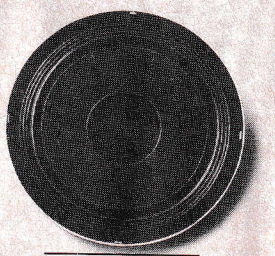
The exceptional sensitivity of Celestion speakers translates into the unique, heart-stopping presence and power that immediately sets us apart. Designed and built to perform over the long haul, Celestions can enhance the sound of anything from a small practice amp to a massive lead stack.

So what's the best way to choose the right Celestion speaker for your own "classic" sound? Write to us for a list of authorized Celestion dealers who're qualified to help you to step up to Celestion, and for our Celestion Sound-Selector Chart.



G12S 50

Brilliant, tight tonality — Recommended for stacks — Excellent for power chords and lead playing

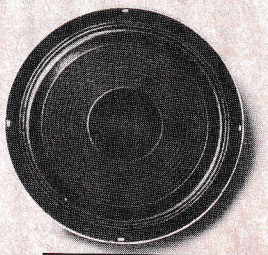


G12K 85

Crisp, full sound with an edge — Flexible contemporary rock speaker

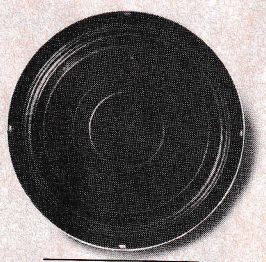
G12H 100

Excellent tonality for lead playing — Full-bodied sound



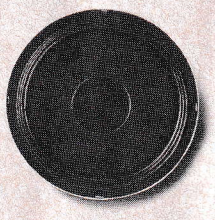
G12 80

The ultimate in presence and projection — Well-defined sound for rock, electric jazz or country



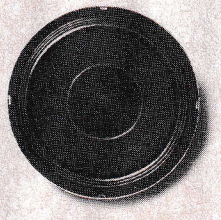
G12L 35

Focused, bright sound with Celestion edge — High performance at a low price



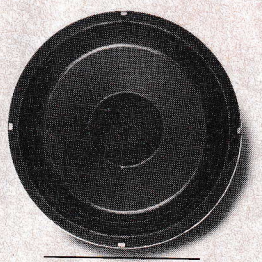
G10L 35

Smooth response with presence — Flexible, excellent for stacks



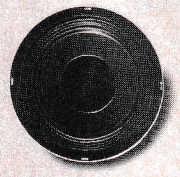
G10S 50

Solid, punchy sound with detail — High power-handling, the definitive rhythm speaker



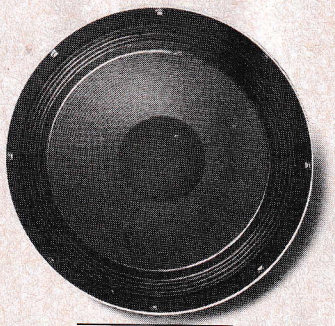
G12 80CE

Cambric edge design provides extra bass and high power-handling for quality mid-bass PAs



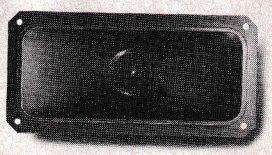
G8S 50

Big sound for practice amps and monitors — Adds depth, bottom and punch



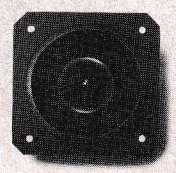
G15B 100CE

Clear, well-defined performance — Maximizes bass amp's potential



RTT 50X

Ring Transmission Tweeter with or without crossover — Clean, high power-handling performance



HF 50

Bullet Tweeter with or without crossover — Unmatched performance at an affordable price

celestion speakers

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O'Connor-type cover" said Peter. "We wanted something southern and gothic without being doom-y. We didn't want crosses in a field or burning crosses or anything like that." The band is currently working on a video of "Radio Free Europe," but, as Peter explains, "It's not gonna be a rock 'n' roll-type video. There's gonna be no lip-synching, no half-naked women, no mud wrestling, no dwarves or smokebombs." Instead, R.E.M. plans to tape a visit to the "garden" of a Georgian eccentric who hangs tools, appliances—anything man-made—from the trees. (His goal is to festoon his garden with one of every man-made item in the world—an ongoing task.)

R.E.M. will be the next Athens, Georgia band to "Break" nationally, but unlike the B-52's before them, R.E.M. is not fighting a running battle with its musical limitations. In fact, given the scope and depth of their inscrutable little melodies and the creative energy that keeps them writing new ones, R.E.M.'s problem isn't working against their limitations—it's seeing if they really have limitations at all.

Drew Wheeler

Ross Marino

Art Fleming was mortified when he found out the band was named after *him!*

Art In America Gives Good...Harp

STERLING HEIGHTS, MI—Only in Detroit would a musical group have the balls to call themselves Art In America. When their first album, appropriately "dubbed" *Art In America* and bearing a cover reminiscent of an old Yes album, was sent to the rock crit establishment, they *knew* it would send said crydicks running for the *sharpest hatchets in their hutches*, prepping for the Big Kill. But they were unafraid. For they have MTV.

"And the sign said 'long-haired, freaky people need not apply.'"

—lyric from popular '60s song

You might notice that the three main members of Art In America—Chris, Shishonee and Dan—share the same last name: Flynn. You might've also correctly guessed that this startling coincidence is due to the fact they share the same mom & dad. Their bass player, Jim Kuha, is in no way related to the Flynn family, but has a mom & dad just the same. Life is always full of little surprises.

The brothers Flynn explain that Art In America existed in the mid-'70s as Father—which isn't as cool of a name as, say, *Marshmallow Steamshovel*. As Father, they covered Top 40 hits, but, alas, grew weary of the bar grind. Harpist Shishonee, who'd spent many years travelling around the country playing Eastern music in a configuration called the Trees, conspired to play original music with her brothers, damn the consequences. This, understand, in the days when people with unlikely names like Johnny Rotten were wailing about "anarchy." Did the brothers Flynn, one wonders, in any way feel they were in a little *out of step?*

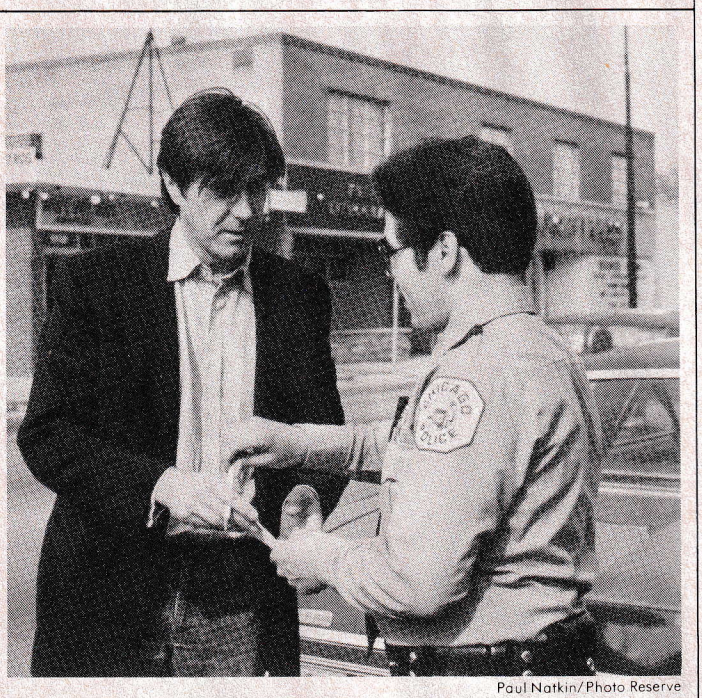
"We discovered we didn't fit into the world of fashion or high finance," Chris notes. "So we decided musicianship was the only thing that would work. We didn't fit in with the punk *or* heavy metal scene."

Art In America really *don't* fit in with any scene. Upon first listening to their debut album on Pavillion/CBS, this scribe wondered, as they used to say in the '60s, *where are these guys coming from?*

"King Crimson," says brother Dan, "XTC."

"I've grown into realizing what my roots are...just *songwriting*," brother Chris says. "Mainstream...the Who, I hesitate to say the Beatles, because everyone says that...but they were my main influence. The Hollies, the Dave Clark 5 were a real heavy duty influence. I used to buy all those singles, it was a big thing. The 13th Floor Elevators, a lot of those singles were big in Michigan and I liked them a lot. I used to like Ted Nugent when he was with the Amboy Dukes in the early days. That's basically where *I'm* coming from."

The debut LP was produced by Eddy Offord, who's also produced for Emerson, Lake and Palmer and Yes. *Art In America* has a similar feel, yet it's quite different than, say, *Close To The Edge*, thank God. But do the brothers Flynn feel that record reviewers might deal with the LP

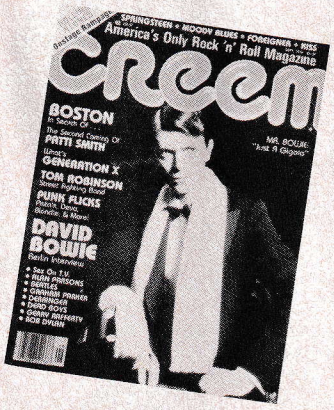


Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve

THE LAW FINALLY CATCHES UP TO BRYAN FERRY!

***"But Ossifer!"* mumbles a slightly disheveled Bryan Ferry. *"I'm too drunk to speed! Honest!"* "I don't give a damn about that," replies Officer Friendly. "I'm writing you up for all those crummy records!" *"But Ossifer!"* "Let's see, 'Love Is The Drug' is good for a $100 fine at least! Now, there's...'Do The Strand,' 'Song For Europe,'...uh...'IN EVERY DREAM HOME A HEARTACHE!' Ha ha ha, they'll *hang* ya for that one!" *"But Ossifer!"* "Listen, creepo, you're just lucky I'm not writing down 'Pyjamarama' or that remake of 'It's My Party'..." *"But Ossifer!"* "Tell it to the judge, fruitcake!"**

5 Years Ago



Take Two And Stay At Home

Jerry Lee Lewis was arrested for erratic driving while being under the influence of prescription drugs...the judge pointed out that Lewis would suffer the same fate as the late **Elvis** if he wasn't a good boy and didn't start paying attention to the drugs he was taking...

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unfairly, because of the Yes-like cover and production?

"You like to think it doesn't matter, but it does," Chris sighed. "it's not enough to stop you, however. You'd like to say 'Oh fuck 'em!' but it *does* seem to matter. Put it this way: it matters more if they like you. If they love and praise you as the new Messiah,. you think 'Oh wow! Maybe they're right!' " The brother Flynn broke out into hysterical laughter. "If they don't like you, it's 'Oh fuck 'em, what do they know? They're failed musicians.' "

Okay, guys, fuck the critics. But what about all those punk rock *jerks* who insist on looking as stoopid as possible, and howzabout all those walking dead you see at heavy metal shows? Will we see these types bouncing along to the peculiar and sometimes delicate rhythms Art In America offers?

"If someone's not gonna wanna like the record, they're just not gonna like the record," Chris said. "The first thing they're not gonna like is the Yes-type cover, the second thing is the name. The cover was CBS's idea. We had people lined up, but the company had other ideas. As for the pink haircut people, they're not our audience anyway. We're going for the preppie audience."

C'mon down, Muffy and Biff!

"I think a lot more of the conservative types like our music," Chris said, "conservative Midwesterners. That's our audience. I don't think the new wavers or heavy metal people will buy our records."

The discussion finally got around to *What About Your Next Album*. A in A say they'll go for a somewhat rawer, slightly more rhythmic sound. They hadn't decided on a producer yet; they were considering such greats as Chris Thomas, Rupert Hine, etc.

Walking down the street one day/a billboard said to me
'What's your sign'?
—lyric from popular Art In America song

Since Art In America are the only group to feature a harp player, there remained a question this scribe just *knew* was on the lips of all of CREEM's readers: Does harpist Shishonee feel a *true spiritual link* with Harpo Marx?

"She does!" cried drummer Dan, *"She loves Harpo Marx!"*

"Their hair color is the *same!"* added Chris.

What about their legs? Are *they* similar also?

"Uh-oh!" cried brother Flynn Chris, "we better not talk about *that!"*

Mark J. Norton

Boss Dootz tests buckskin whammy device.

Dawn Of The Dootz

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Imagine, if you dare, a bizarre cross between American punk's Legendary Stardust Cowboy ("Paralyzed") and rockabilly's the Phantom ("Love Me") into a stylistic blend that can only be described as mutant American primitivism. This new sound, downright psychotic to the point of being transcendental, is the creation of the Dootz, born David Frey Johns, who has spent his 28 years singing to records in his room and wailing in showers, hoping one day to be heard in a social context.

As a child David Johns was called "Duke" by his father, a nickname that eventually evolved into "Dootz." "My dad and I used to sing together when we went to church," says the Dootz, "but we had our own version of 'Onward Christian Soldiers.' Everybody else was singing it the right way."

His earliest musical influences were typical—Elvis, the Beatles, Buddy Holly—but he was particularly devoted to James Brown and Jackie Wilson, two performers who possessed an intense emotional style both on record and in performance. To a certain degree, the Dootz even considers himself a soul singer like Brown because he reaches deep down and "pours himself inside out with feelings from real-life experience."

Last year the Dootz began making tapes at the Sonny Huckle studio (in actuality, a mildewed basement, stocked with a jukebox and cases of cheap beer, located in the suburban wilderness of Northern Virginia). These underground recordings bear witness to his commitment to the tradition of getting gone; included are uncontrolled versions of Bill Parsons' "The All American Boy," Bobby "Boris" Pickett's "Monster Mash," the Troggs' "Wild Thing," Doctor Ross's "The Boogie Disease," and the Standells' "Dirty Water." Further, as if defying the Apocalypse, the Dootz performs the craziest cover of "Train Kept A-Rollin' " ever conceived by any mortal.

Two songs have been culled from these landmark sessions and released as a single on the Sky label—"A.C.N.E. (I've Got Acne)" and "I'm the Dootz," both original tunes recorded in one take and legend has it, composed on the spot. On both songs, the Dootz shouts and howls from the pit of his soul, revealing a naked hysteria, and unrehearsed moment of being. "I'm the Dootz" is a reworking of Bo Diddley's "I'm A Man" with a sense of spontaneity rarely heard on records any more. "A.C.N.E.," the A-side of the record, is an astonishing garage-novelty performance, so powerful that it stands a good chance of becoming the "Louie, Louie" of the 1980s. No synth-pop or new-wave recording has ever come close to its passionate display of trauma and humor, of angst and comedy. The Dootz hopes "A.C.N.E." will become a million-seller—but he'll settle for a regional hit.

Most rock 'n' roll vocalists sing with just their voice, but the Dootz uses his whole body; for him, music means catharsis. His conviction is real, his emotions genuine. He is ambitious, too, having spent most of his employed life working in gas stations or delivering auto parts. The Dootz's personal goal is to shape a rock 'n' roll sound "a million times weirder than anything anybody's ever seen, done, heard, or performed." The world eagerly awaits his version of "Mystery Train."

("A.C.N.E." is no joke, and the Dootz is deadly serious. To order a copy of this deranged record, including a colorful picture sleeve, send $3.00, postpaid, to Metro Music, P.O. Box 3931, Hyattsville, MD 20787. It is primitivism of the highest, or rather, lowest order.)

Robert A. Hull

Caution: Pervert Afoot!

MONTPELIER, VT—Police here are hunting for a man who is befriending youngsters and offering to buy the shoes off their feet.

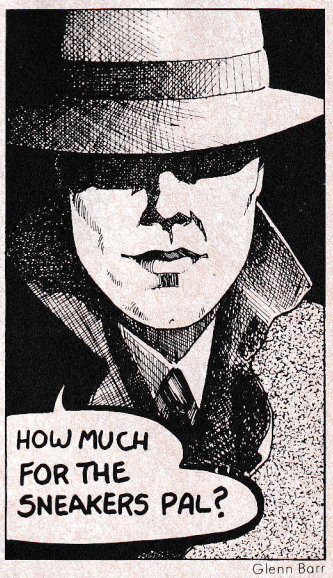
The mysterious sole man allegedly gave a ride to a 15-year-old boy and offered the teen 20 smackers for his sneakers.

The boy reportedly shed his shoes so that the man could inspect them, but did not sell them. Instead, he sold the man his socks for five dollars.

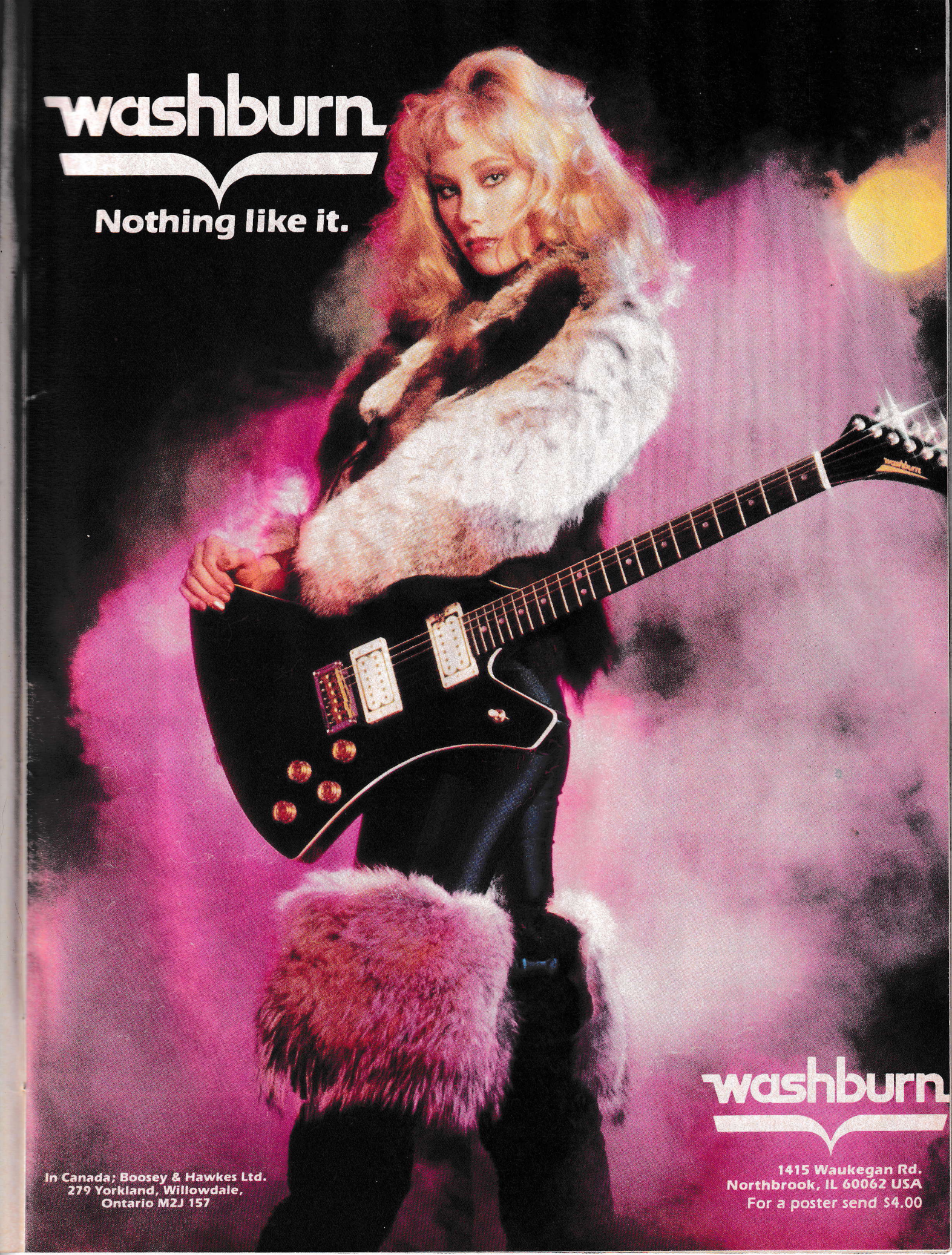
"This man has a desire to approach young adults and offer to buy their footwear," a Montpelier police spokesman said. "While there is no indication of any criminal conduct, this type of behavior can be unsettling when one is first confronted with it."

Especially if you're *barefoot!*

Heather Joslyn



Glenn Barr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CREEM'S PROFILES

(Pronounced "Boy Howdy!")

Michael N. Marks

LITTLE STEVEN

HOME: Manhattan.

AGE: Always better, never older.

PROFESSION: Rock 'n' roll warriors.

HOBBIES: Rediscovering raceless radio, redefining soul, keeping America drug/booze-free to stay hard (Boy Howdy will be the last to go!), boycotting Disneyland for discrimination against visually expressive people.

LAST BOOK READ: *Men Without Women* by Ernie Hemingway.

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Thrown out of Disneyland.

QUOTE: "Rock 'n' roll is confrontation, not entertainment."

PROFILE: Little Steven put the Disciples Of Soul together as a vehicle for his own work after spending time producing and/or playing for Bruce Springsteen, Southside Johnny, Gary U.S. Bonds and any other legends that happened to pass through Little Italy. With a sound based on heavy rock 'n' roll combined with Third World rhythms and a Motown bottom to dance you to death, their stand is violently lyrical and aggressively ethical, proving once and for all that the bad guys don't always get the good clothes.

BEER: Boy Howdy!

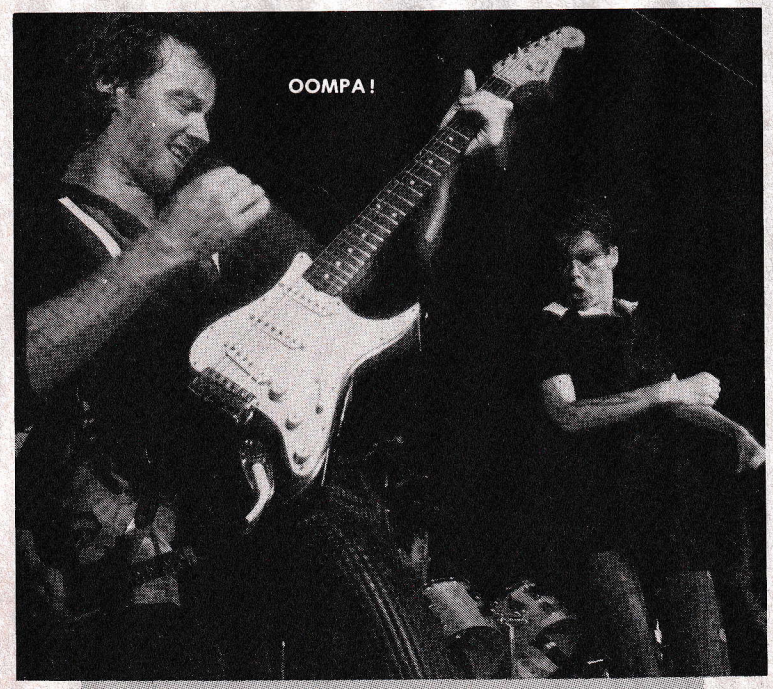
NOTE: This profile was written by Miami Steve Van Zandt.

Authentic There are zillions of ways to get your name in the papers, but only one way to slake your thirst for CREEM. The quality standards we set down in the dawn of the Seventies have been on a Wild Mouse ride through the Highlands, the Lowlands, and the Barstools. Every drop's a hoot.

BOY HOWDY!

Always say "Boy Howdy!"

by Laura Fissinger



Steven Stone

DIVINYLS

HOW YA GONNA KEEP'EM DOWN ON THE LIP FARM?

There's a new entry in the Battle of the Australian bands; they're called the Divinyls and they stand some chance of winning the war. There's also a new entry in the Battle of the Celebrity Lips, a clash which Divinyl Christina Amphlett stands a superb chance of winning. Kinski, get ye back to your bad movies. If the Divinyls ultimately fail to do-be as good they could be, Christina will at least be remembered for her oral pulchritude. *Oh, yeah.* The one with the LIPS.

Full mouths are "in" now, according to fashion swamis, but Amphlett's would gross the swamis out. Her lips have ucky little fleshy bumps on them, like Jagger's do. Jagger is a boy, so having lips that look carnivorous isn't subversive. On a woman, those LIPS are practically a political statement, more insurrectionary than Wendy O. Williams's tits. Much more.

If I were 13 years old, Christina Amphlett's mouth would serve as what the hippies once called a signpost to new space, what everyone else might call a green light. Non-violent resistance to life in general could be costumed by Amphlett's short, tight schoolgirl dresses and torn net stockings and plastic rat pin and big white collars that make her look like a Puritan girl doing a long term in the stocks. Her stringy, sloppy stable-boy haircut could be the bane of my mother's existence, especially with the vision-blocking bangs. In between classes at school I would watch all the groovy chicks with their over-dyed jeans and Flock Of Seagulls haircuts and feel an inexplicable freedom.

And if I liked the songs, it would be gravy.

Thirteen-year-old girls might very well feel the undertow in cuts from the debut *Desperate*, like "Boys In Town," "Only Lonely," "Science Fiction" and "Only U," four of the most delectable pieces of pop to show up on the 1983 menu. Matter of fact, a kid could probably "get" Divinyls songs better than oldsters with a bad habit of looking for meaning. Amphlett gives the signal for anarchy without writing a goddam term paper about it. That's part of her personal credo—"if you say too much about it you'll steal its thunder." Our lips are sealed.

Not so for the trusty CREEM interview, during which mighty mouth Chris and guitarist/song co-writer Marc McEntee spoke fairly freely. They also ate apples and deli delights, sparred with each other (no, no Marc, I don't think *that)* and smoked "fags" in a suitably James Dean rock star fashion. Up close, Amphlett's mouth has an even more fascinating topography. As usual, she wore no cosmetic lip goop of any kind. Behind the LIPS lurks a whapping overbite and crooked teeth. If the rest of her face didn't get so comfortable-looking in a smile, one might think twice about that carnivore comparison. (But her hair is *not* perfect, Aoooo.)

She describes herself as ordinary; I guess we'll take her word for it, ordinary being in the eye of the beholder. Definitely, though, it is not ordinary for a woman in her 20s to retain the acuity and directness and open-minded loopiness of a 13-year-old. Amphlett has pitched her tent on that spot, where gut smarts and head smarts get equal opportunity. With ladies like Amphlett and Hynde around, you wonder who's keeping Tane Cain in nail polish, you know?

On stage at New York's Ritz in May, Amphlett didn't seem 13, she seemed about four, and very pissed off at something. At the other end of the bell curve, the three boys in the band are very different from Christina and fairly different from each other; who showed up at the wrong gig by mistake? Guitarist Bjarne Ohlin looked El Lay cute, twinkled at the crowd, and did his gig like he likes his gig. From what one could see of him, drummer Richard Harvey looked to be following suit, as did low-key bassist Rick Grossman. Marc McEntee is a scrawny, fierce-faced boy with beautiful blond hair and a concentrated physicality toward his guitar.

Eat your heart out, Mick.

During our interview the three of us came up with some weird word pictures to describe Christina's connection to the band. Pix uno: Mark is a rope, the three other boys are at the top holding on, and Christina is at the bottom, "waiting for the rope to break." In another, Bjarne is "surfing" on the lighter side of the band's music, and Amphlett is "the little monster underneath the water." The Ritz crowd, to make a long night short, was only moderately enthused with the water sports.

The pouting, trashing little girl is a giant step forward, according to Christina and Mark: "I was so shy up there when we started, I was so embarrassed to be singing my own words in public. It was *very* depressing. Something had to change, and when I started to externalize things a little more, this is what came out." (Well, at least she's not the 15 millionth chick in the last five years to do Debbie Harry.) Then again, what else do embarrassed 13 year olds do? They thrash, stomp, scowl and sulk. On to 14, Christina!

Basically her show stuff has to catch up with the expressiveness of her

TURN TO PAGE 61

John McCartney

MITCH RYDER: NAKED & UGLY, But Certainly NOT SLEEPING

by J. Kordosh

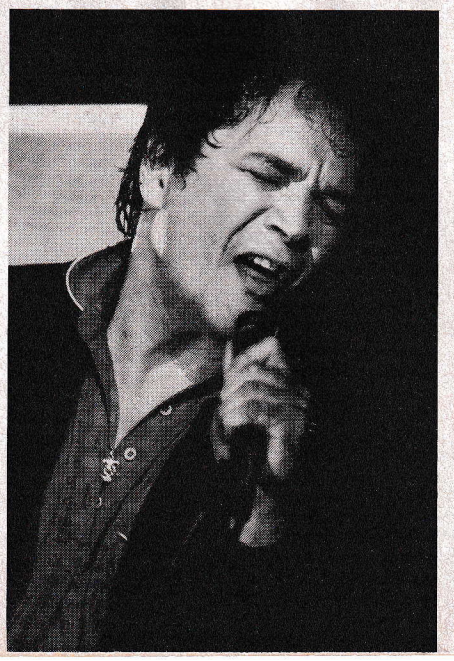
Last year, John Cougar was being interviewed on a Detroit radio station. After the chat, he noticed a Mitch Ryder concert poster on the wall and started raving about it. At which point deejay Jerry Lubin—Ryder's ex-road manager—asked Cougar how Mitch could get a hold of him.

Two months ago, another Detroit radio station began playing *Never Kick A Sleeping Dog* a month ahead of the release date. This is generally considered bad form and all that, understandably pissing off Ryder and Polygram Records. *Dog*, of course, was produced by Cougar, and promises to put Ryder back into the national limelight. It might even establish Cougar as a boffo producer, and not just the limited sort of artist who can't sell more than three million copies of his own stuff. The radio scam shows that Ryder is always news in Detroit, too.

As for his history—well, once upon a time, he was bigger than Bob Seger not only in Detroit but all around the nation. He had big hits like "Jenny Take A Ride" and "Devil With A Blue Dress." I read he even had a chocolate Cadillac and a matching suit.

"Tan," Ryder told me. "The car was tan. And one lousy day I'm riding in a car—just one day!—with the same-colored coat, and

"Who stole the Kishke?!"



"Someday I will be a *fish!*"

the press makes it into a biiig story. I never had those tan-colored patent leather go-go boots, either."

Shucks. Well, you can see that things weren't all gravy back then. Take magazine covers, for instance. "You see, there's this thing with CREEM," he explained to me. "Like *Sixteen* magazine, I ran into this same thing when I was a big star in the '60s. They wouldn't put me on the cover because I was too *ug-ly*," he said, emphasizing those syllables.

"Yeah; well, it's true, though," I answered. "Are you trying to compare CREEM to *Sixteen*?"

"I'm trying."

"You're doing a pretty good job, too." Actually, Mitch is kidding here (except for the ugly part). He's held in high regard around Detroit, and I'm pretty sure he likes CREEM a lot. I could tell when he answered his door and welcomed me with: "Oh no, they sent *you*." What a kidder.

All kidding aside, though, *Sleeping Dog* might very well put the boy back on the big-time track so that he won't be on the cover of *Rolling Stone, Circus, People,* and *My Weekly Reader,* too. When he made initial contact with Cougar and JC asked what he was up to, Ryder quite truthfully answered, "I'm making another $10,000 album for Europe." (It's sort of his hobby; more on that later.) Cougar asked if he could send him some material, which was OK with Mitch, and a couple of phone calls later Mr. Mellencamp proposed the production deal.

Of course, there's more to it than that. "He flew me down to South Carolina to see one of his shows," Ryder said. "That was 'the reason,' but the real reason for me being there was for him to look me over. And so they bought me a first-class ticket. I'm not accustomed to first-class flights—took all the

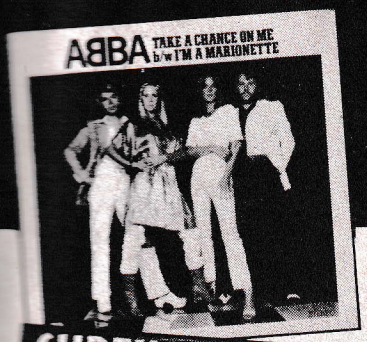
> ***"Actually, John Cougar is my illegitimate son!"***

free liquor I could take—so when I rolled off the plane I was looking *real good.*" Mitch further endeared himself to nearly everyone by continuing with the booze and accusing somebody from Polygram of being a Nazi SS officer. Sounds like he'd be a shoo-in, right? "You know, at first they (Polygram) weren't really too enthusiastic about this record," he astutely noted. "Until they heard it."

That they heard it at all is certainly Cougar's doing, but—to give credit where it's due—he also had some talent to work with. People like Marianne Faithfull (who sang along on "A Thrill's A Thrill") and JC's own picker, Larry Crane. OK, just kidding, gang; of course, I refer to Ryder himself, or maybe just his vocal cords. I mentioned my surprise that Ryder still has his pipes. "Yeah, and so is Polygram," he laughed.

TURN TO PAGE 61

photos by Michael N. Marks



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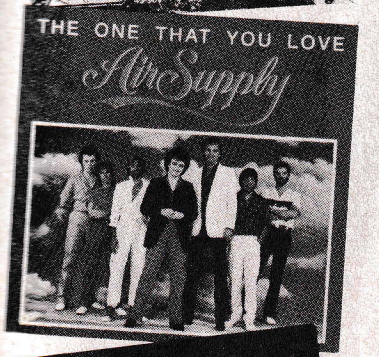

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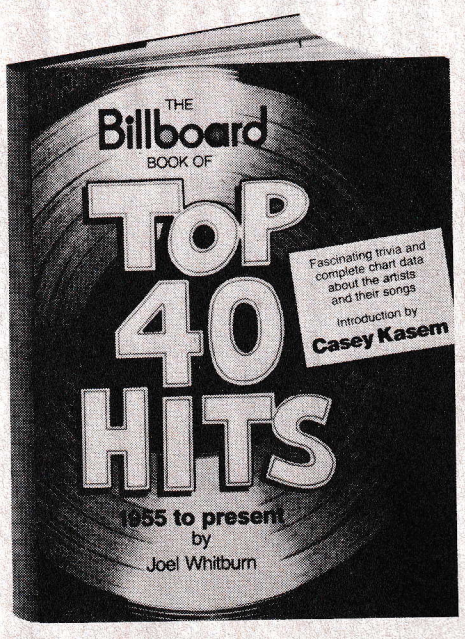

with introduction by CASEY KASEM

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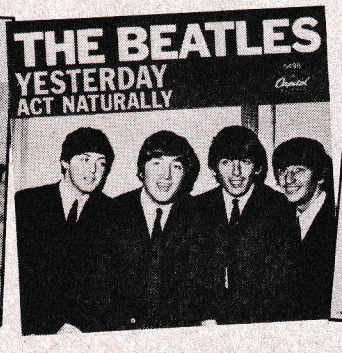

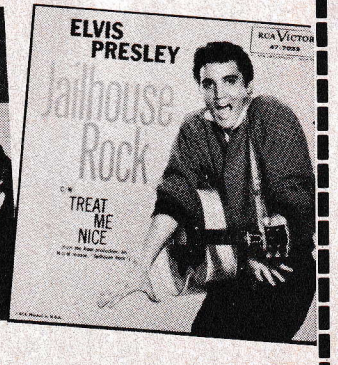

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ELECTIVE POP-TICIANS

by Cynthia Rose

LETTER FROM BRITAIN

Next Thursday is our General Election, though you'd never know it from the press—currently they're decoying us over the question of whether or not "that extra half-inch" on the Princess of Wales' waistline means she's preggers again. Rather tactless choice of decoy matter, actually, since last week la Di had a less than successful meeting with some school-levers up in the chronically depressed North. They sought her sympathies on their unemployment and, in true Marie Antoinette fashion, she brightly replied, "Why you must spend all your time in the *pub*."

The lads straightened her out: on the dole they could hardly afford to fulfill the handy caricature of themselves as yobs awash in boozy self-pity. Not that they were short on imagination, however—one offered Her Highness a few suggestions for her own alternative employment.

Probably these were fueled by the country-wide undercurrent of frustration with the adult world, particularly the manipulators of media—who seem to have been successful in stripping this election of passion and of obscuring its real stakes. Most kids realize that if the present government is returned, it will be their future that government sacrifices first. And, in manifestations from the explicit to the apathetic, their feelings echo throughout all the listening available outside the corridors of pop power.

Robert Wyatt's "Shipbuilding" tops both indie and "official" charts and the Decorators (a four year-old seven-piece from the London suburbs) hold the fort at the foot of the indie charts with a mini-LP called *Rebel Songs*. "A million housewives every day/Pick up a loaded gun and say/'This is a rebel song'," declares adenoidal vocalist Mick Bevan, blistered along by compatriot Joe Sax. *Rebel Songs* is as good a proof as any that Britain's youth have reserves of tenderness, too; love songs like "Mick's Girl" point out that while Baudelaire may satisfy a lad's literary bent, "All of this and more/Ain't got nothin' on Mick's girl."

Last week both Robert Wyatt and "Shipbuilding" cohort Elvis Costello found out just how much of the election's debate the media had confiscated when they agreed to a joint appearance on Channel Four's teen chat-show, *Loose Talk*. Staff began to sweat, according to Costello, when he sided with guest Bifo (Franco Ferardi) in complaints that "television itself was inherently oppressive." Wyatt agreed, pointing out that before he went on he'd been asked not to name the Communist Party, for whom he voted in municipal elections in Spain, where he now lives. Attempts to quickly dampen the discussion set Costello off in a diatribe against the *"stupidity* of anyone who could possibly support Thatcher"—and won him an unscripted ovation from the studio audience.

The most acute representation of this sad situation is available in a controversial new film called *The Ploughman's Lunch*, which stars a trio of pop-scene figures: *The Rocky Horror Show*'s Tim Curry, Joni Mitchell-style songstress (of "Pilot Of The Airwaves") Charlie Dore, and Jonathon Pryce, the Royal Shakespeare Company's latest anti-hero Hamlet. The film spins a story of opportunism and media: Pryce plays a BBC newsman entangled with Ms. Dore—the employee of a rival station—and with Curry, a financial writer.

Its text is gradually drawn out from a backdrop of the Falklands war, the burgeoning of anti-nuclear peace camps in Britain, and the 1982 Tory Party Political Conference. And it demonstrates just how the opportunism which drives both sex and careerism in today's Britain insists also on a cosmetic re-vision of what it means to be "British." The Tory vision of the Briton it shows is an adman's conceit—a character which walks and talks, yet has no inner identity. Just like "the ploughman's lunch," traditional English pub fare which—we find—is not really traditional at all, but the result of a mid-'60s ad campaign to get folks back in the pub.

When you see *The Ploughman's Lunch*—as you certainly will, for it is the most scathingly "modern" film by a Briton about his country since '58's *Room At The Top*—you may understand more about how secondhand the reality of media-merchandized "identity" is in this country. Its depiction of the impenetrable joylessness at the heart of Britain's entrenched Establishment is uncannily acute and it explains much, including the confused sound of the U.K. today—complacent, hollow, angry, apathetic, brooding, biting and saccharine by turns.

The film's author is Ian McEwan, a handsome young novelist just past 30, who became a youth cult figure with the publication of *First Love, Last Rites*, his initial

TURN TO PAGE 69

Adrian Boot

"How dare you ask me about *ploughing* and *luncheon* in the same breath!"

Viva & Moona know who Elmo is.

Suddenly, Danielle forgot why she wrote on her face.

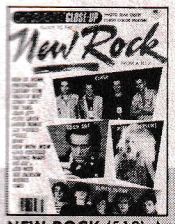
David Corio

Finally. A Reason To Continue!

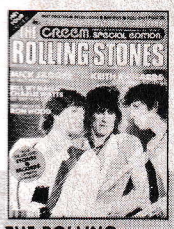
LIVE FOR TODAY!

OK, so you're sittin' there. Sittin' and wondering what to do with your useless existence today. Ho-hum. Should I go price shower curtains at K-Mart? Give those tacky burner bibs a good once-over? Translate *Funky Winkerbean* into Norwegian? Face it—forever's a long way to go between hayrides and you don't even have a ticket! Well, suffer from wackiness-deprivation no longer—CREEM Close-Ups are here! Great stories, great interviews, great pictures, everything great!

Not to mention wienerizing yourself into actual history! OK? So will you turn off that damn underarm alarm and get your pen out? Fill in the "handy" coupon below, throw a bunch of money in a box and zip it to us today! Not last Tuesday, not Xmas in July, but *nowsville*, cool tots! Be there or be... someplace else!



NEW ROCK (513) An encyclopedia of bands in New Rock, A to Z! •Police•Bowie•Adam Ant •Duran Duran •Costello•Clash!



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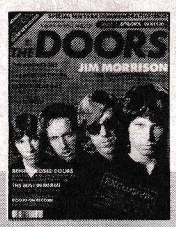

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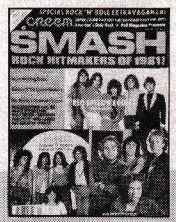

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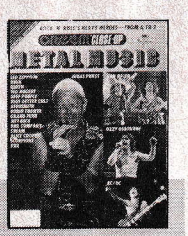

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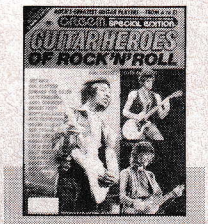

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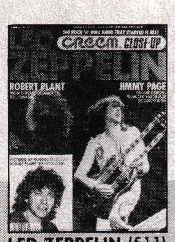

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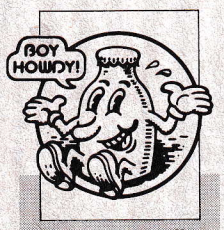

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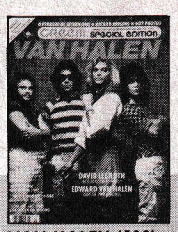

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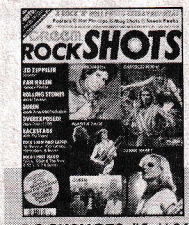

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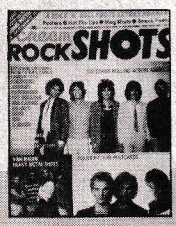

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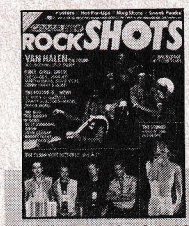

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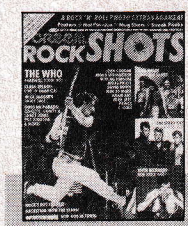

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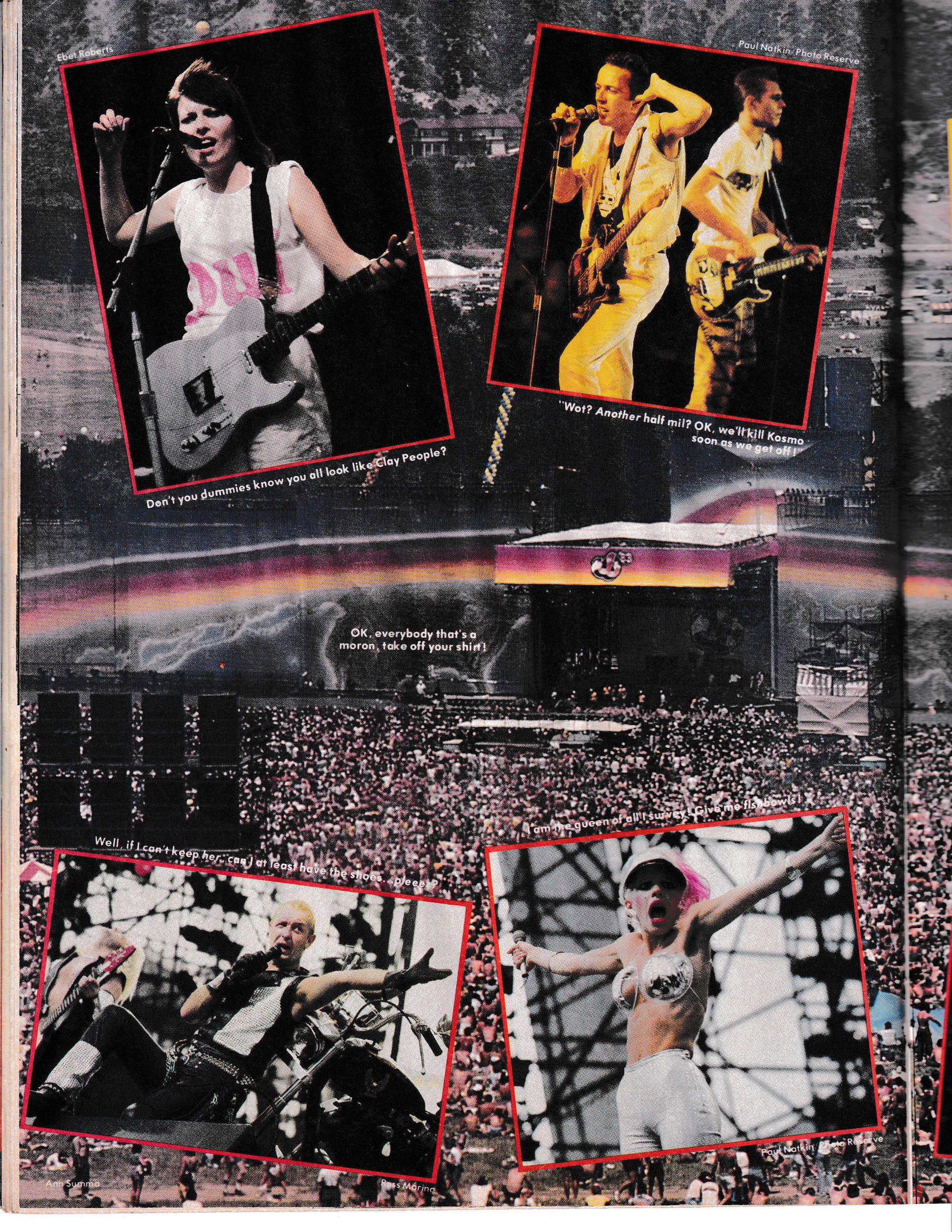

Ebet Roberts
Don't you dummies know you all look like Clay People?
Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve
"Wot? Another half mil? OK, we'll kill Kosmo soon as we get off!"
OK, everybody that's a moron, take off your shirt!
Well, if I can't keep her, can I at least have the shoes, pleeeep?
Ann Summa
I am the queen of all I survey! Give me fish bowls!
Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve

ATTACK OF THE TECHNO-TRIBES:

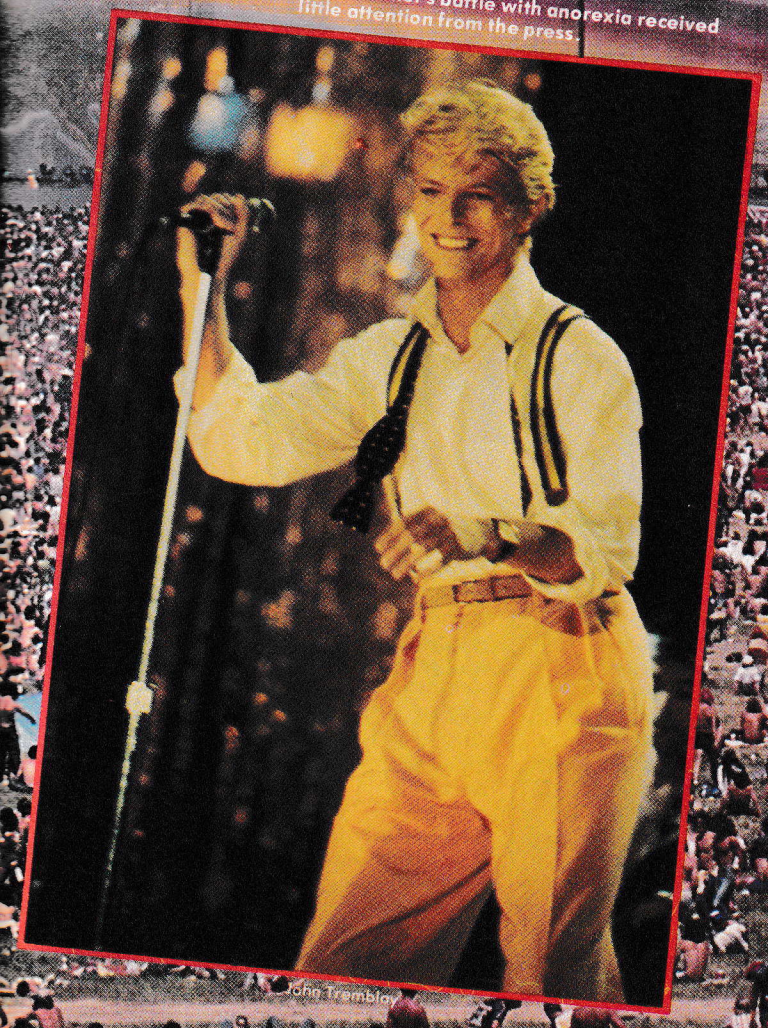
HOW I (SORT OF) SURVIVED THE US FESTIVAL

by Toby Goldstein

Day 1: Welcome to "Woz Land." It's 9 a.m., the temperature is 75 degrees and climbing as the Unuson shuttle bus winds its way into the dust-clogged, smog-ridden expanse of Glen Helen Regional Park, just outside the town of Devore, California. For at least five miles before pulling into the crew-only access road that leads to backstage, we've seen cars, vans, RV's, campers, tents and teepees sprawled throughout the impromptu parking lots. The scene looks so placid, jolly and time-warped that transient echoes of "by the time we got to Woodstock, etc." strum through my naive little brain. These idyllic images will soon cease, replaced in the two following days with something a lot closer to the Pretenders' "Back On The Chain Gang." Oh no, not again, we will think, lungs choking and heads pounding.

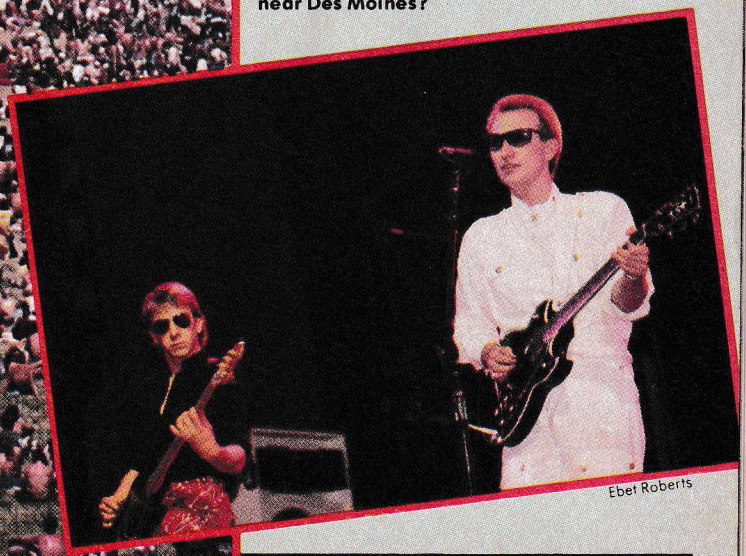
But on Saturday morning, having snidely brushed off some L.A. publicists' jokes about "you're going to the Dust Festival, haha," our spirits are still elevated. A stage-handler points out one solitary ranch house overlooking the bowl-like valley. That's

Until recently, Tony Bennet's battle with anorexia received little attention from the press.



John Tremblay

Incognito? Is that anywhere near Des Moines?



Ebet Roberts

Fans at stageside *tried* to warn David of the oncoming harpoon!

Neil Zlozower

Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve

Dave and Eddie jokingly recreate the famous breast-kissing scene from *Brimstone & Treacle*.

Neil Zlozower

David went to pieces when fashion narcs arrived on the scene.

Steve Wozniak's house, he says. The story goes that 32-year-old Woz, having earned mucho millions as the inventor of Apple computers, actually bought this whole park, then leased it back to the county in return for permission to hold yearly concerts on the site. Woz's home is equipped with closed-circuit television, so that he can leisurely watch all the day's events whenever he chooses to leave the site. Maybe he'd like some company, I wistfully speculate, growing less enamored by the minute with these acres of scrubby grass.

Optimistically clutching a Press pass, I walk past several city blocks' worth of international-type food stands, around typical "cute" festivally things like 10-foot-high inflatable beer bottles, party-goers with painted faces propped on stilts, and tiers of ubiquitous portable toilets. *Gilligan's Island*-style, painted wooden signs point the way to "Press Island," a reasonably wooded, pastoral site with only two disadvantages as a working facility. It's at least a half-mile away from the stage with absolutely no provision made for journalists to *see* any of the acts, and it's effectively isolated from the artists' trailers by three banks of guardposts, staffed by dull-witted, humorless graduates of some local gestapo. Take it from one who knows—logic, tears, illness and finally, verbal abuse are useless in communicating with these charmers. Dirty tricks, however, they understand, and are helpless to resist. The golden rule of Festival reporting becomes: Don't do what you're supposed to do.

By 11, when the Divinyls launched the US Festival exactly on time to a crowd of about 40,000, over 100 journalists and photographers are dejectedly winding through the only pathway between Press Island and the vast expanse in front of the stage, wisely avoiding blocking the view of the paying crowd, some of whom had camped out for days to secure their desirable spots, we have to stand so far away that Divinyls' vocalist Christina Amphlett is an energetic blur. At night, when two large video projection screens amplify the stage action, viewing is better—but do you really want to wade into an overheated, well-lubricated crowd and risk having your pass stolen? Catch-22. One grew adept at watching the videos backwards from the relative safety behind the stage.

For New Wave Day, nine bands, evenly split between the U.S., England and Australia, have been slotted into neatly-timed sets, culminating with a performance by the Clash. That appearance has already engendered a lot of controversy, like whether the group will dare to take their $500,000 and not show up. Of course they'll play, we wager, but not without a good measure of verbal fireworks, and this turns out to be the case.

When INXS, Wall Of Voodoo, Oingo Boingo, the English Beat and A Flock Of Seagulls all perform sets that sound just fine but are invisible to us, little mutinies start cropping up. It's now over 90 degrees and the smog is clearly visible, hanging over the entire basin. Periodically, the public, which must be more used to this than I am, is sprayed with water cannons. Adding to the aggravation is the dawning awareness that, without a personal escort by Unuson's "runner" system, many prearranged interviews are never going to happen. So *this* is why US is doing a land-office business in selling $2.00 margaritas and daquiris to the less aggressive writers. They've given up, figuring they might as well spend the weekend working on their tans.

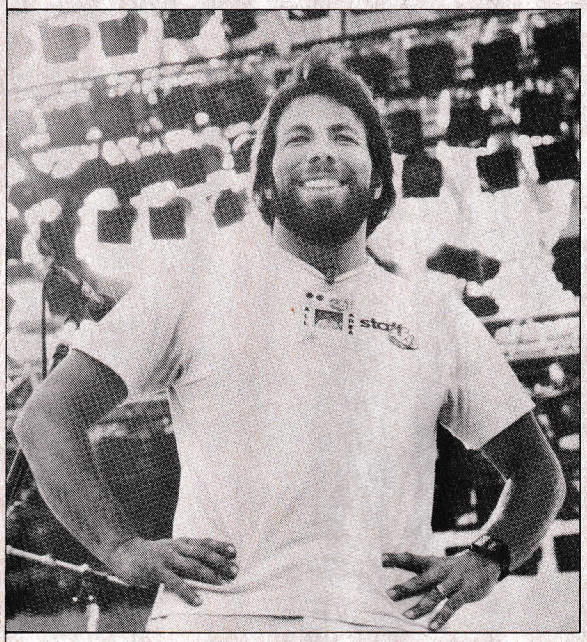
Growing increasingly appalled by the situation, a few diligent publicists arrange press conferences on or near Fantasy—I mean Press—Island (It's a fantasy to have thought we'd actually get to see or do anything remotely related to our jobs...). First, INXS settles into a tent, practically engulfed by the hum of tape recorders, microphones and flashbulbs. Except for the anticipated heat jokes and "no, it's not an Australian invasion" routines, nothing of import occurs. I.R.S.'s representative, Betsy Alexander, manages to cajole both of her bands, Wall Of Voodoo and the English Beat, to leave their air-conditioned trailers and come out to the Island. Voodoo's Stan Ridgway, who nearly passed out from the blinding heat and bright stage lights, makes one of the more appropriate comments about how some of the artists view US: "If I thought I'd be doing things like this for the next six months, I'd get out of the business."

Arriving for their conference about two hours later, the English Beat's saxophonist Wesley Magoogan points out another difficulty faced in these circumstances. "You have to work twice as hard to get a decent sound to the audience." However, Wesley does volunteer that the Beat are being paid about four times their usual fee to play at US. Considering the $1½ million Wozniak laid out for Bowie and Van Halen apiece, and the half-million to the Clash, it appears that a band would be committing financial suicide to refuse such generous offers. Those fees may also be why people are having their food (including baby food) confiscated at the festival gates to force their use of Wozniak's concessions—a despicable rule that is not lifted until it was embarrassingly broadcast on the nightly TV news.

With all the pompous fervor of a Presidential arrival, Wozniak himself turns up to meet the press, quite a few of whom are by now showing their teeth. A smallish, bearded, pot-bellied man wearing an US festival T-shirt, shorts and sneakers, "Woz" has obviously been taking speech lessons. If he doesn't like a question he puts the blame elsewhere or neatly side-steps it. Proudly relating how he'd controlled merchandise bootleggers and ticket counterfeiters—the bane of last year's festival—Wozniak deems his lineup of talent "the finest in the world" at least a dozen times within 15 minutes. Why no black acts, unless you count the tapes of Prince and Michael Jackson played between sets? "They didn't fit the format." What about the Clash's charges of "sell out"? They made a "bad mistake," he says blithely, confident

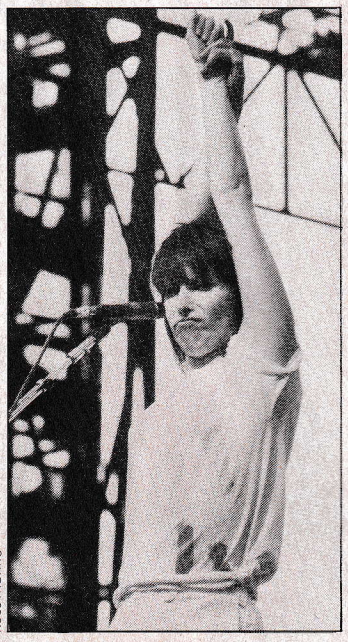
Neil Zlozower

Friends are always amazed, and indeed astounded, at Eddie's explanation of what salmon do once they arrive upstream.



Ross Marino

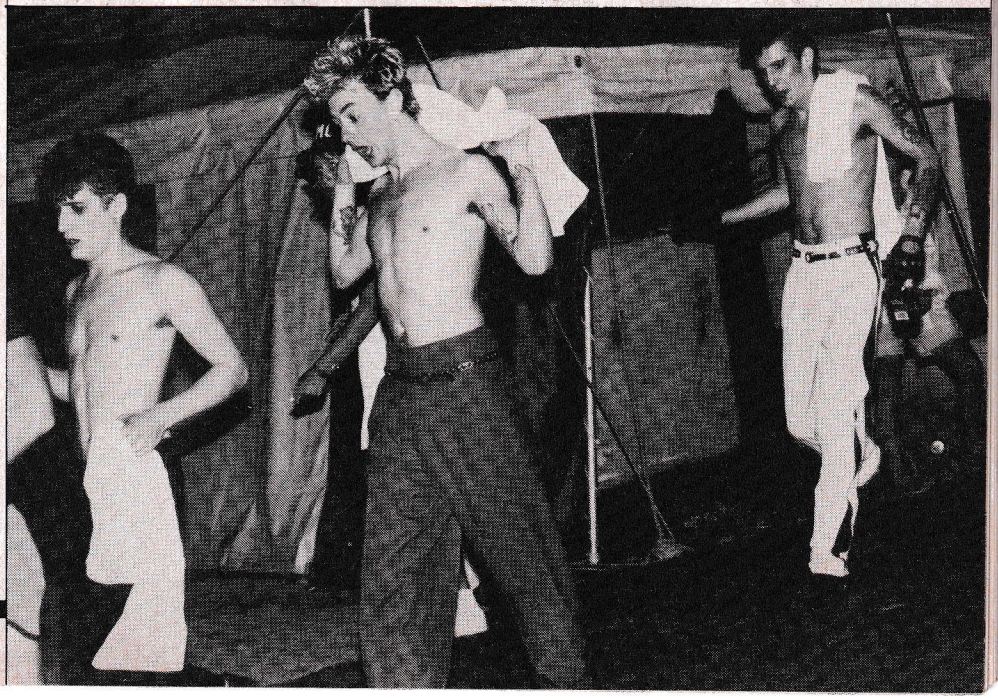
I, Steve Wozniak, have *brought you all!*



Ross Marino

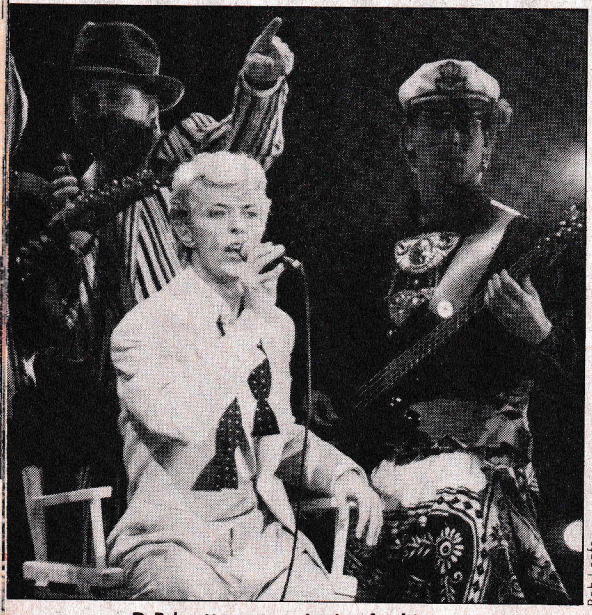
Yeah, I'm *still* doin' this!

Yikes!* He stepped on a *worm!



Ebet Roberts

With the Clash, you too can have stylish bookends.



Bob Leafe

D.B.'s attempt at singing for his supper is a dismal flop!

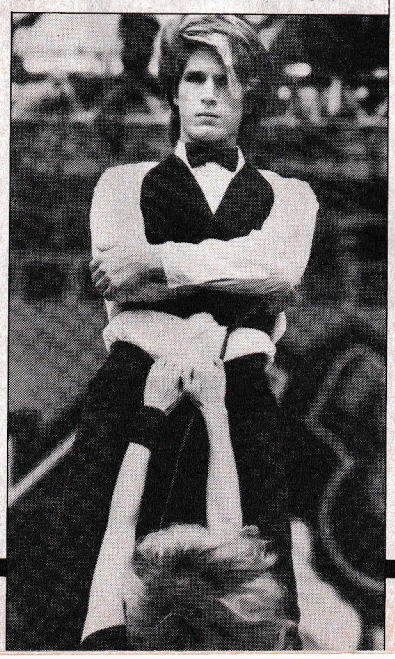
Bob Leafe

"I am not a crook!"

"...an' I'm gonna *blow up* this bank teller!"

Bob Leafe

***Pants Down For Dollars* is back!**



that the group will go on. Don't be surprised if this man—who seems so ready to buy recognition with cash—runs for office someday.

Around the time when people are beginning to realize they hadn't eaten all day, except for some pretzels and a piece of cheese (you couldn't even buy food within a half-mile of our enclosure), a great ruckus is heard on the Island as the Clash's inimitable spokesman, Kosmo Vinyl, makes an appearance. Calling the Unuson directors "motherfuckers," screaming "get your hotdogs—two dollars!" Kosmo provides the excuse to ventilate our anger we'd been needing all day. He'll take us backstage "to the land of milk and honey," Vinyl crows, as a raft of guards watches, terrified to lay a finger on him. Then, realistically considering the blockades, Kosmo promises that the Clash will hold a press conference that evening. He marches off, dust rising at his heels.

Meanwhile, the photographers are not having an easy time of things, either. Having to shoot from under a bank of bleachers which afford the only good view of the stage—reserved, naturally, for friends of Woz—they are periodically pelted with empty cans, fruit rinds and other garbage. When the Stray Cats refuse to allow any photographs without signature on an ironclad contract, one group of outraged shutterbugs surrounds Brian Setzer after he comes offstage, releasing their flashbulbs into his sweat-drenched face. Tempers fray.

Finally, incensed that I'd been kept from seeing A Flock Of Seagulls or even saying hello to the group, Arista's feisty publicist Barbara Shelley, who would become the Pirate Queen of Press Island for her Robin Hood-like activities on our behalf, extorts an all-access pass for me, 10 hours after I'd arrived. This is a lesson to be remembered. On subsequent days, I arrange for similar illegal documents early on, and feel like a prisoner on parole. With an all-access pass, you can collect the circular colored dots that lead onto the stage balconies—and get to see the bands.

US bills itself as a festival of technological harmony as much as music, and to that point, features a satellite exchange between the U.S. and Russia. With great fanfare, the MTV announcer who is the onstage host, introduces Arsenal, a stodgy jazz-rock unit that presumably is the Russkies' best at satisfying its teens' black-market music dreams. Their videoscreened message of comradely greeting to America is abruptly switched off as, in return, two songs by Men At Work are aired over Soviet TV.

While the audience quite rightly enjoys the lavish harmonies and syncopated rhythms of the Australian multi-million sellers, we are insatiably curious about what the Clash will say. Kosmo's stunts are growing more intense by the hour. Politely asking us to clear the aisle—thanks, Kos—he loudly throws a chair across the production office. Why, the man simply wants some attention...

Accompanied by Kosmo and manager Bernard Rhodes, the Clash, looking quite striking in minimal outfits of white or black, agreeably pose as people fall all over each other to catch their every word. They are quite willing to let their spokesmen handle the exchange, as Vinyl relates such crowd-

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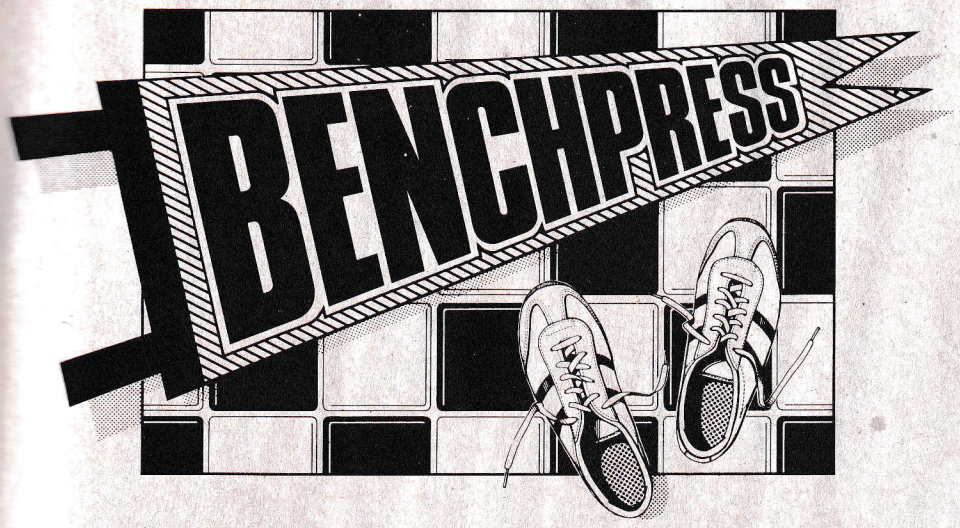
Ross Marino



Baseball, By The Numbers

by Billy Altman

OK, all you so-called baseball experts out there! Did you know that, when the New York Mets' Dave Kingman led the National League in home runs last season with 37 while (you should pardon the the expression) compiling a batting average of .204, it represented the lowest BA of any HR king in history, easily eclipsing Gavvy Cravath's mark of .232 set in 1918? And, speaking of averages, are you aware that, in 1982, ballplayers who were in the lineup on their birthdays in June collectively hit a whopping .419? How about the fact that the chances of the White Sox's Tom Paciorek swatting all 11 of his '82 round trippers on the road were, randomly speaking, an almost unfathomable 1 in 2000? And, lastly, depending on when you're reading this article, how did you, or how are you going to, celebrate the August 20th anniversary of Kansas City slugger Willie Mays Aikens' first-ever big league triple, which came against Chicago last year just in time to get Aikens off the non-three bagger schneid after a mere 1,300 plus at-bats?

Yes, fans, all of the potentially useless but nonetheless fascinating information delineated above is yours for the osmoting simply by perusing just *some* of the five pages (or, if you will, 2.1% of the total package) devoted to first basemen and their statistical exploits in the 1983 edition of the *Baseball Abstract,* the seventh annual collection of facts, figures, charts, graphs, formulas, logarithms, sez-you's, and oh yeah's to spring forth from the decidedly left field mind of sabremetrician Bill James. And just what is a sabremetrician, you ask? Why, a practitioner of sabremetrics, of course; that being "sabr" for the Society for American Baseball Research, "metrics" for measurement (and "e" for emphasis on both, I guess), with the word on the whole being defined as "the mathematical and statistical analysis of baseball records."

If that all sounds a bit out there, well, you'd better smile when you say it, fella. The tall, stocky, bearded and bespectacled James may openly admit that he's an oddball (the opening line of his introduction to this year's *Abstract* is a hearty, "Hi. My name is Bill James, and I'm an eccentric"), and that he spends almost all of his waking hours "counting all kinds of stuff that lots of people are sort of interested in, but nobody in their right mind would actually bother to count." But, at the moment, he's one of the hottest properties around on both the sports-

writing and statistical information circuits, as magazines, teams and even players have availed themselves of James' services, and on subjects ranging from the projected increase in hits per season of a player going from say, the poor visibility conditions at Shea Stadium (doubles reduced 8% here; triples 25%), to the friendly hitathon pastures of Wrigley Field (40% more homers at Cubland), to the probability of Atlanta's Ted Turner being transformed into a Charley Finley/George Steinbrenner buddinsky owner should those Braves ever start to lose that Nokahoma touch. In short, Bill James is now making a living, doing essentially what he began doing in 1977 out of sheer love and determination—love of baseball and its never-ending stream of stats, and determination to make a go of it on his own terms.

"I love numbers," said James as we spoke over a few beers and a nice selection of mixed nuts (coming from one of those "less than 25% peanuts" cans, I quickly calculated) in the bar of the midtown hotel where James was staying during a visit to New York in April. "I always did. When I was in college, I used to sit in the lobby of the dorm where I lived and I didn't study very hard, but people would walk by and call out, '183 divided by 607!' and I'd say, '.3015' before they could walk on through. It was mainly just a parlor trick, really, being able to divide in my head. I mean, I didn't major in math. But, like I said, I love numbers, and I think that, when I started doing the *Abstract,* I turned to the numbers more or less from a lack of confidence."

The Bill James Baseball Abstract had its humble beginnings in 1977 as a result of James' frustrations in trying to become a baseball writer. "When I started writing, I read in the *Writer's Market* that you should write about what you know about," James recalled, "and I knew about baseball. The first article I ever wrote was for *Baseball Digest* and, after writing a few articles for them, you become aware of the limitations of the publication. I began to think, "I'm not doing this as well as I *can* do this, because this publication will not let me." I had three options, I realized: I could find another place to write where I could do what I wanted, I could try to change the *Baseball Digest,* or I could simply do it myself. It wasn't that difficult a choice to make. I just tried to establish my own forum for my own work."

To establish that forum, James created his *Baseball Abstract,* publishing the book on his own and selling it himself through the mail. "I took out a few small ads in the *Sporting News,"* said James, "which produced a few orders, and when I did any articles for magazines, they'd run a line about my book and that would help build up the market a bit." James' first *Abstract* sold roughly 70 copies—"*None* to either family or friends," he joked proudly—and over the next few years, circulation started to climb rather rapidly as, mainly by word of mouth, more and more people began to hear about this baseball nut off in the middle of Kansas who was devising all kinds of bizarre statistical evaluations and breakdowns of pitching, hitting, defense, etc. "I'd written an awful lot of term papers in college, and was vaguely aware that I wrote better than your average class person," James remembered, "but I felt that when I was charging money for something that I had to have cold, hard facts to defend what I wrote, in order to do that, I had to go over hundreds of box scores—thousands really—to find stacks of those facts."

By 1981, James and his work had become the subjects of several articles themselves, and last year Ballantine Books took over the publishing end of the *Abstract,* which meant that now thousands of people would be learning all about the great "Runs Created" formula, the rousing "Defensive

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Glenn Barr

IF ALL MEN WER BRUDDERS...

Godlis

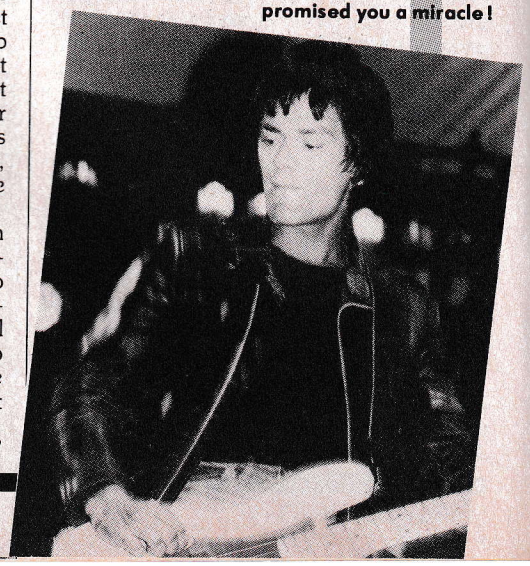
Few suspect these men *control the world!*

"Who you callin' 'fishworm lips'?"

Photos by Ebet Roberts

Johnny "can't read"!

Dee Dee *never* promised you a miracle!



AFTER-SCHOOL SESSIONS 15 YEARS AFTER SCHOOL

by Cynthia Rose

LONDON—The brothers Ramone—four schlepps whose schleppiness transmogrified the traumas of career adolescence into an entire art form—constitute America's greatest white gift to rock history during the past 10 years. And if you think that's an overstatement, *you* should be situated in the U.K.: stranded midway between California dreamers/L.A. hard-heads and Krauts who alternate three-chord steel-bashing with strolls down lonely street to Hotel zur Einsamkeit. From the vantage point, it's easy to see how NO ONE within the domain of honky Hi-Fi affiliations has actually equaled the continuing musical and conceptual impact of the Forest Hills Four.

Born in the spring of '74, the Ramones began to break in the Bicentennial year and their subsequent turnover (which once nearly gave us a Richie, a George, and an Ira Ramone) has included a trio of drummers: Tommy Erdelyi, ex-Voidoid Marc Bell and, currently, Richard Beau ('Richie' Ramone). Formerly of the Shirts and Velveteens, Beau has taken up the leather jacket laid down after *Subterranean Jungle:* it's Marky on that *meisterwerk* of new vinyl.

Neither rain nor snow nor personnel disappointments have impeded the original trio of sonic siblings (Jeffrey Hyman aka Joey, John Cummings aka Johnny, and Douglas Colvin aka Dee Dee) in their tireless determination to make more out of less. Each passing producer and platter may have brought greater sophistications, but these are still the same lads who used to handletter posters for their first venue that read: "Meet the Ramones! New York's Phenomenal Pop Combo!" and "They Don't Want To But They Will: Held Over Again!!!!" That was at CBGB's of course: "then this sorta slum bar on the Bowery that just hadn't made it," as Joey puts it. "We started playin' for two, then five, then ten, y'know? Till we were packin' the place 'n the *NME* hailed us."

Appropriately, Sire signed the band on the Fourth of July, 1976. And the enthusiasm they sought to buy up has yet to fade; just arrived in London, Dee Dee confides that he heard their single on his hotel radio only an hour ago. "So I phoned up and said, *'Wowwww!* Was that *The Ramones?* Do you think you could play it *again?'*.

"Of course I didn't tell 'em who I was,"

"Hey! Are we really here or not?"

Gerald Barry Wolfe/Star File

he adds hastily, "But they were real polite." Dee Dee is something of a Godfather figure on the current U.S. and U.K. hardcore scenes, particularly feted for new classics like "Outsider" and "Time Bomb" (his lead vocal debut). He's back hanging out at CB's, too, now that it's enjoying a new lease of life as the Roseland of slam-dancing.

But teenanomie is only one theme on *Subterranean Jungle*, the brothers' shrewdest smorgasbord of an LP yet and one which—as Joey puts it—"restates a real *Ramones vision.*"

This band's repertoire has *always* contained some of the greatest songs ever written about being American, about the capacity for wonder and about going crazy. And, like the great grade B and C movies they most admire, the Ramones continue to combine concise social statement with a biting black humor—all on a shoestring budget. Critics label them minimalist and conceptualist, both of which they undoubtedly are, but how many other conceptual artists seize on subjects like arson, shoplifting, decapitation, drugstore dope abuse, matricide, kill-happy mercenaries, lobotomy, and the dangers of foreign food—then still manage to come out ahead as the most compassionate brand of visionary?

Ramones sound evolved from purist Beach Boys, revved up past triple speed, but Ramones concerns are rooted in the alienation aspects of teen psychology rather than the peer group pressures of California pop history. And the physical as well as the psychic violence of everyday life has always appealed to them as metaphor. Joey: "Like, there's been a lotta axe murders in New York lately and this one guy—he killed these two sisters and then he killed somebody else a few days later and the police said they could see the *style* in which he cut off their legs and heads and that was the connection between the crimes. That he kind of...had that *swing* in which he cut off their legs and heads and that was the connection between the crimes. That he kind of...had that *swing*, y'know?"

> ***"I think that the musical imagination is the only thing that really knows no bounds."***
> **—Joey**

The Ramones have also admitted that their material comes from the application of a comic perspective to the stuff of their own daily lives. Johnny pegs sniffing glue as the start of his adolescent downfall; Joey, who used to "get drunk and hang around mental homes" still vividly recalls falling for one patient turned into a zombie by electroshock; Dee Dee's decade-long battle with heroin/methadone (one that continued through the band's first two albums) inevitably added a shove to the band's darker, more doom-conscious leanings.

"A lot of it's like—well, aggression and shit like that," says Joey, conceding a group tradition of "stoppin' to shout at each other onstage" which attracted critical attention as far back as the winter of '75. "But it's *always* your personal experience that makes you write the songs you write—or attracts you to appropriate covers. Gettin' humor out of a black situation is just an individual trait. It's my trait, it's John's, it's just this thing we share."

Recently tensions arose over the LP, when Joey "wanted to experiment more" but Dee Dee and Johnny held out for "stayin' hard." Joey says he probably feared "getting a little short-changed because I was writing a lotta diverse stuff." And his work on the Ambient Sound series of doo-wop updates that CBS re-issued; was that an influence? "Oh yeah...I'd written this song called 'Touring, Touring' and the Ambient guy changed it to 'Doreen, Doreen, she's never boring'. Originally it was about bein' on tour, right? Then it switched to bein' about this girl who travels round the world,

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DEF LEPPARD

SEPTEMBER 1983

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
ROCK 'N' ROLL NEWS QUIZ: On this day in '78, Aerosmith's Steven Tyler married David Johansen's old girlfriend. What's her name? **Answer to last month's Rock 'N' Roll News Quiz:** Elvis Presley died on August 16, 1977, setting off days of international mourning.			**THEY SAID IT!** "After I finished *Born To Run*, I thought it was the worst garbage I'd ever heard." Bruce Springsteen in CREEM, January '76	**1** **ROCK 'N' ROLL QUIZ** Bruce Foxton b. 1955	**2**	**3** Al Jardine b. 1942
4 Martin Chambers b. 1941 Beatles first recording session, 1962	**5** **LABOR DAY**	**6** Freddie Mercury, b. to prance, 1946 Roger Waters b. 1944	**7** Keith Moon d. 1978 Chrissie Hynde b. 1951 Buddy Holly b. 1936	**8** **ROSH HASHANAH** Pigpen b. 1936	**9**	**10** Johnny Fingers b. 1956 Joe Perry b. 1950
11	**12** *The Monkees* debuts, 1966	**13** Peter Cetera b. 1944 Zak born to Maureen and Ringo, 1965	**14**	**15**	**16** Frampton's Camel debuts in N.Y., 1972 Kenney Jones b. 1948 B.B. King b. 1925	**17** **YOM KIPPUR** Marc Bolan d. 1977
18 Jimi Hendrix d. 1970 Dee Dee Ramone b. 1951	**19** Gram Parsons d. 1973 Mama Cass Elliott b. 1943 Twiggy b. 1949 Brian Epstein b. 1934 Bill Medley b. 1940	**20** Jim Croce d. 1973	**21** Don Preston b. 1932	**22**	**23** Bruce Springsteen b. 1949 Ray Charles b. 1930 Paul McCartney died...or did he?, 1969	**24** Gerry Marsden b. 1942 Linda McCartney b. 1942
25 John Bonham d. 1980	**26** Olivia Newton-John b. 1948 Bryan Ferry b. 1945 Marty Robbins b. 1925	**27** Meat Loaf b. 19?	**28**	**29** Mark Farner b. 1948	**30** James Dean d. 1955 Marc Bolan b. 1946	

CREEM® ROCK 'N' ROLL CALENDAR™

U2

In America: Pop Morality vs. The Irish Way

by Kevin Knapp

Bono Vox is pondering the remainder of a nearly-empty bottle in his hands. "You know," he says, holding the vessel at an arm's length, "touring can really turn you into an animal. You find yourself drinking maybe two or three bottles of Orange Crush a day."

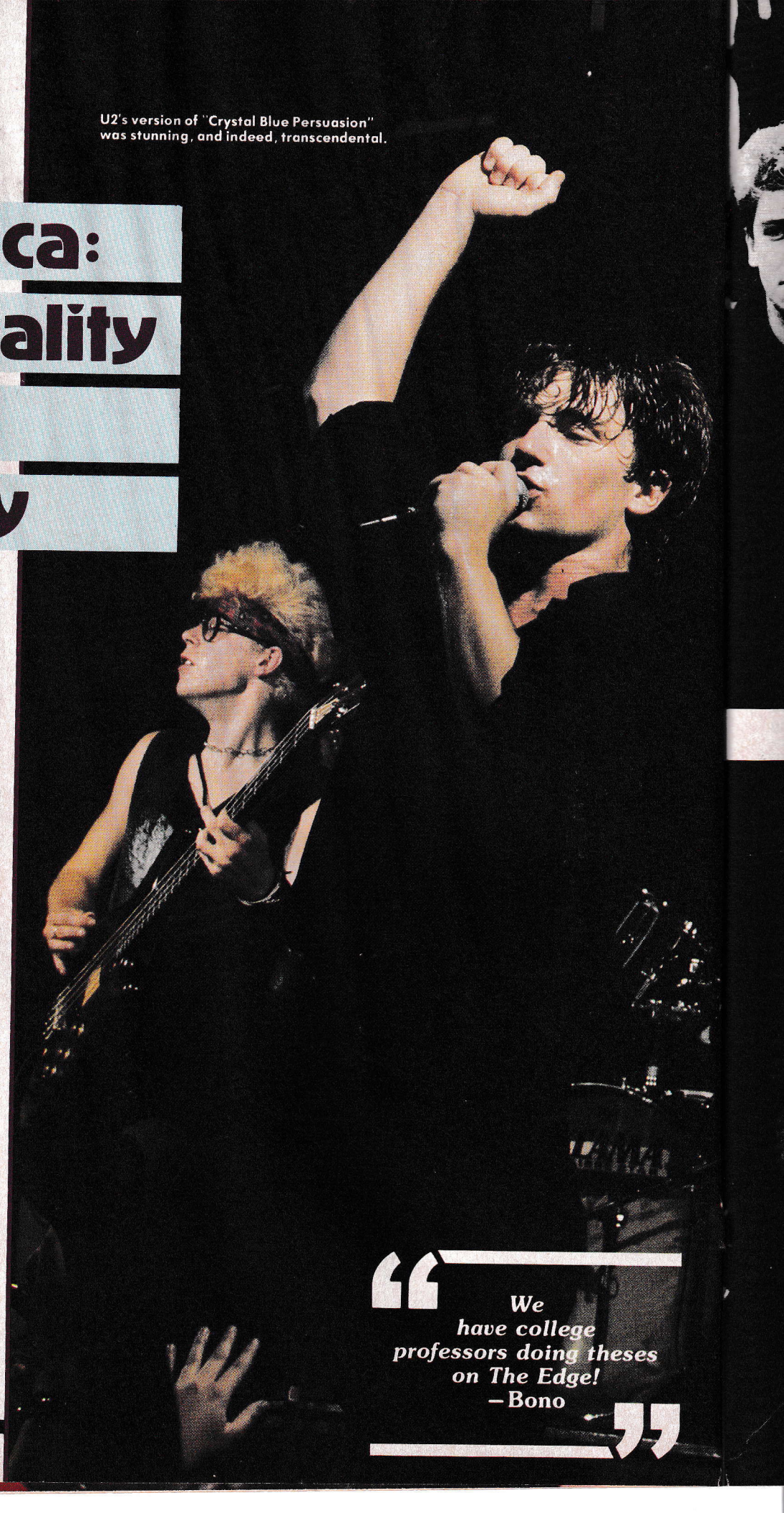
So much for behind-the-scenes tales of decadence. In fact, U2's lead singer is looking the picture of health in his grey athletic sweatsuit, lounging around backstage at Detroit's Grand Circus Theatre after the soundcheck for tonight's sold-out show and offering me candy ("Do you Doublet?") with a mock-genteel air.

We are examining the cover photo of U2's previous album, *October*. Bono runs his finger along the image of a row of waterfront buildings that stretch in the distance beyond the jutting faces of the U2 bandmembers: Vox, bassist Adam Clayton, guitarist The Edge and drummer Larry Mullen, Jr.

"I find this a particular base of interest," Bono explains, "the Grand Canal Dock, where the Grand Canal meets the River Liffey and the sea. I'm very interested in the port of Dublin, the portside, the docks, the quay area. The Grand Canal is where all the poets of Ireland used to sit beside. 'The Lazy Acre' was an area where a lot of artists went, but that was in the fashionable area. I like it when it hits the real rough industrial area, and that's where we chose as our setting."

Indeed, like that dockside district, there was nothing particularly flashy or fashionable about U2 when they came out of the relative backwater of Dublin in 1980 and strong-armed their way to the top of the English charts with their debut LP, *Boy*. Having spent two years honing their craft in virtual privacy—literally "wood-shedding" in the Edge's backyard at one point—U2 carried their unique sound-and-vision to London, where producer Steve Lillywhite helped to

U2's version of "Crystal Blue Persuasion" was stunning, and indeed, transcendental.

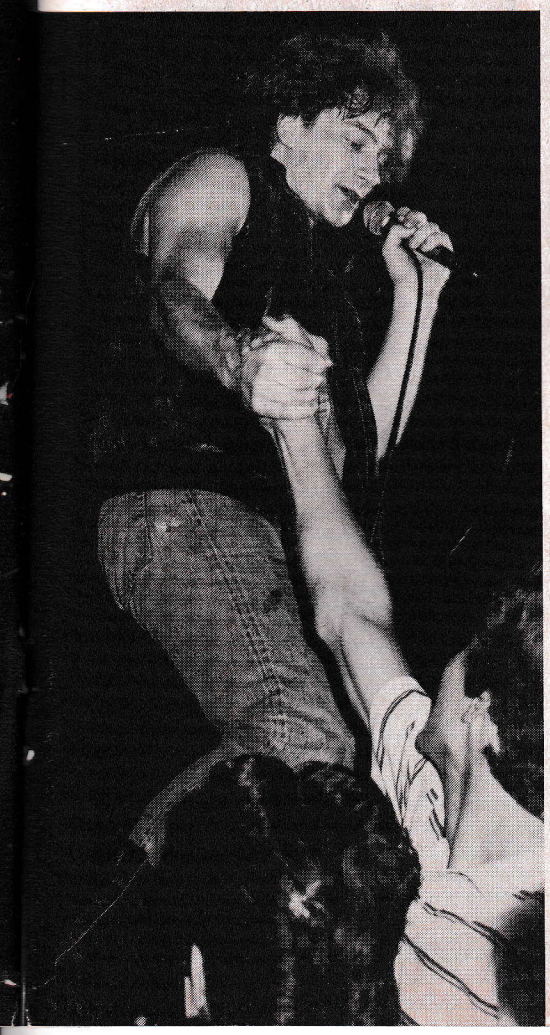


"We have college professors doing theses on The Edge!" —Bono

Steven Stone

You think we *like* trees growing out of our heads?

Bono finds being a Siamese twin "continually irritating"!



> ***A lot of people started ripping off our clown outfits.***
> **—Bono**

transmit to disc the textural layers that are U2's stock-in-trade.

Since then, the band has garnered both respect and radio airplay on both sides of the Atlantic. With their new album *War* being propelled into the charts on the strength of the video and single of "New Year's Day," U2 have embarked on their third American tour.

Presently, bassist Adam Clayton ventures into the room, armed with a bottle of wine. Opening it, he offers it around, helps Bono spill wine on himself, and graciously joins the interview.

☆☆☆

CREEM: *I sense a great deal of respect, by yourselves and Europeans in general, for the past, the men-of-letters, artists and such. People over here don't seem to appreciate that as much.*

Adam: If you want to break out of your environment here it's not the arts so much. It's rock 'n' roll musicians, actors, football players, ice hockey players. Whereas in European culture, for a long time the only way of breaking out of your environment was to go into the classical arts. I think that's part of our heritage. When you're in America, particularly for us as a rock 'n' roll band, there's so much rock 'n' roll history in this country. It stimulates you in that way. You see places like Louisiana, all these references in songs that you've heard. In Ireland, you've all the references in poetry and literature, and you live them as you walk around.

Do you feel you're part of an Irish tradition, coming from someone like Van Morrison, who's a rocker of almost a classical stature?

Bono: I would feel a lot more in common with Van Morrison than with many Irish artists.

Adam: Yeah, I think, definitely Morrison. I think a lot of it's an attitude as opposed to what you produce. To actually come out of Ireland and take on the world...there's a particular sort of fighting spirit. You've got to be prepared to work 24 hours a day instead of 12.

Bono: The Irish have an inferiority complex, you see. The term "a prophet without honor in his own land" really makes a lot of sense if you live in Dublin. People don't walk up to you and put a guitar around your neck, give you a blow-dryer and satin jeans and say, "Son, you're going to be a rock 'n' roll star." They give you a clip 'round the ear, a kick in the pants, they flush your head down the toilet, and they say, "Wake up!" That's very much the Irish way. If you can break out of Dublin, you can break out of anywhere.

Adam: There's a peculiar thing about the Irish. Because Ireland is a social country, like sitting around in pubs talking, work is frowned upon and you try as hard as you can to avoid it. To take the Irishman out of that comfortable element and put him in New York, like at the beginning of the century in this country, he'll build it! He'll actually get out there and prove himself and work twice as hard as anyone else and end up running the place."

Bono: He'll end up being Mayor Daley, or every police officer in the U.S.

It's your third tour over here. What have you found positive or appealing about this country?

Adam: There's a lot of energy. I think that generally there is an attitude within America to do things. There is a work ethic.

Bono: There's a degree of cynicism that's enveloping Europe which we don't find over here. It would sound like a cliche to say that people here really love the music, but they really *do* love the music. There are people who really believe in what we're doing. We have college professors doing theses on The Edge! The difference between the two continents, I think, is that the trend in the U.S. is to applaud work done, to applaud achievement. It's the whole American dream, the man who comes over and builds the railroad and then gets to own the train. He receives a great amount of applause. Now, Omar Sharif says that over here, people will see him and whisper: "There's Omar Sharif!" But if he walks in Paris, he'll hear someone say, "There's Omar Sharif!" and their friend will say, "So what?" There isn't that sort of applause for work done. There's, in fact, a jealousy, a bitterness.

OK, what are the negative things you've found?

Bob Leafe

Ross Marino

Adam: The morality. And advertising. I think that's where a lot of Americans get their cynicism. I see so many ads on television here, I don't want to buy anything, 'cause I'm not sure I'm going to get what I'm paying for.

Bono: The level of television and radio in this country is frightening, really frightening. Like terrifying. I lay awake at night shivering from the television and what it does to me. It's commercial enterprise. And that is why rock 'n' roll, to break out in this country, has to be very extreme. That's why a group like Talking Heads or the Patti Smith Group or Television had to separate themselves, remove themselves. And they're accused of elitism, of being separatists, but they have to in order to get a breath of fresh air. You cannot underestimate that extreme. But who are we to knock this country? We're guests of the nation. The people have been extremely generous to us in their applause and their love of music. It's very hip to knock America and it really bugs me. We go back to England and people try to knock it.

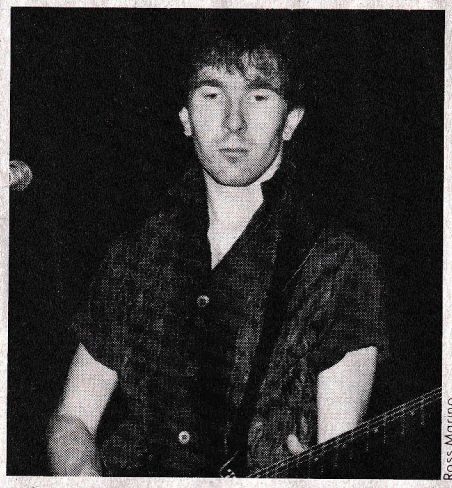
Adam: They say, "Hah! Did your three month's exile in the States, did you?"

Bono: We just say, "Go away." I enjoy touring over here, probably more than touring anywhere else in the world.

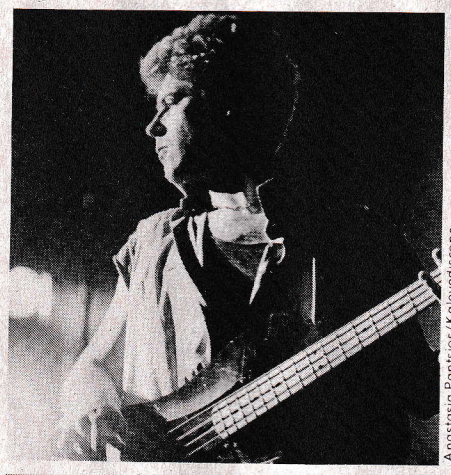
The band's religious perspective has come into focus in a lot of recent articles on U2. Do you feel you've been put on the spot by the press?

Adam: We don't have to justify anything. If we *choose* to justify it, that's a different thing. I mean, it's there, in the records, it's in the music, and if somebody wants to ask us about it, well, we can choose to reply or not.

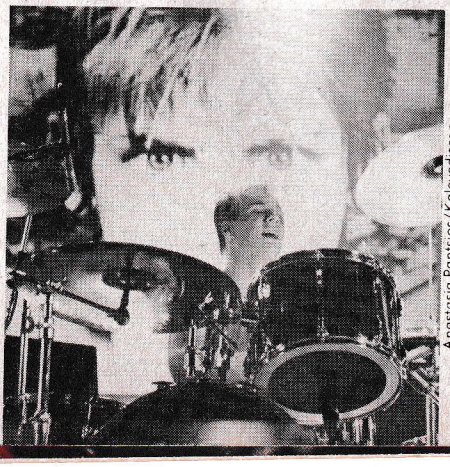
Bono: A lot of people have nothing to say, and they say it all the time. There's a lot of people flying flags, wearing badges, all over this country, when they'd do better just shutting their mouths. Look, everyone knows that when music reaches that crescendo, it's like an arrow that cuts through you. It's in music that people realize there's more than just getting up in the morning, going to work, coming home, beating the wife, taking the kids out for a walk, and going to sleep again. There's that richness. Music expresses what's great about man.



Ross Marino



Anastasia Pantsios/Kaleyediscope



Anastasia Pantsios/Kaleyediscope

U2, CHAPTER II: In which Bono is goosed and devoured; The Edge becomes narcoleptic by virtue of his hairstyle; Mr. Clayton finds felicity in holistic healing; and our Larry evaporates under the glare of Young Whoosits.

Adam: The change is emotional rather than intellectual, and I think that as long as that perspective is held to, you do more good to let the emotion lead the personality than trying to intellectualize and convince somebody.

Bono: People have been trying to put their finger on us for a long time, calling us a punk band, calling us a psychedelic band. They're trying to grapple with this, you know, "There must be a box! (snaps his fingers) Maybe they're fanatics!" People are always trying to make us something. Why won't they accept us as being four people? There's no plan to the group. The music's a reflection of the four people, who are influenced in many ways you can name. Why apply a tourniquet to an aspect of your life so that the blood refuses to get to your fingers or to your head? That's what all the people seem to do. They block aspects of their life that they feel don't fit in or are unfashionable or awkward. That's what made or makes John Lennon great. That's what made or makes Bob Dylan great. That's what made or makes Jim Morrison great. They're people who put themselves on the line, whatever the consequences. They said, "This is me, without the clothes." And people want singers, especially, to take off their clothes in public. I do it every night. Maybe I have to do it, maybe I'm just that type of person. I have to do it because I'm trying to understand what's going on in my life.

You've mentioned in the past that you feel that U2 is a "special" band in the varied ranks of rock 'n' roll. Care to elaborate?

Adam: Most musicians in this country start playing when they're 15 and don't get into a band until they're maybe 25. They've spent years studying their heritage, playing other people's licks. Then, when they have to start producing something as themselves, their influences are those people they've studied. We never did that. We formed the band and then bought instruments. We had to define our own terms. That's what makes us special.

Bono: In that sense, it's the tradition of the Beatles, the Who or the Stones. We're four people, you see, we're not four musicians. We're people before we're musicians. People have misunderstood that in earlier interviews.

Adam: What you lack in technique, you substitute with personality. The soul is much stronger than any technique. That's what we have.

Bono: There is an "X" factor. I have this theory about the "X" factor. It's what separates great music from not-great music. Not new music from old, but great music from not-great music. We meet a lot of kids from garage bands that come up to us afterwards and say, "It's going to be great in two years time—I'm going to have the latest in MXR effects, I'm going to have the latest amplifiers." Everything's technology, everything's technique. I think, throw it all out the window. Pete Townshend had the right idea when he rammed his Rickenbacker through the speakers. He was mak-

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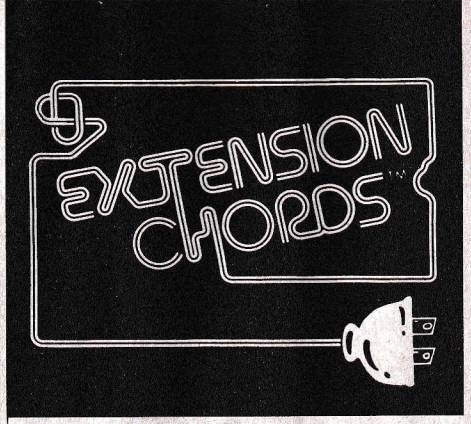
MICROPHONES DON'T GET NO RESPECT!



by Chip Stern

Whether your vantage point is onstage or in the audience (and not on a guest-list pass, either), it's invariably the same dreary dance. Thousands of crazed fans frothing before the opening bell, the stage all aglitter in lights and equipment...and equipment...and more equipment.

There are the obligatory stacks of amplifiers; high risers groaning under the girth of mega-drum kits and a dozen cymbals; scores of flash guitars and basses waiting obligingly before each 200 watt monolith...a blonde on each arm, a boutonniere in your buttonhole and a pound of tracer in the tool box.

But wait! There's been a, uh...*well*, a miscalculation of sorts. Seems that no one bothered to invest the time or money in selecting the proper performance microphones. "Yeah, well, we use whatever *house mics* the local sound contractor or promoter provides," a little voice is heard to whimper by way of a cop-out, pausing only to snarf up a second helping of Dr. Rise Time's high impedance powdered protoplasm.

Good thinking, schmuck.

You've just dedicated the better part of five years rehearsing, spent tens of thousands of dollars on instruments, signal processing, electronics, *even* your own van and P.A. You've endured all the multitudinous inconveniences and petty humiliations THE BIZ inflicts on those who would be performers. And when you finally get a chance to play a decent venue, whatcha do? *Abdicate the most critical part of the signal chain—instrument and vocal mics*—by allowing some stranger to slap the wrong mic (well, *their idea* of the right mic, anyway, or whatever they happen to have handy) on your kick drum, guitar amp, bass amp, keyboard amp and vocalist.

Only later, licking your wounds, does it occur to you that the sound you got onstage was critically altered...re-mixed...distorted by the type of microphones and manner of micing techniques; that the undifferentiated sea of sludge and low-end rumble the audience experienced (rather than heard—the aural equivalent of dog breath) could have been avoided. Ah, but you'll have plenty of time for reflection now, beanbag, because your vocalist shouted her voice raw—can't even talk—and *they've* found another band to open all the upcoming big dates. Think about *that* when you're back home pumping gas.

The point is that where rock 'n' rollers can spend hours debating the relative merits of a '58 Les Paul vs. a '62 Stratocaster, the Marshall tube sound vs. the Mesa Boogie, the Prophet vs. the Oberheim, the distinctive frequency characteristics and sound signatures of microphones remain largely unexplored. Why?

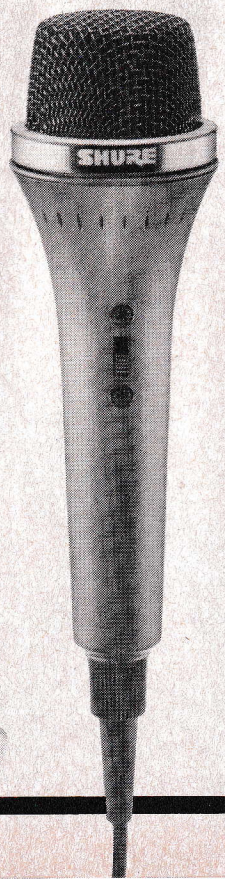
Perhaps because we're talking about the difference between the way something sounds, and *the way something hears*, because as surely as your ears and my ears hear sounds differently, so too do microphones perceive musical information in their own unique ways. There's nothing even vaguely objective about the way microphones hear. Whether subjectively coloring the sound in user-pleasing manner or allowing the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth to shine transparently through, microphones can make or break the sound of your instrument and the overall presentation of your music.

"You have to understand the physics of acoustics and the microphone, and to some extent you have to understand the physics of the musical instruments," Geoff Langdon of **Sennheiser** asserts. "Once you understand these things, and have a clear preconceptualization of the sound you want, you can create a situation where you get that sound. What's missing in the output of a microphone cannot be created later in the chain; even more important, is what's missing in the musical instrument cannot be created later in the chain, and cannot be corrected for by the microphone.

"I've done a lot of microphone seminars, and people always want a cookbook approach: which mic do I buy, and where do I put it exactly to make a golden record? It doesn't work that way." Jeff Levy of **Beyer** concurs. "Microphones are very subjective instruments. You have to learn to listen, and to know what to listen for. People generally are not thinking ahead as to what they're going to be using the microphone for: what's the frequency response of the source; what's the sound pressure level—how much microphone do I need? People don't know what microphone to use in what application and for what reason. And then they'll buy a microphone without bothering to audition it—those people deserve whatever they get."

Dick Ravitch of **AKG** chimes in to this litany of despair by observing that when it comes to microphones "People don't know enough about mics, and what's worse,they don't seem to want to know." Maybe they just don't know that they don't know, or don't know why they should know. So in the interests of improving rock 'n' roll music, and your ability to project the truest image of your sound to an audience, CREEM and *Extension Chords* will now undertake—as

SHURE PE5:A perfect beginning for both singers and musicians at an economical price. For more information contact: SHURE BROTHERS, 222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, Il 60204



SENNHEISER MD421: Highly immune to overload, yet precise over a wide range of frequencies. For more information contact: SENNHEISER 10 West 37th St., NY, NY 10018

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painlessly and straightforwardly as possible—to provide some basic reference points towards understanding the function of microphones, common mistakes and misconceptions regarding their application and handling, and some sense of how to best use them. Too much information to possibly be contained in one article, but herein, a consumer guide—not a shopping list—to microphones; the beginnings of an ongoing discussion in these pages which in future issues will zero in on specific models and applications. But first things first...

What is a microphone?

A microphone is part art and part science in application and design. It is *not* an accessory, even though that's how a lot of dealers and consumers view it: to wit, where many of the aforementioned aspiring bands will have P.A. mixing boards running anywhere from $2,000-$20,000, they'll purchase mics only as an afterthought. Same thing with purchasers of home stereo systems vis a vis the phono cartridge. It's as if, dear friends, De LAWD spent the sixth day creating the wind, thunder, lightning, birds and the ocean's roar, but took the seventh day off without giving us ears.

Now the difference between your ear and a microphone is that instead of changes in sound and air pressure vibrating your eardrum, it vibrates a *diaphragm* within the microphone housing. This diaphragm is refered to as a *transducer element*, and the way in which it is designed to respond distinguishes its generic type (more on that in a minute).

The three basic generic types of microphones purveyors of brain damage musical performance need be concerned with are *dynamic* (or moving coil), *condenser*, and *ribbon* designs, of which dynamics are by far the most commonly used, due to their ruggedness and ability to withstand high sound pressure levels. What differentiates these design principles is the way the transducer elements transform acoustical energy into electrical energy. The quality of the *way* they hear, tells you something about how they're going to sound, what bass/midrange/treble frequenies, colors and sonic tradeoffs to expect. Mike Petterson of **Shure** cheerfully suggests that CREEM readers think of dynamic, condenser and ribbon qualities as BALLS, DETAIL, and MELLOWNESS respectively.

Keep that concept on hold for a second and consider this equally important one. We've just suggested that there's a certain color...musical timbre to the way these musical instruments vibrate. Alright?

Now, instead of zoning out on this (*or succumbing to the temptation to ask "But is it LOUD?!"*), think about *how* microphones hear. Put on a record, sing through a P.A. or mic up your guitar amp and run it through the P.A. *Nanu nanu.* Good. Now defeat your biological stereo output—stick a finger in your ear. Put your other ear adjacent to what you're micing and you'll hear what the mic hears and the way it hears. Are you cognizant of the *spatial quality*? Have you ever noticed that *a microphone hears three-dimensionally*?

The best way to appreciate a microphone's spatial perception is to listen with both ears and hear all the sound around you *or* plug up an ear and direct it towards somebody talkin' at you, then spin away from them and check out what's missing and *where:* up, down, front, back, left, right. You've just experienced the difference between an *omnidirectional* design (in SENSURAMA) and a *directional* or *cardioid design (different degrees of sensitivity, rejection* and *isolation* depending on where you point your ear). However, the more sonic information you reject, the more you color the sound—which is the ultimate battle and compromise in the design of any microphone.

The way a microphone hears on the three-dimensional plane is by *polar patterns* (I flunked geometry, too, so don't feel intimidated), and the more uniform they are in each direction the better, *because:* the sound you finally hear is the sum total of what the microphone perceives in the 360 degrees of space that surround you (which means all that loud, reverberant noise coming from the amps and monitors to the front, back and sides of long-suffering vocalists). "The term *unidirectional* is a misnomer," Greg Hockman of **Electro-Voice** points out. "There's no such thing as a unidirectional mic—*there's always some off-axis response.* If I could design something that picked up sound only at 45 degress off the centerline; from the *zero axis* out front and absolutely nothing past that point in any direction, then I'd have the rock 'n' roll concert business by the balls right now," he chuckles. "We would never have a gain before feedback problem again; never have a leakage problem onstage; we could get better recordings and concerts and everything else—as far as isolation, anyway. But, again, none of us have been able to change the laws of physics to make that happen."

Directional mics have different levels of sensitivity and output at 90, 180, 270 and 360 degrees. Do you understand now where that bilious sonic refuse you've been hearing is coming from? Obviously the flatter, the more uncolored this leakage is, the better the overall sound. Some of the polar patterns you're likely to encounter are *figure 8* (sensitive from front-to-back), 0-180 degrees, *hyper-cardioid* (greater front-to-back sensitivity, with less sensitivity from side-to-side, 90-270 degrees) and *super-cardioid* (lower front-to-back sensitivity, more side-to-side from 90-270 degrees). Therefore, an omnidirectional mic is equal-

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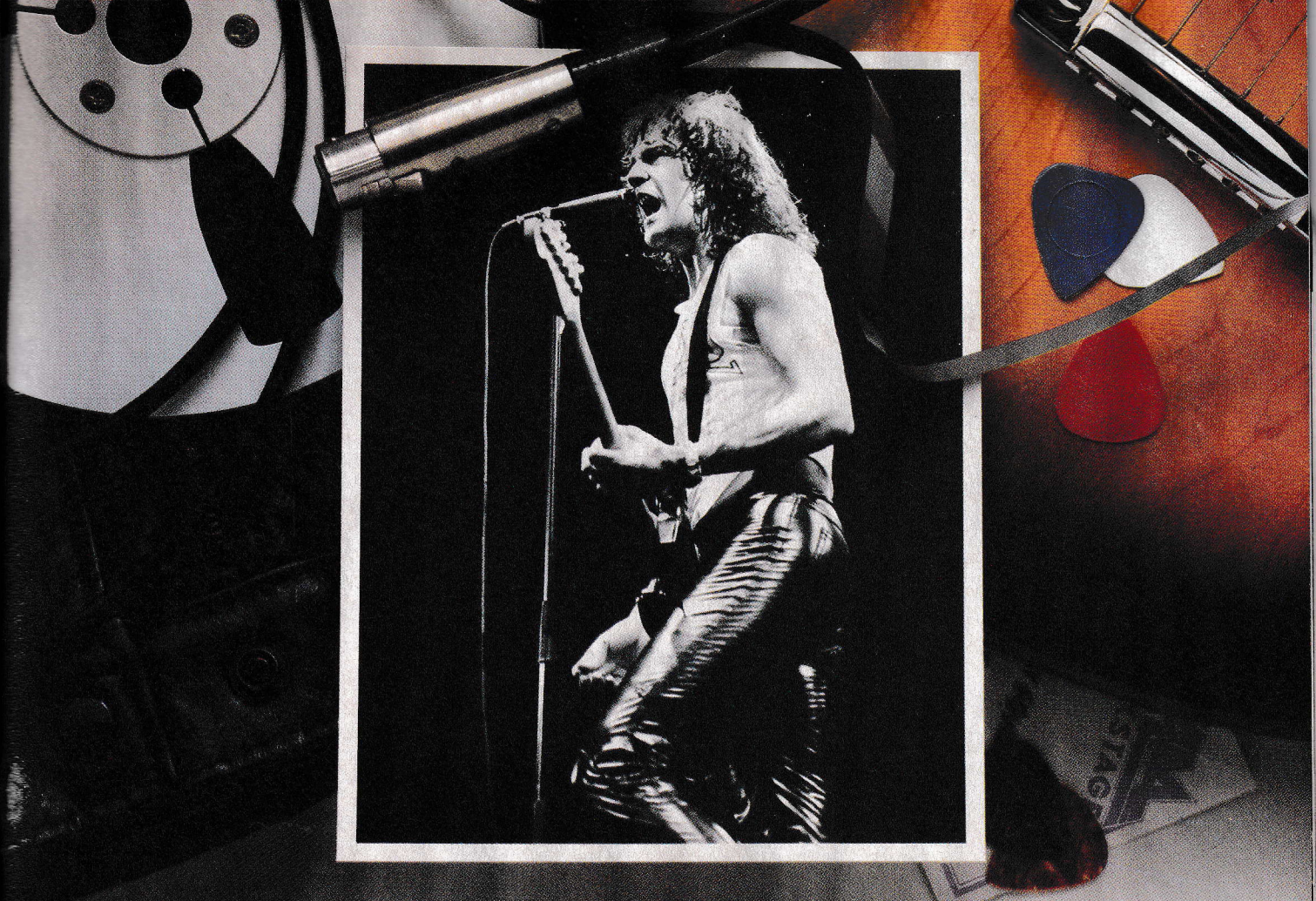
BEYER M600:Features an extremely wide frequency response, rugged aluminum case and a lockable on-off switch. For more information contact:BEYER DYNAMIC INC., 5-05 Burns Ave., Hicksville, NY 11801

AUDIO-TECHNICA ATM 63: Excellent for vocals or instrumentals. Can be used close-up for maximum output, best feedback control. For more information contact:AUDIO-TECHNICA, 1221 Commerce Drive, Stow, OH 44224



"No other microphone delivers hardcore rock 'n' roll like the SM57. That's why it's the only mic I use."

-Billy Squier

When Billy Squier rocks he needs a microphone that can roll with his punches. That's why he uses the Shure SM57. He's tried other microphones but he always comes back. As a matter of fact, the SM57 was the very first mic Billy used. It's taken him from small club dates to the big stages worldwide.

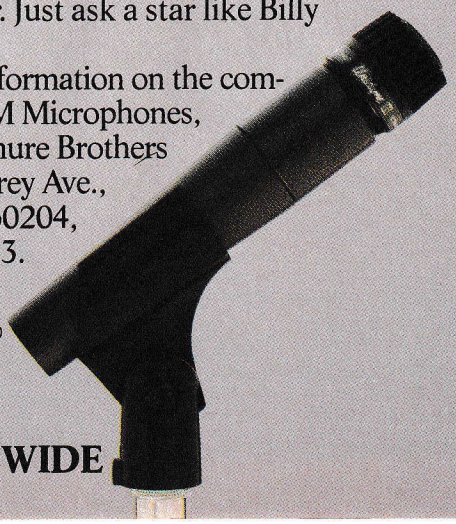
The SM57 is the perfect microphone for rock 'n' roll. It's got the right punch in live vocal applications to rise above the music. With a presence rise in mid-frequencies and a fixed low frequency roll-off to minimize "boominess" in close miking. The well-controlled polar pattern maximizes gain before feedback. Maximum gain is essential to high volume stage monitor applications during rock 'n' roll performances.

The SM57's presence peak makes it right for miking instruments, too. With clean, well-defined accuracy.

The SM57 is a tough act to follow. Its rugged, reliable performance lets it stand up to the steamiest rock 'n' roll abuse. It can go on performing even when Billy Squier is ready to call it a night.

When it comes to hardcore rock 'n' roll the SM57 is a star. Just ask a star like Billy Squier.

For more information on the complete line of SM Microphones, call or write Shure Brothers Inc., 222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, IL 60204, (312) 866-2553.



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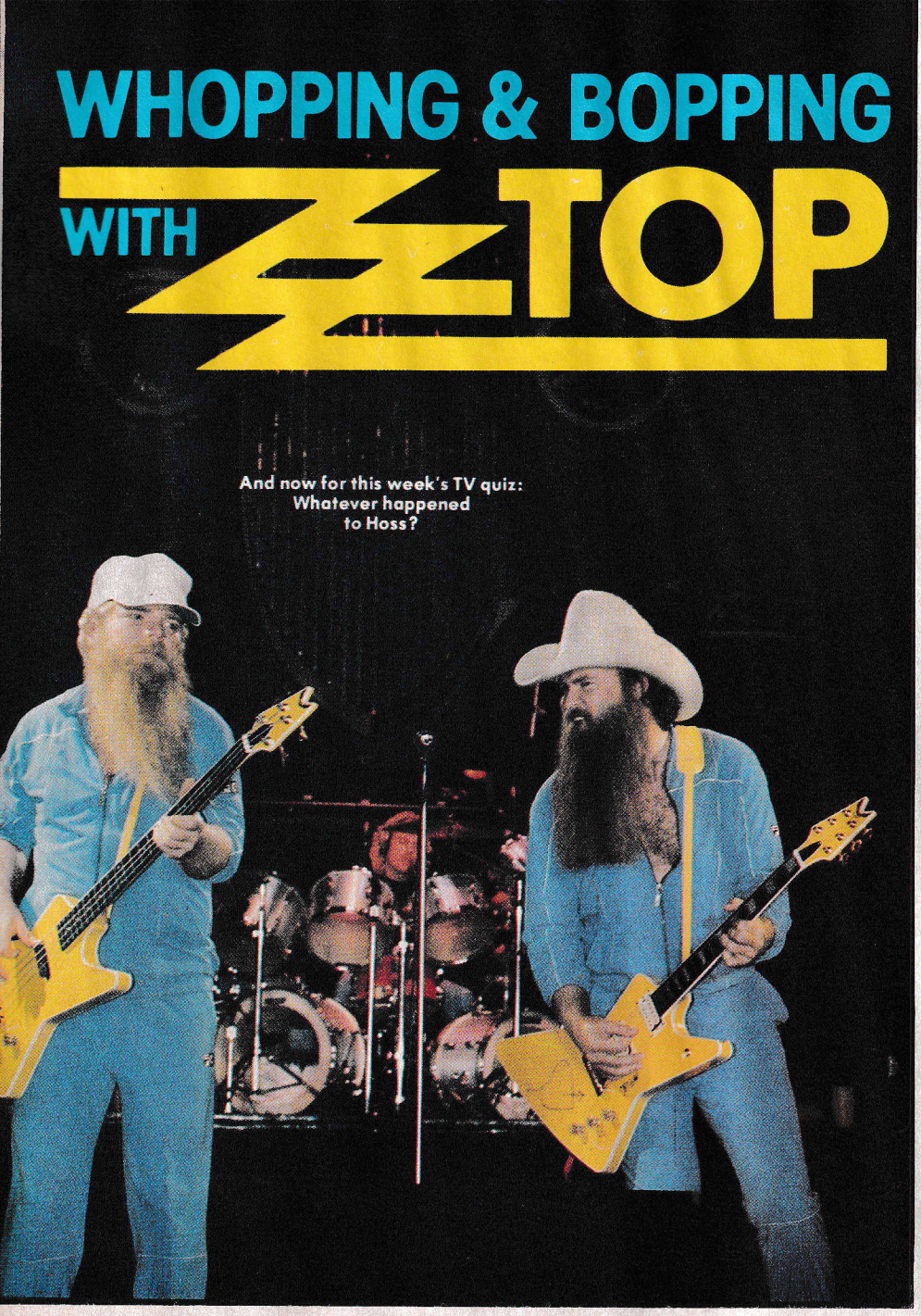
WHOPPING & BOPPING WITH ZZ TOP



by Jeff Nesin

I. OUR STORY SO FAR

It is quite late—so late that it's starting to be early—and in the labyrinthine belly of a Sheraton Hotel in Knoxville, Tennesee, four men sit around an enormous board room table talking softly and laughing a lot. In the middle of the table, where sales charts and quarterly reports ought to be, rises a mountain range of Burger King's best: three shopping bags worth of Whoppers and fries. "Are we whopping?" asks a smiling, hirsute face. Three of the men are ZZ Top and the fourth is me. It's the first time in my life that I've had scotch with my Whopper con queso. Aren't you hungry?

Frank Beard—beardless, athletic, hopelessly addicted to golf (these guys are *weird*) and boss of the largest drum kit in the known world—cocks his head and looks across the table at me with mock impatience. "Okay, Jeff. We got together in '70. We've been together 13 years." Dusty Hill—proud possessor of a V.V.S.O.P. buckle length beard, mighty bass man and Master of the Texas Zen quip—winces. "I've been together all my life, Frank." This happens fast, in far less time than it takes to read even if you don't read with your fingers. I start to laugh but I'm always at least one joke behind. I take a bite of burger and a drink of scotch. This could be the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

> ***"I play guitar, Dusty plays bass, Frank plays golf."***
> **—Billy**

II. A BRIEF ASIDE

Look, I may as well be frank. Impartiality just ain't shit in rock 'n' roll so there's no point in my trying to disguise the fact that I think these three guys are champs. There have been some positive undesirables and scurvy dogs who've made diverting—even real fine—records over the last three or four decades, but scumbags and twerps can not, as a rule, build 13 year careers with legions of bedrock fans and an expanding minor league as well. ZZ's purely Texan riff rock—simple, infectious, meaty and leavened throughout with blues wit—is a staple at barbeques on my ranch and these particular *tres hombres* are the most engaging mix of smart and funny that I've ever met in the line of duty. Absolute princes, even if they do eat out of bags too often.

III. PATRIOTIC FERVOR

The third Z, guitarist and globetrotter Billy Gibbons also sports a Rip Van Winkle maxi-beard along with tortoise shell glasses that make him look serious even when contemplating a Whopper. Don't be misled. He interrupts some speculation about the demographics of that night's show (age & sex, actually) grinning and shaking his head. "I *LOVE* America...right in the middle of 'TV Dinner' somebody threw a pair of panties onstage."

FRANK: He likes to make soup out of them.

BILLY: Close inspection did not render a decision on recent usage.

DUSTY: There were a lot of articles of women's underwear and hosiery up there.

BILLY: That's why I was saying I love America. Dusty saw it. A young girl down front got up on some guy's shoulders and...whipped top. Totally bare. And the guy down below—who was not with her—was just grooving along and he checked out what was going on up there and he kind of snuck his hand up there and then got right back boogieing. Didn't miss a beat. It was so hot and close in there that she never put it back on...And there was another girl in white with a *very* skimpy top—I mean one string held it together—it didn't stay on too long, either.

IV. THE PERPETUAL TOUR

The show that night had really impressed me, too. Knoxville Civic Coliseum was sold out, full of happy, dancing kids (all wearing cheap sunglasses) who got crazy from first note to last. Nearly half of them seemed to be young women.

DUSTY: We definitely notice that too.

BILLY: What's great about being in a band that's been together 13 years is that you get loyal fans over the years, a lot of familiar faces—and lately there've been some young kids, too. Tonight there were some tykes, and if you look right at them, they're on fire.

You got an immediate and consistent and genuine response all through the show. I've never heard an audience sing when asked like those folks did on "Tube Snake Boogie." Rod Stewart could beg and not get near that volume.

BILLY: It hurts your throat to sing like Rod.

DUSTY: Makes your hair grow funny, too.

I was amazed at how visually interesting you make your show.

FRANK: A tasty usage of everything we have...nothing is overused because the

Photos by Bob Alford

music is first.
DUSTY: We want to visually highlight what we do. The effects, the lights, the laser, whatever—it's all to highlight the song. That's what a live show is.

Right now you're at the very beginning of...

DUSTY: This is the first day of the rest of my life.

Be sure to have a nice one, pardner. I mean, how long are you out on the road for?

DUSTY: This is the perpetual tour. You don't ask where the end is.

Well, what are your lives like when you're not doing this?

BILLY: I play guitar, Dusty plays bass,Frank plays golf.

FRANK: We're always doing this anyway. If we're not on the road, we're getting ready. It's fine with us—it's what we do.

BILLY: I'm into girls, myself.

DUSTY: I'm glad you straightened that out, Billy. Everybody's been asking about that.

V. THE HOWARD HUGHES OF BLUES

Hotel TV was kind enough to flash *Solid Gold* in the critical window of time twixt sound check and showtime, so we had a few useful points of comparison with ZZ's jalapeno existentialism.

DUSTY: I *love* Barry Manilow.

BILLY: The singer with Men At Work radiates a very likeable kind of weirdness.

DUSTY: Off the wall charismatic.

BILLY: I wonder what we look like?

DUSTY: Can you say "shit" in CREEM?

BILLY: I mean, we appeared on MTV looking like Howard Hughes.

DUSTY: The Howard Hughes of blues!

BILLY: Frank got us Fila jogging suits and I'm thinking...nice Italian cut sports clothes and Beach Boys guitars...

DUSTY: ...and this kind of head on top of it.

BILLY: The guy in Men At Work would have no trouble fitting into ZZ Top. He can sit in anytime he wants.

So you get to see MTV in Houston?

DUSTY: Sure. We got electricity and everything.

FRANK: First time I saw it, it was late at night and Debbie and I were in bed. We saw a band come on and play a song and then another band and then another band and we thought it was a new show we'd never seen before. We must have stayed up five hours thinking, Jesus, this is a long show. When is it gonna be over? We figured we had to stay up because we never got to see anything like that.

VI. MENAGE A TROIS

Through giggles and cooling fries I try to find out how ZZ stopped at three.

DUSTY: Frank and I played together before, mostly trio. And Billy had a couple of groups of different sizes [including the infamous Moving Sidewalks], but he played trio as well.

But did they see Cream or Jimi Hendrix in their heads?

FRANK: We saw splitting the money three ways. When you're talking $20, it's a big difference.

DUSTY: Frank met Billy first and then brought me into the picture...

FRANK: I've already apologized for that.

DUSTY: ...and when we jammed it felt as

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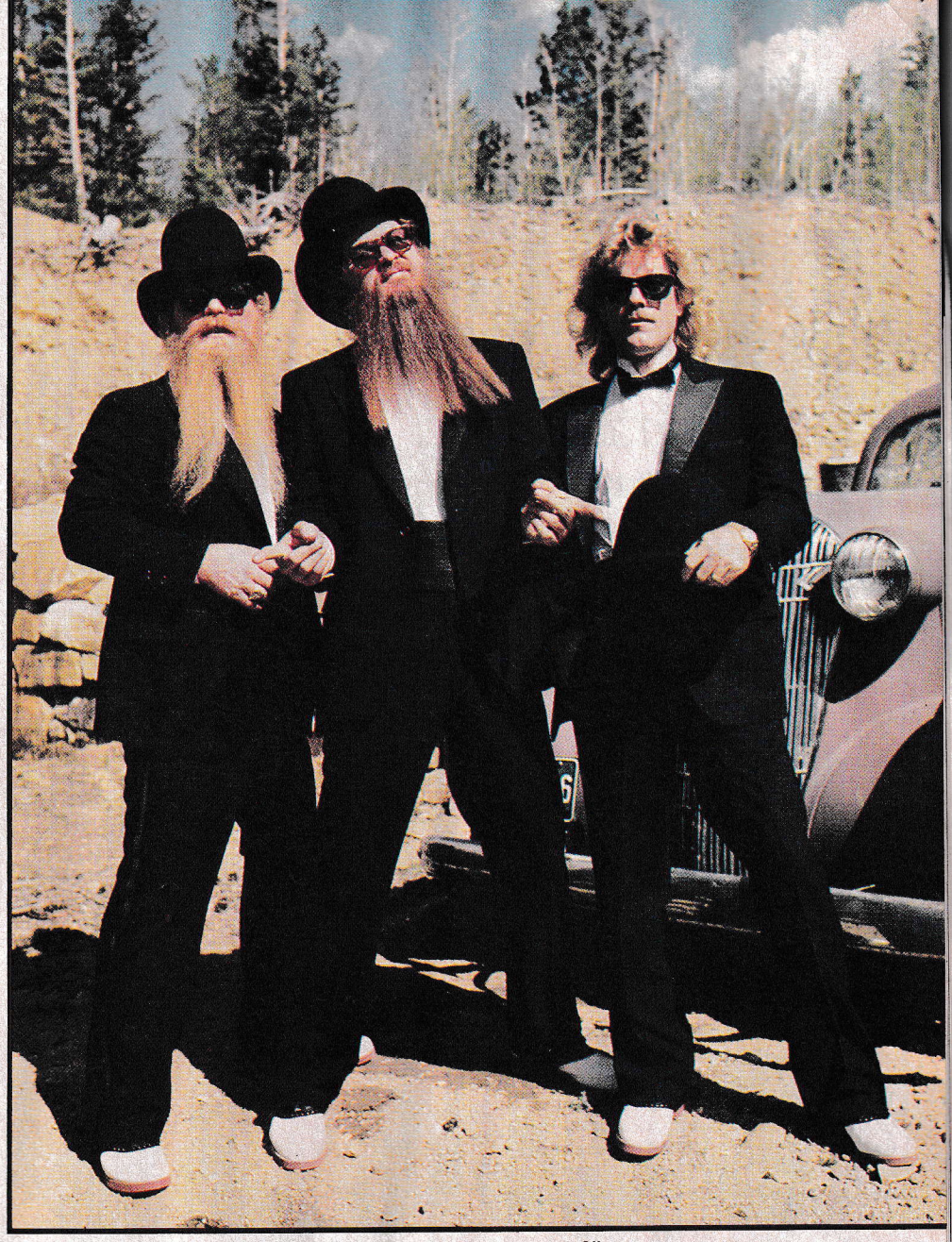


"Now can we join Roxy Music?"

ZZ's Global Guide To Grits

Fine dining is often elusive on the road and it is written that too many Whoppers turneth an hombre *malo*. So ZZ Top takes careful note of their fave cantinas, some of which they reveal here for the first time ever—for the delectation of CREEM gourmets around the planet.

MEMPHIS, TN

Dyer's Hamburgers—"The only deep-fried hamburger patty with the bun that gets shiny on the top from the grease in the air. You have a choice: onions or pickles. That's it—they try to keep it simple."

Payne's Barbeque—unanimous raves.

Rendezvous—"Some of the best ribs in the South—in the alley across from the Peabody Hotel."

HOUSTON, TX

Avalon Drugstore—"One of the best hamburgers in Houston."

Leo's Mexican Restaurant—"The best. That's where the food foldout in *Tres Hombres* was photographed."

TUCSON, AZ

L'il Abner's Steakhouse—"An old rodeo arena, and now they serve steaks cooked outside over mesquite. Been going for years and hopefully it'll always be there. Great spot."

PARIS, FRANCE

Train Blue—"At an old train station—they stop at nothing."

The Studio—"Best Tex-Mex food outside of Leo's: imported Tecate and lime, beef enchiladas, cheese enchiladas, rice, beans, hot sauce, mmm..."

ST. TROPEZ, FRANCE

"Hey, the cinnamon-orange crepes at that place two blocks down from the Byblos Hotel. *Bar none!*"

Good taste and discrimination is a hallmark of all ZZ's pleasures.

ELEGANZA

THE BEST-DRESSED LIST

by John Mendelssohn

There are absolutes in fashion. For instance, flare-legged trousers are absolutely more flattering to the vast majority of people than straight-legged trousers, since they make the feet look smaller and the hips slimmer.

And the voguish look for gals in the mid-'50s was absolutely awful, since it required that they wear their skirts too long and their hair not only too short, but also unbecomingly permed. Men got theirs in the early '60s, when fashion dictated hideous wingtipped shoes, ugly glasses, and hair so short as to suggest that we were ashamed to have any.

Even while men looked worse than at any other time in their history, though, women were going through a terribly sexy period. They teased their hair in an absolutely flattering way and wore absolutely terrific dagger-toed, stiletto-heeled shoes of the sort *Eleganza* likes best. They elongated their eyes with eyeliner in a way that made them look almost feline.

They looked a lot like America's best-dressed rock 'n' roll woman, Josie Cotton, looks today.

If there were any justice in the world, Josie would be where the Go-Go's are, for she looks positively brilliant—sort of like Elizabeth Taylor around the time of *Butterfield 8*. And her *Convertible Music* album, in spite of what highly situated sources at this very magazine may tell you, was every bit as good as the Go-Go's bathtub album, and 35 trillion times better than *Vacation*. If "No Pictures Of Dad," for instance doesn't shatter your heart into a trillion little pieces, it can only be because your heart's made of stone.

In the age in which the likes of Dale Bozzio, that insufferable little twerp in Soft Cell, David Lee Roth, that insufferable little twerp in Duran Duran, Kim Carnes, Joan Jett, and the Clash's Mick Jones (in comparison to whom Al Stewart, for instance, sounds like Paul Rodgers) not only aren't forbidden to open their yaps anywhere near a microphone, but actually paid fortunes to squeak, mewl, whine, rasp and moan in the gruesome ways they do, Josie's that rarest of treats—a wonderful, musical singer.

It lifts and separates! Ron Wolfson/Retna

And her producer/sweetheart does to her voice in the recording studio what Quincy Jones did to Lesley Gore's on "You Don't Own Me." It rarely sounds as though fewer than nine of Josie are singing along with one another! I know that there are those who'll renounce me as sexist vermin for having noticed, but Ms. Cotton's undoubtedly the most...voluptuous woman in rock 'n' roll since that Englishwoman, Judy Whatever-her-name-was, the one you never heard of anywhere but in this magazine. (Where's the harm in having noticed, particularly when Josie's clearly so pleased with them herself, and dresses so as to make her pleasure manifest clear to the cheap seats?)

We also think Adam Ant's the bee's knees.

America was too smart for T. Rex. We weren't going to be taken in by such patent nonsense as *that*, were we? Let England *keep* its bopping elf and his infantile Chuck Berry cops, we said. And what did we get? Kansas. The Bee Gees. Fleetwood Mac. Adult rock. *Adult* rock!

Well, it's not going to happen again—not as long as *Eleganza* has something to say about it! Of *course* Adam Ant's songs have nothing to do with anything at all. But neither did Marc Bolan's, and just consider how wonderful they seem now in retrospect, in the clear light of which we recognize (and are duly humbled by the realization) that they were the first rock songs ever written for pretentious six-year-olds.

Boy, I'm so *impassioned* this month, and using so many italics. But who can blame me? Josie Cotton is being virtually ignored

Ebet Roberts

I got her at a flea market, but she still works!

while patent crap, pernicious, contemptible nonsense like The Clash is clasped to the national bosom.

Getting back to Ant, he looks brilliant in his swashbuckling regalia and moves as well as any white pop star since Bowie. And in an age in which the airwaves are clogged with the awful tuneless squeaking, mewling, whining, and moaning of Dale Bozzio, that insufferable little twerp in Soft Cell, Joan Jett, David Lee Roth, that insufferable little twerp in Duran Duran, and The Clash's Mick Jones, he even sings in tune.

In much the same way that they disdain Ant, many people believe Cliff Richard to be just slightly hipper than, oh, John Davidson. Many people are incorrigible assholes. There is no more graceful a white pop singer anywhere in the world than Cliff, nor one who manages to convey more soul with so pale and incorrigible pleasant a voice. Such is his charisma and grace that he makes whatever he wears look good. I am proud to say that I proposed to my present wife while he was on stage at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium.

Combining elements of the looks of Little Richard, Jimi Hendrix (at Monterey), and Sly Stone, Prince's False-eyelashed Flasher in Fuchsia Lame (as in la-me) may be the most wonderful new physical image in American pop since Bob Dylan's Electric-haired Troubadour in Winklepickers period of the mid-'60s.

That isn't saying as much as one wishes it were. In Britain, it's generally thought the sacred duty of the artiste to tart himself up to perform. In America, tarting up is generally viewed as tantamount to an admission that The Music Itself doesn't cut it. Consequently, Americans have long seemed woefully unimaginative in comparison to the British.

As far as rock 'n' roll is concerned, Britons invented long hair. And short hair. And glitter. And Space Age. And punk. And the New Romance. And the New Depression. America, over the same time span, has come up with Hippie and Devo and a lot of feeble adaptations of British looks.

All of which, incidentally, points up another reason that America ought to be clasping Josie Cotton to its breast with all its might. In the first such case in recent memory, she vastly surpasses a British counterpart with the same idea. (Mari Wilson, if you must know.)

But let's talk about you and me. Having just returned from his first basketball arena concert in not long enough (and very possibly his last ever), and having noted with vast melancholy that 99 percent of the audience looked indistinguishably ignorant of how witless, slovenly, and anonymous it looked, one calls upon all *Eleganza* readers to help buck the trend.

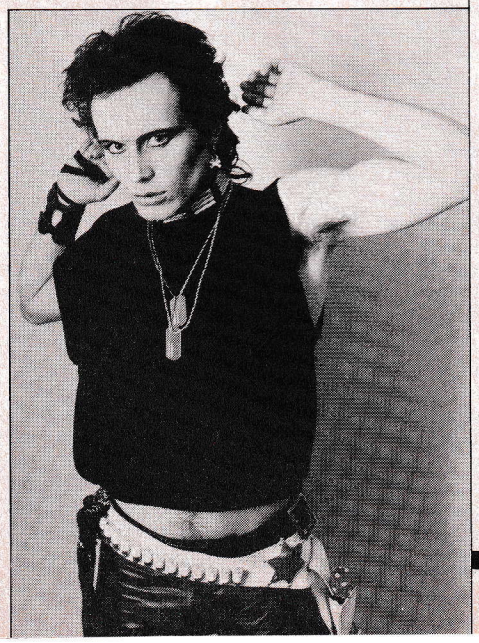
Dare to do with that pair of jeans you've been wearing every day for the past eight months what you know in your heart that you should—use them to apply wax to your auto! Dare not to wear jeans and running shoes and either a knit pullover or a baseball undershirt with your favorite group's logo on the front! Dare not to look like everyone else. Dare instead to have style, to have pizzazz, to have flair! Dare to be...*Eleganza!*

It's inevitable, of course—unless you're Boy George, and you're not—that you'll look like *some*one else, but don't be disheartened by that ploy the forces of white bread and repression used so effectively in the '50s—"If beatniks are non-conformists, how come they all look like each other?" Let this be the *Eleganza* credo: It's infinitely preferable to look very much like someone with flair and pizzazz than it is not to look like much of anything at all.

Patricia of Gun Club, the latest and most lurid incarnation of a tradition that dates back to the Ronettes—that of rock 'n' roll woman as raven-haired slut—knows these truths to be self-evident. There are those who might gaze upon her and think to themselves, "Oh, yeah—the Hollywood Blvd. at 1:00 a.m. on a weeknight look." That perception certainly has lotsa basis in reality. At the same time, though, how could any heterosexual American boy gaze upon her and not marvel to himself, "Ah, what bizarre passions she arouses?"

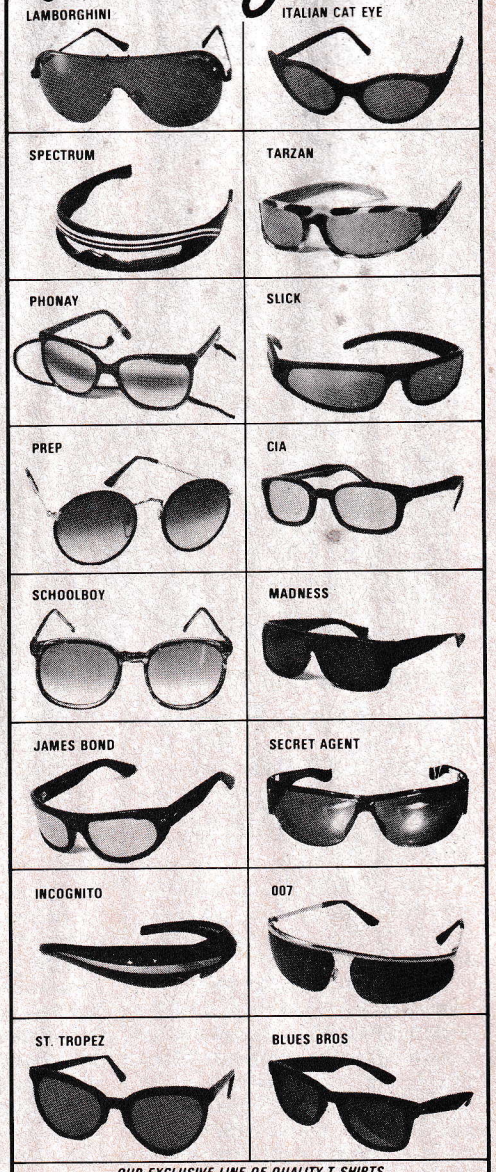
Everything that *Eleganza* yearns to be—lurid, extreme, utterly unignorable—Patricia of Gun Club is, and in spades.

Adam refuses to listen to those "silly" insults anymore.



Chris Walter

incognito SUNGLASSES



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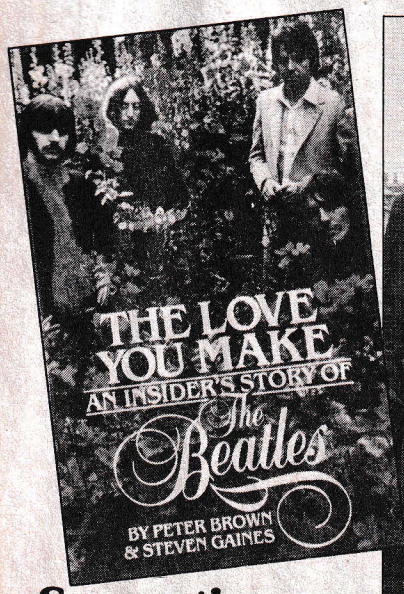


Separating The Dirt From The Trash

THE LOVE YOU MAKE: AN INSIDER'S STORY OF THE BEATLES
by Peter Brown and Steven Gaines
(McGraw-Hill)

by Jim Feldman

Bless my cousin Judy. She worked at WABC Radio in New York in 1966, when the station was giving away some tickets TO SEE THE BEATLES at Shea Stadium in August. She got me a pair. I was 14. August 24th was the most exciting night of my life. My best friend Janie and I screamed and hollered along with everyone else; we didn't hear much music, maybe none. Who cared? We were seeing the Beatles—it was, well, too cool for words.

I still have my ticket stub. And so much great music, still perfect for any occasion. And plenty of memories of the Beatles, sharp and within easy reach. For me, the Beatles aren't history, just lots of yesterdays ago. They changed me, you, music and gave the world a nudge, too— for the better, you know.

But time goes by, and while I still think the Beatles were, and are, *It*—and I still want to meet Paul McCartney—I grab at every biography, reminiscence, analysis and so on as much to get some distanced, objective (I hope) viewpoint as to relive "the good old days." But the latest volume, *The Love You Make*, by Peter Brown and Steven Gaines—what the hell, this book sucks. It's a smarmy tale that reduces a fascinating story to a pop version of the moronic intrigue on *Dynasty* or *Dallas*. Written by Peter Brown, who first worked for Brian Epstein, the Beatles' manager, at the latter's music store in Liverpool and eventually wound up as Director of Apple Corps (the Beatles' financial organization) with journalist Steve Gaines, who has penned biographies of Marjoe and Alice Cooper, *The Love You Make* tells us little that hasn't been written about before in such books as Philip Norman's incisive *Shout! The Beatles In Their Generation*, the picture-oriented *The Beatles*, with a text by Geoffrey Stokes, the music-minded, two-volume *The Compleat Beatles*, or even the sanitized, authorized biography, *The Beatles*, by Hunter Davies, published in 1968, well before the end.

By my count, there are nine new facts and stories in *The Love You Make*, which the authors take pains to point out with such phrases as "revealed here for the first time." These include the news that George Harrison bedded down with Ringo Starr's first wife, Maureen; that the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi wasn't exactly a saint at his ashram in India; that Ringo, speeding his brains out, drove around the Indianapolis race track (site of the Indy 500) most of the night before a concert in 1964; and that the Beatles received cash under the table for concerts, to avoid some taxes. Oh yeah, on page 94, we find out that, yes indeed, Brian Epstein got it on with John Lennon on vacation in 1963, only the sex sounds like it was a drag. B.F.D., if you know what I mean.

The Beatles' career and their music is merely a framework—a dry recitation of names, dates, places, people, chart and sales figures—on which the authors hang all the dirty linen: sex, drugs, infighting, corporate unpleasantness. Not that Brown and Gaines try to disguise the cheap, sensationalistic nature of the book—it begins with Cynthia Lennon walking into her home one day in 1969 and catching John with Yoko Ono. While the facts that Brian Epstein was gay and that he was smitten with John Lennon are certainly relevant to the story, the authors' obsession with Epstein's private life negates their supposed empathy for his situation.

The few attempts at psychologizing and understanding people's motivations are, at best, embarrassing, and at worst, stupid and meanspirited. Every time a gay person is introduced, a "doting" mother isn't far behind. Queenie Epstein (Brian's mother) "saw symptoms of anti-Semitism everywhere," which makes sense, considering that she was living in mid-20th century Liverpool, but according to Brown and Gaines, "It was a common excuse when things did not go well with the outside world." Thirteen-year-old Paul McCartney "was able to bury some of the pain of the loss" at his mother's death in the skiffle craze. Maureen Cox "ensnared her man [Ringo] the northern way; by mid-January she was pregnant." (Question for the authors, since they don't back up their rude assumption: Don't you think Ringo had something to do with this, and isn't it just possible that the pregnancy was an accident? I don't really care, but you brought it up.) Brown and Gaines would also have us believe that Eric Clapton "started to shoot heroin to dull the pain of his longing" for George Harrison's wife—now Clapton's wife—Pattie. A little unrequited love and it's "The Needle And The Damage Done," huh? And so it goes—ad nauseam and ad absurdum. Best or worst, of all is the one-sentence explanation of why Mark Davis Chapman killed John Lennon: "There was no way of telling that one day he was to slip apart and become two people, himself and John Lennon, and then feel the compulsion to reduce the number to one again." Please.

We have long known that John, Paul, George, Ringo, and

They lined up early for the *Crenshawmania* auditions!

So *that's* where he was that night!

Bob Gruen/Star File

almost everyone involved with the Beatles often acted like complete jerks or worse. And the facts are dished up here as dirt, for its own sake. Besides which, the prose is totally flat, the dialogue is left over from last week's episode of *Dynasty* (Paul screams at Ringo, "I'll finish you all! You'll pay!"; Yoko's ex, Tony Cox says, "I've got John by the balls this time"), the authors make like *Architectural Digest* with their exhaustive descriptions of furniture, and, to boot, there are a couple of factual contradictions: on page 23, we are told that Paul first went to hear the Quarrymen (John's group) in both 1956 and 1957; on page 58, Clive Epstein is said to have been born 21 months after his brother, Brian, while on page 63, he is Brian's "older brother." In other words, *The Love You Make* is worthless. By the way, Mr. Brown and Mr. Gaines, "And in the end/The love you take/Is equal to the love you make" is not "the last lyric in the last song" on *Abbey Road*. The record ends with "Her majesty's a pretty nice girl/Someday I'm gonna make her mine, oh yeah/Someday I'm gonna make her mine."

Seeds of Change
By Kenneth Boa & Kerry Livgren
The Spiritual Quest of Kerry Livgren, Writer, Guitarist, and Keyboard Player with KANSAS.

More Proof God Is Vengeful

SEEDS OF CHANGE
By Kerry Livgren and Ken Boa (Crossway)

Kerry Livgren has been called the "key creative force of Kansas." Is that like being the best iced-tea maker in Brighton, Michigan? Getting three sides on Rubik's Cube? Being the eighth Beatle?

Possibly. Kansas has been the most consistent slow-motion band in the world for a decade or so. It's almost fascinating to imagine anyone getting excited about *anything* they've done. I don't mean just albums or tours; I'd be hard-pressed to work up a sweat if they cured cancer. You listen to these guys long enough and you'll start eyeing Iowa as a mecca of intrigue.

Where'd all this *hair* come from?!

Of course, Kansas has scads of fans, having sold over 10 million records to date. Impressive, eh? On the other hand, over half of America's adults believe in UFOs, 34% of our big people believe in the Devil as an anthropomorphic bad guy, *and*—the skeletal muscles of cockroaches are *just like* those in humans! So much for numbers, then.

Forgetting about Kansas for as long as we can, let's take a look at the story of Kerry Livgren's spiritual quest, *Seeds Of Change*. Co-penned with Ken Boa (the author of *God, I Don't Understand*, which isn't *The Best Of CREEM's Letters To The Editor*), it's the story of Kerry's life-long cosmic trek and eventual born again-ism. On the positive side, Kerry's tone is so sincere that you practically want to hand him a Milk Bone. What can you say about a guy who admits to the following in print: "I remember many times coming home to my mother and saying, 'Mom, nobody likes me; I'm not accepted.' Or: "Just as I was thinking of what a great day it was, along came a group of punks. They picked me up, threw me into the creek and continued walking to school." Or: "I would be the first to acknowledge that the majority of rock lyrics are ungodly and immoral." Shoot, and here I had *my* heart set on being the first to acknowledge that. Well, you can see that Kerry's no slouch in owning up to some pretty darned embarrassing episodes. That's always worth points in any book about spiritual quests.

On the other hand, though, this sort of thing can backfire if you overuse it. Which Kerry does with amazing regularity. Can you imagine a writer of any integrity serving up stuff like: "Kansas has always sought to be a dynamic act on the concert tour." Really weird ambition there, Kerry. Or this tribute to mom's home cooking: "...even now my appreciation for well-prepared foods knows few bounds." The old well-prepared food/bounds issue, eh? Or this wowser: "Some of the most interesting lyrics that ever came out of me are in 'The Pinnacle.'" Jeez, doesn't that just about go without saying?

All this yipping indicates the real problem with *Seeds*, namely: even if it was worth writing—which *is* remotely possible—it certainly wasn't worth writing so turgidly. I mean it, this is a better tar pit than a story. What's worse, there's a tragic amount of rock commentary and Kansas history included, none of it worth the terrible cost of actually reading this thing. "Abuses like minimalism and lurid lyrics have caused many people to flatly reject the validity of rock as a musical form." Say, that's man bites dog or I'm in the wrong game. "Buffalo Springfield was another group with a distinctive style." "Eric Clapton of Cream was another fine guitarist." "Like everyone else, I was affected by the Beatles." I tell you, it's one shocker after another in this diatribe. The only vaguely interesting fact I could locate in *Seeds* is the irony-laden mention that Kansas opened for the Doors' last live gig. Any cause-and-effect fans out there?

Forcing this smush into sellable pulp is quite a trick in itself, not to mention scarcely worth the trouble. The problem isn't Kerry's religious beliefs—which are pretty big on the Beliefs Top 40—but is, rather, his stunning clumsiness as a writer. Get this: "My highly impressionable mind kept trying to make sense out of this heterogeneous input, and I actively looked for different levels of validity in otherwise opposing viewpoints." If you ask me, his highly impressionable mind was out to one helluva long lunch. Now I wish those creek-tossing punks would write a rebuttal.

J. Kordosh

Another Pinko Fantasy

by Richard C. Walls

The mood this month is alienated—one goes to all the trouble to move to a near-suburb and finds that there's still no cable in sight. Meanwhile, the fact that commercial TV is so bad it's funny isn't a particularly engaging joke anymore. Still, one is committed to writing an ostensibly humorous column about television so one tries, all the time wishing that one were outside playing in the mud, to temper one's crankiness with a hopefully not too heavy-handed irony. You've been warned.

☆☆☆

PUTTING DOWN OLD PEOPLE: Bob Hope's recent 80th birthday bash on NBC offered the usual type of wide-ranging revue that manages to define contemporary American culture—one can always count on Hope to be in touch. The show had a bonus prologue with Hope and the Pres rappin' in the Lincoln bedroom like the old buddies they

Wonder if I'll *ever* be ugly!

Yeah, we may *look* that way, but we got more women than you'll *ever* get!

are (Reagan: "What it is..." Hope: "Nothin' to it..." and so forth). Watching the Pres in this unbuttoned mood, one couldn't help but wonder if this was the same guy who advocates cutting back on almost every humane social program that has developed during the past 50 years, urges Americans to support feudalism in Latin America, and appoints a gibbering looney to be his Sec. of the Interior...this likeable schmo? Impossible.

Things really started to cook when Ronald lurched into a show-biz anecdote and whipped out his Richard Pryor impression, which was on the one, particularly the way he "peppered" his take with emphatic but rhythmically unawkward "motherfuckers"—though I think he overdid the word "nigger" a bit. The first 10 times were cool but after awhile you couldn't help but think that he seemed to be enjoying it just a taste too much (Pryor himself is cutting back on the epithet and actually achieved total abstinence on his first post-burn Carson appearance and for two months following his last trip to Africa...).

After such a hip intro, the show itself, taped live at the Lincoln Center, couldn't help but be somewhat anti-climactic. First half m.c. Tom Selleck especially seemed a little flat. (And incidentally, now that Selleck is Mr. Hot Cakes of the Universe, when is some enterprising impressario going to re-release his '72 starring epic *Daughters Of Satan*, which I originally endured on a triple-bill with a Filipino bow-wow called *Superbeast* and *The Vampire Lovers*, which was a late-Hammer/recycled Sheridan La Fanu number, i.e., stylish but spastic plotwise? Selleck may find *Daughters* a trifle embarrassing nowadays, but compared to *High Road To China* it's *Citizen Kane*.) But things took an energetic, if nostalgic, turn when Monty Rock III did a medley of Mitch Ryder hits during which the show's director wisely interjected several shots of the Hopes and the Reagans lapping it up in the Presidential Box—a field day for lip readers (Reagan: "Ol' Monty's still got it." Hope: "Fuckin' A.").

Other highlights, for those unfortunate enough to have had something better to do: Second-half m.c. George C. Scott, in a moving monologue, explained how it could be that he had too much integrity to accept an Academy award but not enough integrity to refuse a disgraceful gig like this one; George Burns did a hilarious bit about how being real old, and near death, and at the end of life's road...well, you had to be there; Cheryl Tiegs, Christie Brinkley, and Brooke Shields did a charming novelty number about how they didn't worry about their looks going 'cause by then they'd have made enough bread to coast through the rest of their lives at all the better resorts (balcony shot: Pres: "Hubba-hubba." Nancy: "Not funny, Ronald..."—aren't they *adorable?*); Sheena Easton did a disco-ized version of the Call's "The Walls Came Down," impressing everybody with the incredible speed with which anti-establishment ideas get co-opted nowadays; and, of course, the finale, Hope and Reagan's duet of "Endless Love," which was interrupted by some comedy schtick from Flip Wilson in Geraldine drag, at one point kissing Ron and teasing him about his part in the Bob Jones University tax exemption brouhaha. The president chuckled gamely, Hope smiled knowingly, and everybody went home happy. A perfect evening.

☆☆☆

INSERT FUNNY HEADING: And speaking of cable-deprived areas, for those unfortunates who still live in one and are unable to watch (and fashionably jeer at) MTV, there's a new syndicated show out of L.A. that'll give you an idea of what the new video revolution is all about (sort of). Called *MV3* and subtitled *Music Of The '80s*, it's an hour long and manages to fit in about a dozen videos per show. The emphasis is anti-AOR (despite an occasional showing of Van Halen's "Pretty Woman"), similar to that one commercial radio station you can now find in most major cities that has what you call your new wave rotation list which ain't free form but instead of Led Zep and Journey at the axis you have Duran Duran and Adam Ant... progressive and conservative at the same time.

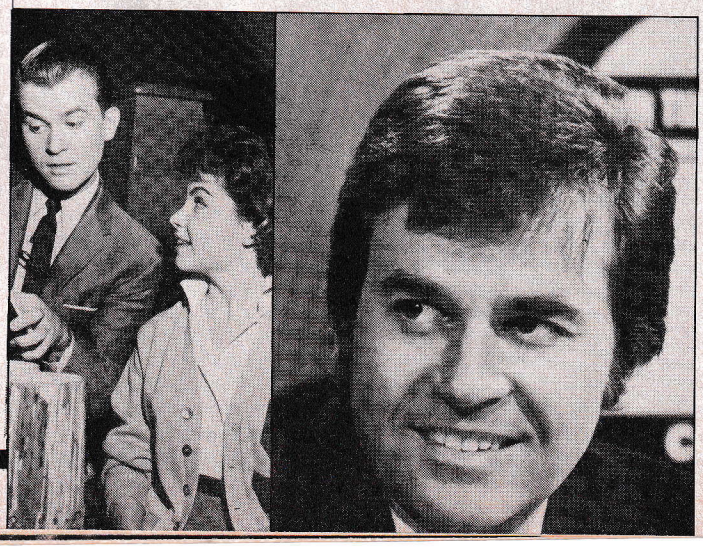
The show is hosted by a trio—a girl who plays it cute and dumb, a guy who plays it cute and (supposedly) funny and another guy who's only moderately cute and English (no surprises here since "cute" has always been part of the shared aesthetic of the New Wave—harumph)—whose intros to the videos are either mildly informative or groaningly unfunny. But except for this and one other minor complaint (occasionally the videos are punctuated by gratuitous shots of in-studio dancers—irritating with the more inventive videos, though with something like A. Ant's "Stand And Deliver" it's a positive boon) it's a pretty good hour with an impressive range within its chosen limits—there's golden oldies (Elvis Costello, the Buggles), current teen throbs (AA, DD), up and comers (Red Rockers, the Eurythmics), instant has-beens (Soft Cell, Toni Basil), novelty acts (Weird Al Yankovich, Bow Wow Wow) even a few black videos (the usual Jackson/Clinton/Prince, Eddie Grant) (Meanwhile, Commander Christgau, in his yearly address to the critical troops—*Village Voice*, Feb. 22 '83—aside from recommending that goldbrickers be summarily relieved of duty, encouraged the wider acceptance of black music but warned that white critics, all of whom are unreconstructed hippies in their hearts, will have to scour themselves of their hard-earned but elitist prejudices against "populism and chic and conspicuous consumption"—right on, I guess, even though, as Buck Turgidson said to President Muffley in *Dr. Strangelove*, re: "the purity and essence of our natural fluids," we're still trying to figure out that last part of the message...I always thought "conspicuous consumption" was a euphemism for "bad taste.")

Still there? Good. Myself, I swear I'm gonna run out of this room screaming if I have to sit here and think about TV for another second...no, wait, it's all right, I got it under control now. Maybe if I move on to another topic, that'll help...

☆☆☆

FILLER SO THE BOSS WILL THINK SHE'S GETTING HER MONEY'S WORTH: Hey, I like Dick Clark too, even if he doesn't look like the Dorian Grey of show-biz anymore, and I thought *$20,000 Pyramid* was about the finest quiz show in history *but* have you ever noticed how lately he's beginning to act a little, uh, well I don't wanna say *psychotic*, even in jest, but just a little... distracted? I mean some of those intros and little interviews he does on *Bandstand*, rambling down all those side streets, free associating like mad, qualifying his qualifiers, making little jokes that nobody laughs at...I mean, give this guy a vacation, f'chrissake, the last thing this country needs is to watch good ol' Dick Clark have some kinda gruesomely protracted nervous breakdown. Am I right? Do you care? Can I go now?

Dorian Grey? Yeah, me 'n' George Burns.



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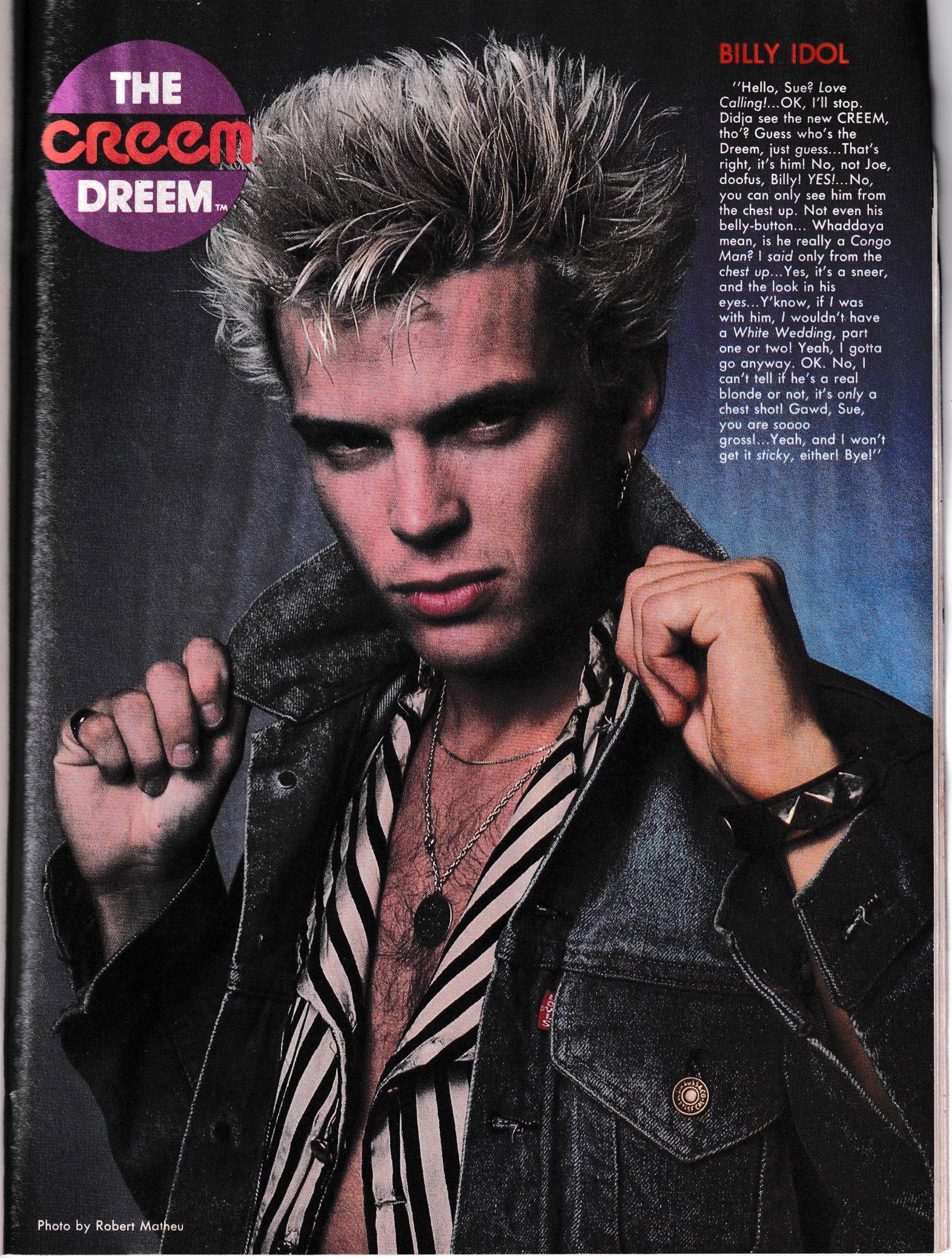


BILLY IDOL

"Hello, Sue? *Love Calling!*...OK, I'll stop. Didja see the new CREEM, tho'? Guess who's the Dreem, just *guess*...That's right, it's him! No, not Joe, doofus, Billy! *YES!*...No, you can only see him from the chest up. Not even his belly-button... Whaddaya mean, is he really a *Congo Man*? I *said* only from the *chest up*...Yes, it's a sneer, and the look in his eyes...Y'know, if *I* was with him, *I* wouldn't have a *White Wedding*, part one or two! Yeah, I gotta go anyway. OK. No, I can't tell if he's a real blonde or not, it's *only* a chest shot! Gawd, Sue, you are soooo gross!...Yeah, and I won't get it *sticky*, either! Bye!"

Photo by Robert Matheu

RECORDS

MASH NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND

MARSHALL CRENSHAW
Field Day
(Warner Bros.)

by Mitchell Cohen

Marshall Crenshaw's first album was like a tuneful adaptation of an ad from the *Voice*'s personal/classified columns: Lookin' for a brand new lover, a cynical girl who doesn't bother with the usual thing and likes to go rockin' around in N.Y.C. (dancing abilities optional). It was as though Dobie "wants a girl who's dreamy, wants a girl who's creamy, wants a girl to call his own" Gillis was fitted for spectacles, handed a guitar and transported to '82. And Thalia had never left his mind. This second LP, *Field Day*, finds our hero deeper into the heterosexual fray, and, though he hasn't abandoned his search for creaminess *en extremis*, he's conceding that the finding thereof doesn't necessarily lead to a cessation of anxiety. This time out, Crenshaw spends as much time brooding over the imponderable sadness of life as he does nuzzling up to cashmere-clad lovelies in biology lab and making grand declarations of undying affection.

He's great at those declarations, though. "For one day with you/I would break off every previous engagement," he starts off one song and obviously not getting the desired response (Thalia yawns dramatically), he immediately raises the ante: "I'd risk ruin, pain and degradation." He'd run through jungles, climb snow-capped tundras, all for the honor of having her hand rest on his knee. "One Day With You," the song in which all this takes place, is the epitome of both Crenshaw's prosaic earnestness and his inherited pop instincts ("Let's get real gone for a change," he shouts at the end, quoting The King At Sun). And "For Her Love" (he'd even take the subway; what a man), "Monday Morning Rock" (sort of "A Sunday Kind Of Love" for the crowd that packs Danceteria on weekends?) and "Whenever You're On My Mind" all have that unabashedly chipper spirit that led to so many flattering comparisons to Buddy Holly and L-Mc (the ambivalent optimism of "Maybe Baby" meets the hyperbole of "Eight Days A Week" and the understatement of "I Feel Fine") last time out. You can almost hear Crenshaw's heart beat with erotic anticipation on his version of the Jive Five's "What Time Is It?," as the hours tick on until the big date and then, with tie straightened, he jump-cuts to the girl's door for an evening of pleasures untold.

Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve

Marshall approves of this picture 97%...and there's no accounting for taste.

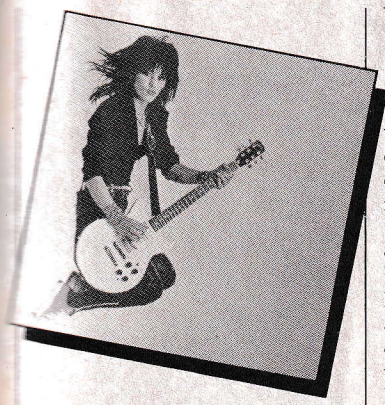
There isn't anything new about the Crenshaw character, the normal guy with normal needs, obsessed with the idea of perfect romance, and the character isn't intrinsically appealing, either—teen idols by the score turned the whole idea into exploitation. But he plays it with such verve and believability, and crafts his songs with looping hooks that make infatuation a noble state. Even so, there's only so far this can go, and he knows it. So on *Field Day* he expands in the best possible way, sticking to the first-person situational, but getting involved in emotional areas that didn't seem to occur to him on *Marshall Crenshaw*. That LP started and ended with Crenshaw resolving to get over a girl who dumped him by just dusting himself off and finding a substitute, and both songs, "There She Goes Again" and "Brand New Lover," had a jaunty nonchalance about the whole process.

Field Day's "All I Know Right Now" is not quite so devil-may-care: "too blue to even cry," Crenshaw plays records and kills time in an empty room and, while he talks about getting up to find a warm girl to brighten his cold world, the drowsy melody makes it sound more likely that he'll just sit there and dig out more Roy Orbison 45s. Then there's "One More Reason," a depiction of out-and-out misery, "Try," in which he tears himself up trying to salvage a doomed relationship (Thalia speeds off in Milton Armitage's little red Corvette), and "Our Town." The latter number pulls an urban reversal on the usual "You Can't Go Home Again" theme, as Crenshaw wants to get back to the big city (and, needless to add, the girl) of his dreams before, for whatever unexplained reason, "the whole thing tumbles to the ground." Thematic analysis aside, these are simply fine songs, one and all. Songs for wallowing rockers.

But while Marshall is writing his pop *Annie Hall*, Steve Lillywhite is producing *Tarzan And The Leopard Woman*. The drums, the drums! Granted, Richard Gottehrer's production on Crenshaw's debut album was a trifle too undernourished, but Lillywhite, who has this disinclination to treat percussion as anything but cannonfire, comes close to drowning out Crenshaw's voice. His approach (density is all) is too omphatic for the material, with some musical accessorizing sounding as though it leaked in from an adjacent studio. The songs on *Field Day* would be worth listening to through mosquito netting and burlap, but Crenshaw's scenarios deserve a more restrained touch. While Dobie was agonizing in the park, did Maynard sit right next to him on the bench, thumping away at his bongos?

JOAN JETT
Album
(Blackheart/MCA)

Okay, all you other old broads out there besides me—just how stupid did the Runaways appear to you?



Only extremely? Only *consummately?* And how full of avante-new wave-women's lib-real art crap were any of us when we heard Joan Jett's *Bad Reputation* for the first time? Jett was still shotputting rhythm guitar chords the size of city buses. She was still "singing" in that bad-boy bleat of a monotone. And when "I Love Rock And Roll" did the crack job on the speaker of your car radio a summer ago, did you get the drift then? No, I bet not.

If you're a teenager or a guy or a woman who's not too old or too libbed, I don't have to defend Joan's third solo album. Let's see, you need to know the title—*Album*. First single? Another installment in Joan's serial autobiography, this one called "Fake Friends." Still meat and potatoes rock 'n' roll? You bet. No Flock Of Seagulls spaceman looney tunes here. What wasn't broke, she and Kenny Laguna have not fixed.

What *was* broke? Well, you'll hear some rather silky new singing sounds on a few cuts. "Handyman" and "Secret Love" start nice and easy, get nice and rough, and Joan has the right crooning for both ends. In fact, she only misplaces her new vocal savvy on one cut, a really vivid sorta-ballad called "Why Can't We Be Happy," on which she's either singing too hard or the track is tracking too hard. Other than that one, Jett is still making lots of noise, but she's learning to make it lighter on its feet.

To the unpersuaded, I offer one of the LP's finest hours, an altogether true-to-form remake of "Everyday People," true to the song's form as well as Joan's. Other rock stahhhhrs try to sell themselves as salt of the earth; Jett seems to be one. Not in the sense of late house payments or lack of exceptional talent. Jett doesn't care to appear to be what she is not, and that's all. Fame and creativity suck that out of some people, but not the flinty-eyed Ms. Jett. She's vehemently stayed at that hot spot where punk and heavy metal are the same leather clad brute, dutifully putting in her stint on the no-nonsense raunch patrol. If, after *Album*, you're still waiting for her to get arty or libbed or avante or erudite, you're missing the point about more things than just Joan Jett.

Laura Fissinger

TALKING HEADS
Speaking In Tongues
(Sire)

Without the anchors of either longtime producer Brian Eno or the general pancultural ideology expressed on their last few records, the Talking Heads' latest album, *Speaking In Tongues*, might seem somewhat out of kilter, its tightly coiled arrangements and stream-of-consciousness lyrics reflecting, on first listen, either a holding action for the group or even a few regressive steps back. On the record's leadoff track, after all, leader David Byrne appears to have reverted to his Norman "Psycho Killer" Bates view of life. "I'm an ordinary guy," he sings, "burning down the house." But, by the end of this circular nine song cycle, you've come to realize that all actions have either reactions inside the halls of Byrne's looney logic, and that *Speaking In Tongues* is an artful, if sometimes odd-ful, rumination on birth, death and rebirth, all happily bounced musically off the vibrant knee-

cushion of the band's multi-textured backdrop. The easier to get the points across with, my sweeties.

If Byrne seemed somewhat bewildered by his good luck in a song like "Once In A Lifetime," he's downright wary of it on "Burnin' Down The House": "Watch out...you might get what you're after," he warns in the album's initial line. Pretty soon, though, he's trying his best to shed his own house (body) in "Making Flippy Floppy," a nursery rhyme bump-and-grind about back-to-the-roots onanism, sex and birth, as a haunting violin accompanies David enroute from womb to outside world and a Prince-like keyboard riff mocks away with a dig at the Wizard of Id himself. "Girlfriend Is Better" finds our narrator still hard at work at this "normal" game, but the going is getting rougher by the verse. "I...who took the money?...I it's always showtime," he blurts, lapsing into meaninglessness once again as his psyche gets distracted and a synthesizer punctuates the hits-and-misses with the approximated sound of a terminally stalling engine. "Slippery People," with its gospelly call and response, reinforces the schized-out state of affairs, leading up to "I Get Wild/Wild Gravity," wherein Byrne pits the urge to fly against the forces of nature that keep us anchored (and human)—"I get wild...it's automatic," he shouts, as the music leaps and crashes all around him.

The circle becomes unbroken and then some on the second side. "Swamp" moves the frame of reference from the sky above to the mud below, and Byrne's obsession with birthing re-emerges when he swallows some "Moon Rocks" that grow in his stomach until they talk, reversing the conception scene of "Making Flippy Floppy." But it's the final two tracks which deliver Reverend Byrne from his ring of fire and take him to the river of salvation. Without the urgency of "Pull Up The Roots" or the after-the-Bomb forgiveness of "This Must Be The Place," Byrne might seem just an idiot savant, trapped inside the towering babble of his private meanderings. But on these last two songs, he bursts through the maze of question marks to find the answers, forging a new 360 degree beginning and a fresh point of view, landing on a higher plane, far away from the sweaty trappings below, while the sweet strains of a flute-like keyboard signify Jungian integration. Having successfully wrestled with his own demons, Byrne now urges us to embrace the given, and accept our identity as part of/separate from the human race. "Home is where I want to be," he ultimately concludes, "but I guess I'm already there...If someone asks, this is where I'll be."

The birth/death/rebirth cycle continues, and the dance goes on, as modern music moves from dissonance to harmony and back again, a Bach fugue giving way to James Brown funk. David Byrne may wish to float away upon a cloud, but his band keeps him anchored four on the floor just as surely as his relentless reason ground him in the here and now. Move or be damned. Action is all. It's the reflections afterwards that cause all the trouble—those very complexes that Talking Heads ultimately break down by turning their fearful leader's nerdy self-consciousness into their own peculiar brand of Soul.

Roy Trakin

MEAT LOAF
Midnight At The Lost And Found
(Cleveland International/Epic)

Gifted with a fascination for preordained lyrics, motionless ballads and a zeal to artistically redefine "convictionless," Meat Loaf continues to frivel away PVC in grand style. Obviously, this is all part of the act, since the man was clearly born to overconsume. If he poses any real threat, it's in using up oxygen a human being might need someday.

It comes as no jolt—matter of fact,

it doesn't even come as a jostle—that *Midnight At The Lost And Found* misses on every level possible, including a few levels hitherto believed a priori. The mix is so timid it practically needs an introduction. And when producer Tom Dowd gets a chance to twist a dial here and there, does he take it? Of course not! Listen to the end of the title track, where the scam is the gutsy a cappella vocals/handclap maneuver that John Cougar deified on *American Fool*. This will convince you that Cougar is—if not a great producer—at least ambulatory. I'm having my doubt about Mr. Loaf; in any case, with the excitement he exudes, the part shouldn't have been a cappella—it should've been everything cappella.

You might be nice enough to overlook the production (you certainly will have a hard time overhearing it, though) if the album ever managed to segue into a song or two. Incredibly, the consistently mediocre studio work is matched by a string of whiny can't-live-with-'em-etc. tunes that elevate so-so to Himalayan proportions. A Professor of Inconsequence would be hard-pressed to describe forgetability with more elan.

With all this going for it, you can bet your Hamburger Helper that Meat Loaf's voice is still the most annoying use for tin ever discovered. Really, I can't think of *even one* Bee Gees' song that's as creepy as this guy's stuff. Grating? Listen, you could use it to make a nice cole slaw.

Not only that, *Midnight* features more! (Or less, depending on how tight you are with close-captioned rock.) Guitarist Mark Doyle (rhymes with foil) is *the perfect* accompanist for Loaf's oozes. He's especially outstanding on slow and dumb songs, which I suspect was the working title for this album. He hits a few notes on "You Never Can Be Too Sure About The Girl" that are so cloying you forget who's singing the song. No wonder the cat's on every tune; it's like making Spiro Agnew your vice president.

There is one good cut on *Midnight*—"The Promised Land," penned by Chuck Berry several decades ago. You can use it as a handy barometer to gauge how bad the music of Meat Loaf is, circa 1983.

J. Kordosh

LET'S GET STUPID!

B-52'S
Whammy
(Warner Bros.)

by Richard C. Walls

Hey,I hate to be a party poop, but I think these guys might be running out of steam—not that this isn't a very likeable light entertainment kinda record, but it's sorta far removed from the B-52's original concerns. I mean, if you were one of those who were disappointed by *Mesopotamia* 'cause you felt that David Byrne's techno-proficiency and au courant garnishing obscured the B's thrift shop eclecticism, you're in for another letdown here—only there's no Byrne to blame this time, all instrumental sounds being credited to band members Rick Wilson and Keith Strickland (with one exception, to be mentioned in a mo'). Because, sad to report, the tacky surf rhythms and B-movie licks have been replaced by slick dance band moves—terse synthesizers, echoed claps, the works. The B's may think this is progress, and one can't blame them for not wanting to do the first album a *third* time, but never before has the band sounded this (clever but) anonymous.

Ah well, let's look on the bright side. The B's have always had an unerring grasp of the Truly Dumb (as opposed to the Only Crummy—truly dumb concepts are mind-boggling in the totality of their uselessness while only crummy ones are usually the boring results of someone's mental incompetency and lack the innocence and purity of the truly dumb—TD concepts include *Gilligan's Island*, strobe lights, astrology as a belief system, Grand Funk Railroad, anything involving Casey Kasem, while OC concepts include *Three's Company*, incense, astrology as a hobby, Queen, anything involving Malcolm McClaren) and it's a gift that hasn't really disappeared just because the music's gotten a little bland (and, incidentally, part of the reason that *Mesopotamia* was somewhat disorienting is that funk, one of its up-front ingredients, is often silly but rarely dumb). Which is to say there's still some yucks here, and fairly big ones at that (and let it be noted, for completist purposes, that this band has a serious side too, cf. "Hero Worship," "Dirty Back Road," and "Deep Sleep" from the first three albums—put these on an EP and play 'em for someone who's never heard the B's and they wouldn't get even a hint of the band's campy/party rep. This time out the serious song is "Queen Of Las Vegas" and, chintzy title aside, a fine attempt at seriousness it is, tho' it's difficult to take the band's little stabs at seriousness too seriously since the band doesn't seem to take them too seriously themselves—still, one doesn't like to discourage that sort of thing) (seriousness, that is). Fred Schneider, unfortunately sounding a little less obnoxious than usual, possibly due to the new improved sonic surroundings, shines on "Butterbean" (a TD member of the vegetable family, unlike lima beans, which are definitely OC) and "Big Bird," a TD/Edward Gorey type concept with music out of Carla Bley via scampering percussion and frantically pointless horn riffing (the exception I mentioned in the first paragraph). Cindy Wilson and Kate Pierson sound a little more restrained on this album than usual, but that's the way it goes. Also funny, if you must know, is the band's version of Yoko "Queen of the One-liners" Ono's "Don't Worry," a respectful handling of an enduring classic.

That's it. I hope I wasn't too hard on the band, they're so cute you hate to be mean to 'em. I didn't even mention that the last cut is rank filler, an unremarkable instrumental (which is about as close to OC as you can get). But it helps to keep in mind that tho' they may have (temporarily?) lost some of their punch, this band will never be really only crummy, they're too honestly talented for that. Meanwhile, my advice to R. Wilson and K. Strickland, who seem to be responsible for the band's current uninspired sound—dummy up, guys!

Richard C. Walls

Fred's face-to-foot conversion is coming along *great!*

THE BLASTERS
Non Fiction
(Slash/Warner Bros.)

On the cover of the Blasters' latest, *Non Fiction*, rugged, determined drummer Bill Bateman poses for the wage slave's Mt. Rushmore wearing mechanic's coveralls and a glamorous layer of grease, holding one red rose that he undoubtedly means while contemplating the future of the popular front and his gurl (not necessarily in that order) after a hard day's valve job. Whew...a paean to the politically correct (or at least rock 'n ' roll progressive) working man—and this is just the cover. But before you laugh too hard up your sleeve let me warn you that the Blasters defy cynicism. They simply smile ingenuously and rock it to death. And as federally sponsored ideologues in D.C. force working folks daily to look to their history (and to their left) from the unemployment line, who knows... the Blasters could be the band of America's future as well as the conservators of our hot and sweet past.

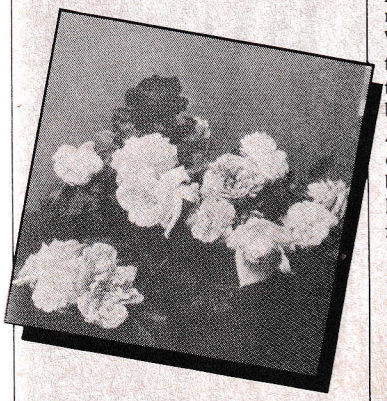
Non fiction? I kind of doubt it, but the fantasy gives me considerable pleasure and so does this album. In fact, you'd have to be a spitefully ignorant churl to dislike *Non Fiction*, the third LP from Downey, California's (and New Orleans') finest. (Or actually 3½, if you figure in last year's live in England EP. I'm not sure how to count anymore now that little records look like big ones.) Anyway, all right-thinking Americans and lots of farriners, too—should stand four-square behind this band. Of course, such sentiments make me uncommonly nervous and must be scrupulously examined, but I guess I'm just a sucker for the Blasters. Any band that slips yodeling brakeman Jimmie Rodgers in with Sunnyland Slim and Bo Diddley, as they did on their last LP (all three are Mississippians), with time out for Little Richard and Hank Williams deserves, at the very least, massive praise and the thanks which they have indeed received. And their joyous live show—irresistible steaming non-stop rock 'n' roll served up with unpretentious, unposed sincerity—has accumulated its share of raves, too. Until now, however, the Blasters' recordings have fallen short, by differing degrees, of their unique vision and potential.

With *Non Fiction*, the most well meaning band in the land has finally made a record worthy of its exemplary intentions. Lead guitarist and gifted songwriter Dave Alvin has made the leap to excellence with passionate playing *and* dispassionate, precise depictions of life under the grease rack—more accurate and less romanticized than those of lube job laureate, Bruce S., *Non Fiction* is *not* a rock 'n ' roll chop shop where faceless welders try to make something saleable out of stolen parts: a chrome Sun bumper, a Specialty tailfin, a continental spare from Chess. Rather, every song here has a coherent life of its own—vivid, particular and electric in all senses. This is helped immeasurably by a rhythm section that truly deserves the plaudits that are routinely heaped on ordinary players. Bassist Bazz is so good you hardly notice his labors. Cover boy Bateman is everywhere, perhaps the most fiercely propulsive drummer working today. Crucial texture and seasoning are provided by king sized New Orleans-ish piano player Gene Taylor and by the rich, dark reeds, baritone Steve Berlin and heroic tenor "Walkin' with Mr. Lee" Allen, who could never play enough to satisfy me.

So, the neo-realist scenarios are brilliant, the bottom is peerless and the saxes and keyboard are fully integrated in the Blasters' sound. What else is new, you ask? Actually, gracious front man and lead singer Phil Alvin who's previously sounded thin and strained—as if he was trying too hard—has found a simple, straightforward delivery, powerful yet restrained, that is essential to the suc-

cess of *Non Fiction*'s best tracks. On "Bus Station," a sharply etched American short story, on "Long White Cadillac," a haunting, mournful song about Hank Williams' last ride, on "Leaving," a tune that updates classic R&B conventions the way "Time Is On My Side" did 20 years ago, and on "Jubilee Train," a thrilling rock 'n' roll song about the coming of the New Deal 50 years ago(!)—all songs I probably would have liked if Nancy Reagan sang them—I'm happiest about brother Phil's composure and intelligent performance. *Non Fiction* is an odds-on favorite for my top 10. In fact, if there are nine other records this good, 1983 will have been fine, fine, fine.

Jeff Nesin



NEW ORDER
Power, Corruption And Lies
(Factus)

New Order's transition from the thrash-trance band they were as Joy Division to the dance band they are today makes a lotta sense, even as it makes some of their old fans grumble a bit. They always were very rigid rhythmically so stressing their rhythms while guitarist Bernie Albrecht gets his shaky-but-improving singing together seems a legit way to go. And it's working: "Blue Monday" (included on the *PC&L* cassette but not the LP) is the biggest dance hit they've had in the U.S. and may be the one to finally establish them as a major band over here. Too bad it's such a zomboid example of bleached disco; pick up the cassette at your own risk.

Fortunately, most of the cuts here function better than "Blue Monday," even if their structures aren't drastically different. Usually, the bass, drums, and sequencer will lock into place as tightly as a prison door and, through endless repetition, will lull listeners into moving some parts of their anatomies while the guitar and synth sketch in various dark shadings. Maybe we should call this sorta stuff something else—lock 'n' lull music, perhaps?—and leave the dance music crown to more outgoing types like Prince.

New Order may not be the only inwardly-looking dance band to come out of England recently but they seem the most determined to keep everybody else out. Albrecht's entreating vocals lead to a sympathetic response—until you catch what he's saying. He begins the album with, "Won't you please let me go;" ends it with, "For these last few days, leave me alone;" and in between, comes up with such thoughtful gems as, "When it happens/You will be no friend of mine" and, "You've caught me at a bad time/So why don't you piss off?" It's as if the only thing he has to reach out with is rejection. Strange.

This curious tension that exists between the various aspects of New Order's music—the words, tone of voice, rhythms, instrumental colorings—makes the band hard to pin down, but several tunes do work more directly than others. "The Village" is positively perky in this context while "Ultraviolence" remains the album's most compelling combination of mystery and drive. "We All Stand," structured around an odd, loping bass line and unusually busy drums, even shows that they've learned how to keep their slow songs from becoming dirges.

So there's definitely growth going on here, but the days when these guys easily led the pack of moody dance outfits is long since past. The latest efforts by the Cure, Echo & The Bunnymen, and Siouxsie's side project, the Creatures, all show their primary competition to be breaking new ground creatively as well. So it's good to see New Order making moves of their own; let's hope their insular attitude doesn't keep them from the rewards their best stuff shows they deserve.

Michael Davis

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
Listen
(Arista)

There are two ways to look at seagulls. You could take the testimony of ancient mariners, who know more about the subject than you'd probably want to hear. They know seagulls as scavengers, harbor pigeons, who eat a lot of garbage, shit on your head deliberately and make a godawful noisy racket. Then there's the Hollywood view of gulls, epitomized by that celluloid varnish *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*. This point of view presents the feathery little rats as sweet pets with human-like thoughts and feelings and makes a big deal out of the fact that they can fly.

The question is, how does Flock Of Seagulls see itself? Do these boys recognize their kinship with the sea birds that snack on soggy french fries and beer can pop tops, or do they see themselves as gay fantasy characters, swooping and screeching through the sky?

Well, there are a few moments on *Listen* when cutesy sort of filigree seems to be an end in itself. There are other times when fantasy scenerios have to be taken into consideration because A Flock Of Seagulls sound, once in awhile, like nothing so much as the Moody Blues on a day when the rhythm ace got a little out of control. But I have a hunch that, overall, these birds are smart enough to glean the good bits off a garbage scow when they see one. After all, some of rock 'n' roll's greatest lights reached the top precisely because they understood the value of *real trash* as opposed to the deodorized kitty litter that passes for "Art" these days.

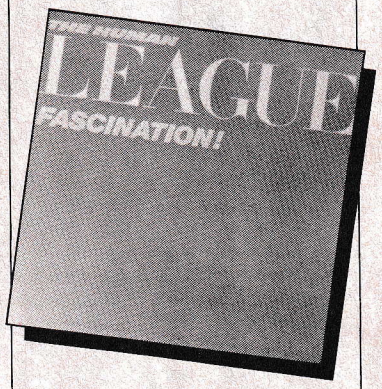
The evidence that these gulls can scrounge with the best of them is here, and in heaps. "Wishing (If I Had A Photograph Of You)" overlays more toe-tapping melodies than anything since the great Mike Oldfield/Vivian Stanshall collaboration *Tubular Bells* (the album that spawned a dialect?). Do I hear a bit of Surfaris guitar on "Nightmares"? If it weren't for the New Romantic outfits you might even mistake the blue-eyed soul of "Transfer Affection" for pub rock. And "The Traveller" would not have been out of place on a Blues Magoos album.

Break out the stale bread! A Flock Of Seagulls are here to stay.

John Swenson

Ross Marino

Forsaking the ocean for the marsh, the boys will now be called A Gaggle Of Geese.



THE HUMAN LEAGUE
Fascination!
(A&M)

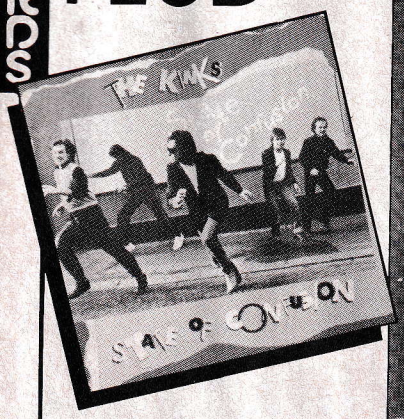
Back in their serious-artiste days, before they shed the future Heaven 17 to go POP! with capital P's, the Human League used to attempt to befuddle interviewers with heated discussions as to whether or not they were really musicians. Now the Human League's latest record release, *Fascination!*, could provoke similarly abstract arguments among the cognoscenti, as to whether or not it's really an *album*.

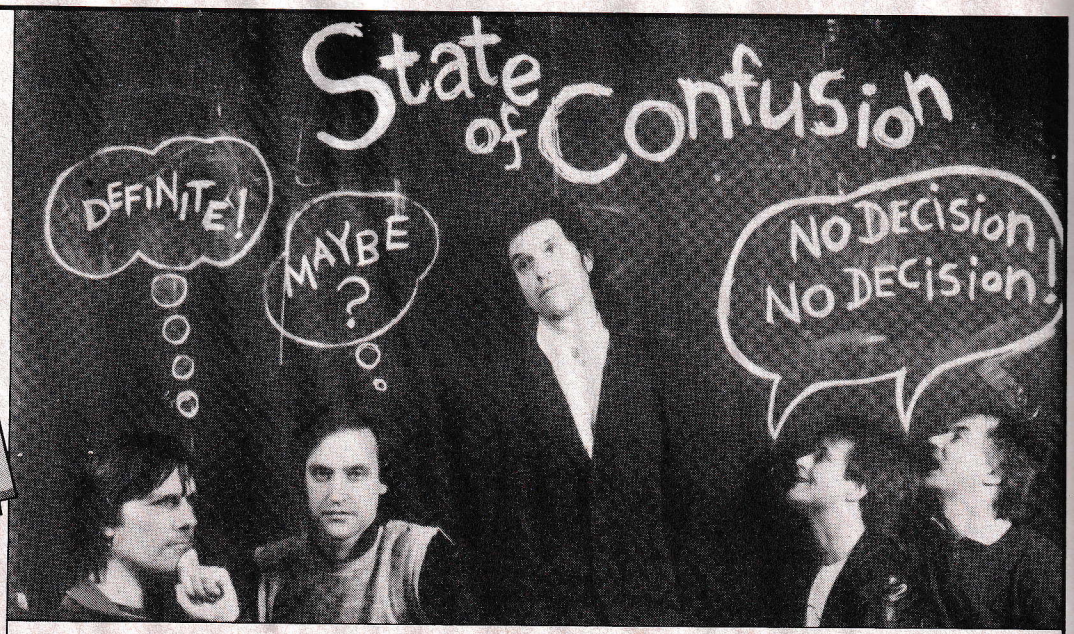
On the one hand, *Fascination!* displaces the requisite 12" on the listener's turntable, but on the other hand it has "only" six cuts. The more anti-social soothsayers among the reviewers will point out not only that two of these cuts are respective vocal and instrumental versions of the same song, but also that only three cuts are 1983-vintage material per their copyright dates; one '82 and two '81 "leftovers" fill out the disc. Which still totals out at 26:43 of pop, not far behind many classic 12-(short) cut albums of the '60s. So is it an LP or EP? Coffee, tea, or me?

Don't matter what you call it, after all, as millions have bought Human League's *Dare*, not because it's clearly a full-fledged 10-cut album, but because it happens to contain that one crucial song, last summer's chart-dominant "Don't You Want Me." People would've scooped up any (affordable) record configuration that included that one wonderful song, and *Fascination!* strips the anti-conceptual *Dare* even further down to its modern essentials: no heavy themes, no filler, just six potential

RECORDS

FAMILY FEUD





Those *dummies!* They're really in *Idaho!*

KINKS
State Of Confusion
(Arista)

by Billy Altman

Although *State Of Confusion* is, most assuredly, as befitting a Kinksian title as one would expect from Ray Davies and crew as they merrily celebrate, with its release, their 20th spirited year of recorded rambunctiousness, perhaps a more apropos heading for this (now how many umpteen times have I described a Kinks record thusly?) unassuming little gem of an LP might have been *The Ties That Grind*. Because, although there are a few camouflage maneuvers executed here and there, the "state" that *State Of Confusion* addresses, and in almost thematic fashion (though, thank goodness, never once does this affair ever start to attract those dreaded concept album flies that annoyingly buzzed around so much of the band's work in the mid-'70s), is that of the matrimonial and, in turn, familial kind, with at least half of the 10 contained tracks (12 if you count the cassette; more on that later) dealing with connubial blisses and misses of some sort or another.

Of course, this *is* a Kinks album. So that, even while there's a flood in the basement, woodworms in the attic, ceilings falling down, and appliances on the fritz—and that's the *good* news from home—Ray Davies's befuddled everyman still knows, deep inside, that you can't give in to the madness all around. Which means that *State Of Confusion* weaves its deceptively simple tales of "torment, worry and woes," with all the wit, grace and style that has become both second nature and thusly almost taken for granted with this group, and also, with enough of the camouflage-mentioned-above patented rollicking metallic Kinks oomph on hand to rough over any smooth spots that might crop up along the way.

State Of Confusion's preoccupation with the implications of marriage and family isn't very surprising, since the last two years of Ray Davies' life have been generally preoccupied by his close relationship with the Pretenders' Chrissie Hynde, and the recent birth of the couple's first child. What *is* surprising is how apparently autobiographical so much of this record seems—the fantasy world that Davies often escapes to for his persona-laden songs isn't often found here. Instead, there are mainly self-conscious observations on the differences between generations, on how different people cope or just grope with their wedlocks and deadlocks. The wonderful Tex-Mex/Calypso single, "Come Dancing," begins with Davies watching his older sister going out for an innocent night of dancing, and ends with him and the band performing for an audience made up of kids the age of his sister's own children, kids who easily "get away" with what previous generations couldn't. Similarly, the most likely not accidentally Pretenders-ish sounding "Heart Of Gold" deals sympathetically with sibling rivalry and maturing past self-doubts, with a finale of, once again, new children on the premises.

Marriage as well gets the once-over from Ray—once-over with humor, once without; "Labour Of Love" chronicles the knockdown, dragout existence of Mr. and Mrs. Horrible, who go through endless "battles and fights, bruises and bites," but know deep down that if they still care enough to keep "screamin' and cryin'," somehow they'll work it out. Whereas, the soulfully sad "Property" details, an archetypal Davies tradition, the minutiae of a failed couple's life. "We never needed them," he notes of the dust-collecting souvenirs on the shelf, "But they outlasted us...now there's no more love/Now there's just the property."

Sprinkled between these musings are the rock 'em sock 'em kinds of tunes that helped keep the band afloat in arenaland the last few years, and the best of them hit the usual Kinks chords of familiarity and hilarity. "Definite Maybe" finds its protagonist wiped off the face of the earth by by an errant computer, while "Young Conservatives" adroitly charts the changing values that the '80s have wrought ("The young just want to be young," yells Davies as he and brother Dave reprise their melodic taunts at old nemesis David Watts). And ain't it nice to hear Dave finally sing a song on a Kinks album again, in the form of the no-holds-barred groupie rave-up, "Bernadette."

If there's one complaint here, it's that the majestic ballad, "Long Distance" can only be had by purchasing a cassette copy of this album, and that's a downright shame. The song, arguably the best Dylan composition I've heard since Bob saw the light (it's even got a typical Zimmy cast of characters—Romeo, Larry, the Doctor, and the mysterious "Electric Dwarf"), finds Ray away in far-off Australia, missing his beloved while the rest of the gang goes about their zesty pillaging. "I only get to hold the most," he sighs as he dials the overseas operator yet again to hear the sound of that one special voice. One hopes that "Long Distance" turns up at last as a B-side and soon—it's simply a gorgeous, gorgeous song.

radio/dancefloor hit songs, all for $5.98 list, as the shrinkwrap sticker somewhat defensively announces.

Fascination! makes deeper pacts with chi-chi modernity in its profound shallowness. Everybody agrees that British technopop represents a rather resounding victory of style over content, but "Don't You Want Me" was, after all, a "story" song of sorts, with touches of feminism, etc., to provide its narrative with the coveted "think & dance" ethical stance. *Fascination!*, however, is all dance dance dance, with maybe a bit of thinking (about dancing) thrown in here & there. I can't find a single phrase worth quoting among all the lyrics, even when Phil Oakey's vokes are at their most drone-authoritative. If I could translate all of Human League's synthesizer squeeps and yowls and pocks into characters and syllables, you'd have the whole verbal freight of *Fascination!* right there. (Stick with Heaven 17 if you need more coherent word-politics in your muzik.)

"(Keep Feeling) Fascination—Extended" and its instrumental "Improvisation" reprise sound like the biggest song hits on *Fascination!* (your feet *will* move, propulsively), but the Chic-meet-the-B-52's gumbo jollies of "Hard Times" shouldn't be far behind. "You Remind Me Of Gold" dates back to '81, so it may not be prophetic of the group's "next" tried-on style, but the Cass & Michelle-like femme chorus in the song is handled so slick & quick it again reminds you just what total smoothies these people have become since they met up with producer Martin Rushent.

Don't fight the slick funk, as electrolux bands like the Human League will become more & more prominent as the long-cherished myth of the singular-performance rock "concert" breaks down, and fans are increasingly satisfied to get over with prerecorded, undeviatingly swift & sure riffs like these (Human League's the glossiest as they come).

Richard Riegel

This month's Rock-A-Ramas were written by Billy Altman, Mitchell Cohen, Michael Davis, Richard Riegel and Richard C. Walls.

JULIO IGLESIAS—Julio (Columbia):: Menudo por las madres. In the romance languages, Iglesias projects a sleek sincerity and calculated intimacy (the female breathing that punctuates "De Nina A Mujer" makes you wonder just what aspects of the child-to-woman transformation Julio is investigating), and this compilation of multi-lingual int'l hits has such choice numbers as "Amor," "Nostalgie" and "Ou Est Passee Ma Boheme?" (Ou indeed?). German ("Wo Bist Du"), however is best left to Hannah Schygulla, or Falco. Tip to Richard Perry, who's producing Iglesias' official Anglicized debut: every song should have the word "accidental" thrown in somewhere. His pronunciation of those polysyllables on "Hey" is a breathtaking moment. Actually, "accidentally" would be even better. **M.C.**

MICHAEL BOLTON (Columbia):: Yet another grizzled rock 'n' roll vet in a black leather jacket, singing from the gut and aiming for a mainstream that's receding slowly into the distance. The kind of guy who would put together a sound sorta like Eddie Money fronting Toto. And mean it. The kind of guy would *want* Aldo Nova to play on his record. This kind of once-dangerous species now haunts the Grammys; can a place at your local museum be far behind? **M.D.**

MILES DAVIS—Star People (Columbia):: After the tentative *Man With A Horn* and the intermittently (as becomes a "live" album) brilliant *We Want Miles*, one is tempted to overrate this latest installment of the comeback trilogy, even though it turns out to be less that unimaginable forward step that so many still seem to expect than a refinement of past accomplishments—much of this seems a tighter, more experienced version of the sprawling scorched-earth funk of the early to mid-'70s. For the rest, Miles reaches even further back, less for refinement than to extend his metaphorical visiting rights (you might say), to wit, the title cut, an 18-minute slow blues, beautifully basic with just a hint of the old edginess, and the delightfully banal "U 'N' I," the closest Miles has come to penning a pop tune in about two decades. May not be a masterpiece, but just to have the old boy crank out a solid one is immensely satisfying...maybe the next one will even be challenging (it's not impossible). **R.C.W.**

HANK CRAWFORD—Midnight Ramble (Milestone):: The lowdown on alto player Crawford has always been his southwest bluesiness but so many of his recent records have been watered down by big city sweeteners that it's been too easy to think of him as just another crossover casualty. This record changes all that; although it was recorded in New York City, it has a distinctly Southern R&B flavor to it, helped out, no doubt, by Dr. John's and David "Fathead" Newman's presence at the sessions. It's not an innovative album by any means, just solidly satisfying roots music played by pros who know there's more to making music than professionalism. **M.D.**

MARTHA AND THE MUFFINS—Danseparc (RCA):: Talking Heads takes on Grace Slick as lead vocalist? And then moves to Canada? Well, kinda, but while you're trying to figure out just what whiter than white really means, Martha and her refurbished Muffins neatly demonstrate that they sure know which funky side their toast-r-cakes are buttered on. Plenty of great noise abounding here, especially on the aptly titled "Obedience" and the bongo-driven "Boys In The Bushes." And plenty of smarts, too, with the breezy instrumental "Whatever Happened To Radio Valva Road?" and the sleek "World Without Borders." "I am using you, am I amusing you?" coos the cucumberly Ms. Martha while keyboards swirl, guitars scratch, and guest saxophones wail all around here. Yes, my dear. Anything you say. Just stay hungry and move those rhythm muscles. **B.A.**

GRAND MASTER FLASH AND THE FURIOUS FIVE—"New York, New York" (Sugar Hill 12"):: I'm not really bothered by the fact that *NYNY* duplicates the strategy of '82s single of the year without representing an advance; "Get Off My Cloud" didn't exactly top "Satisfaction," after all. But Flash & The Five's latest finger-pointing tour of Mondo Koch is only intermittently as unflinching and grim as it wants to be, and "Too much/Too many people" isn't much of a grabber of a chorus. The grizzy denouement of an abandoned baby in a garbage can is simply there for shock value, and it works, but the litany of urban horrors and curiosities begins to sound like a sweeps-week teaser for *Eyewitness News:* man on ledge, a look at village transexuals, cop kills stickup kid, sex in the discos. Film at 6 and 11. **M.C.**

GARY MOORE—Corridors Of Power (Mirage):: I never really listened to journeyman guitar hero Moore's singing before so imagine my surprise when it turned out sounding a lot like Boston's Brad Delp. He might have noticed it too since he's put together an album of polished, layered hard rock, leading a group of veterans including former Deep Purple drummer Ian Paice. There are several moments of erratic inspiration here, but, for the most part, this project comes off too controlled to be very inspiring. Major irritant: Moore's jerkoff solo/intro to "End Of The World," which, once it gets going, features a strong, soaring guest vocal by Jack Bruce. **M.D.**

OUTSETS (Plexus EP):: Ivan Julian and Bob Quine were the two remarkable guitarists on Richard Hell And The Voidoids' remarkable *Blank Generation* (one of the best-guitared rock albums ever), and Julian has continued that amazing set's thick, jumpy, hypertuned guitar rhythms on this record by his own band, the Outsets. Julian's vocals are less "punk" than Richard Hell's, if more desperately achy in their sweet cracked soulfulness, leading to absolutely blue-white-icy stuff, chilling from the original "Arctic Horn" to the manic control of those clipped-twang guitar punches. Absolutely recommended, too. **R.R.**

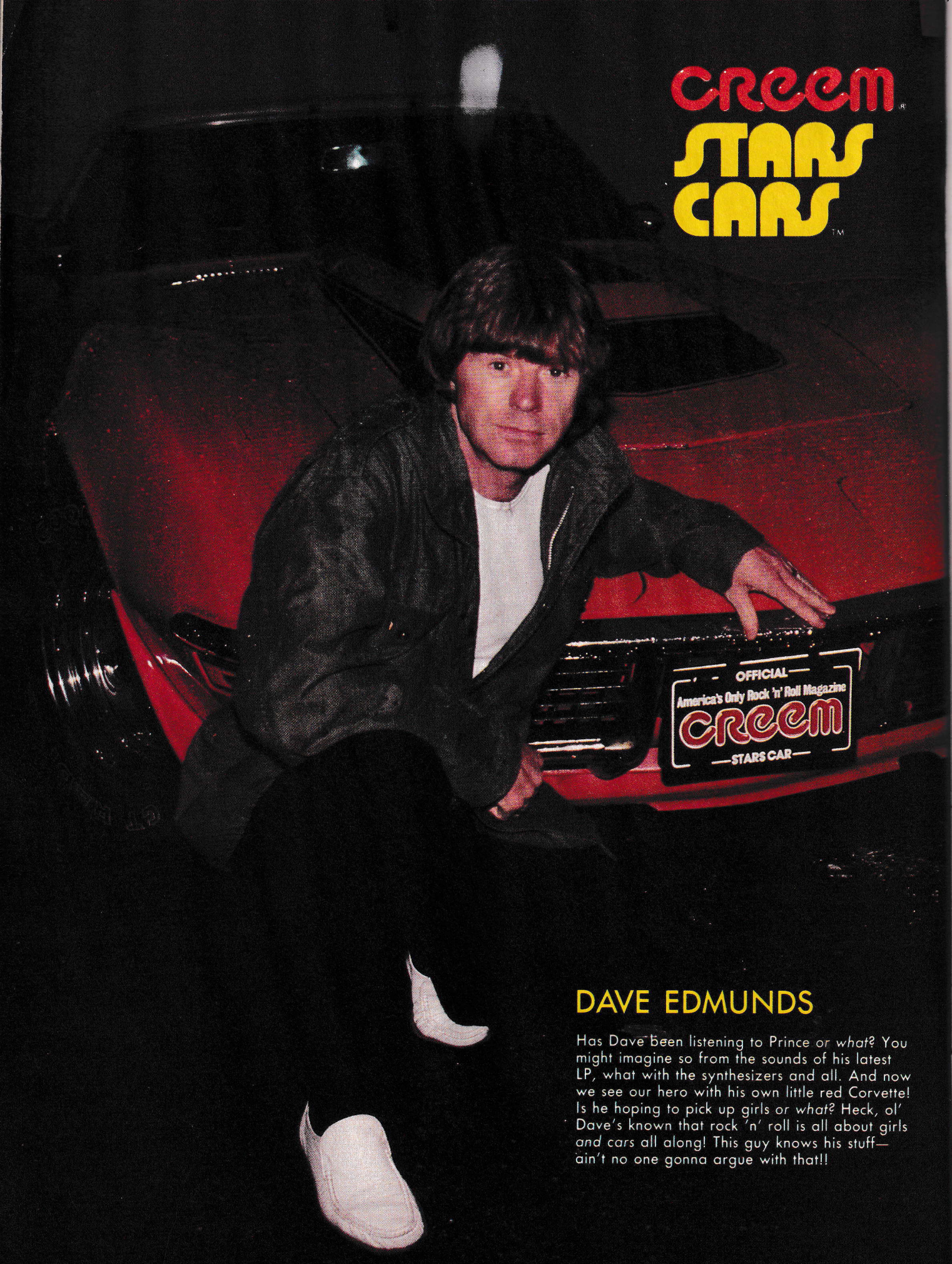
THE YOUNG LIONS (Elektra/Musician):: This is the kind of album that occasionally happens when a genuine jazz buff heads a major record company. Seventeen youngish, underheard jazz virtuosos—including trumpeter Wynton Marsalis, flutist James Newton and cellist Abdul Wadud—were gathered together to perform a concert of their own music, resulting in this live two-record set. The playing is uniformly excellent; the tunes exhibit a healthy variety; and there's no trace of fusion anywhere; so this would seem to make a fine introductory package to a lot of different artists and directions. Unfortunately, it's priced at an ouch-and-a-half so it'll probably wind up more as a token coffee table jazz purchase by the would-be-hip elite rather than an ear opener for the curious but budget-bound. **M.D.**

GIL EVANS—Priestess (Antilles):: About a third of the success of this record depends on how well you can get behind alto saxist David Sanborn. He still sounds like a hack to me, albeit an energetic one, what with Evans' arrangements adding some subtle propulsion to his cornball "soul" stylings. Fortunately, Arthur Blythe is also here, careening in and out of the changes of the title cut and George "Rip This Joint" Adams does his tenor thing on a version of Mingus' "Orange Was The Color Of Her Dress Then Silk Blue" (great title, that). And the Evans arrangemental touches, though sparser than in days of yore, still supply the same individualistic, bittersweet caress. Not the great G. Evans album the world is waiting for, but it'll do for now. **R.C.W.**

LITTLE GIRLS—Thank Heaven! (PVC):: Still more bright, snappy '60s styled L.A. female rock in the great Go-Go's fallout tradition by button-cute sisters Caron and Michele Maso, who sure know a good cliche when they twist one. To wit, the decidedly Valley-ish outlooks of "Bandana," about being hit on by a metalheaded hippoid ("You're not even my type, anyway!" gag the girls) and "Rich Girl," which pits our upper class heroines against an unswayable by material wealth poor boy ("If money talks, why won't you talk to me?"). And, speaking of fallout, there's the Richter worthy "Earthquake Song"—"It's always fun living in L.A.," chime the Masos, "My surfboard's ready for the tidal wave!" Inspirational bad pun verse: "It's gonna kill my mom and dad/They are the only folks I have/But they better not blame me/'Cause it's not my fault." Like, civil defense me out, OK? **B.A.**

THUMBS—No Price On Earth (Ramona):: Thumbs' debut filtered Dylan's sneering, careening post-Newport phase through Mott the Hoople and the Midwestern "let's turn the rec room into a rehearsal studio" school of neighborhood rock. The gift for rhyming-dictionary verbiage and folk-punk a la Mouse And The Traps is intact on LP #2, and *No Price On Earth* extends the sound and attitude of this Kansas band to include such Costelloisms as "Sure there's gonna be controversy/I don't bow and you don't curtsy." The mix is arbitrary and smudgy, the songs ("It Won't Satisfy," "Who Wants This Sadness," "Jennie Says") are puckishly impudent and, while there's no lyric sheet (send them a S.A.S.E.) the following verse is indicative of their slant: "It's a pretty stirring sermon/Even woke up Uncle Herman/Look, there's Bing and Ethel Merman!" Even their You've Got A Friend song hedges its bets: "Anyday you're feeling defeat/.../You can call on me, baby/And I might be around." (P.O. Box 701, Lawrence, Kansas 66044) **M.C.**

THE CREATURES—Feast (Polydor import):: Another vocal/rhythm duo from Britain but these Creatures are none other than Siouxsie and Budgie on vacation from the rest of the Banshees so the results are more distinctive than most. They've taken the primitive schtick about as far as possible—to the jungles of Hawaii—and come back with a stark, elusive, yet fully-realized album. The unlikely combination of enigmatically-detailed lyrics, predominant percussion and specific background atmospheres helps this music to breathe more freely than recent Banshees material. But what is Siouxsie saying? Ha, Siousxie's not saying; she's playing. **M.D.**



DAVE EDMUNDS

Has Dave been listening to Prince *or what*? You might imagine so from the sounds of his latest LP, what with the synthesizers and all. And now we see our hero with his own little red Corvette! Is he hoping to pick up girls *or what*? Heck, ol' Dave's known that rock 'n' roll is all about girls *and cars* all along! This guy knows his stuff—ain't no one gonna argue with that!!

Photo by Bob Alford

DIVINYLS
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

voice, a spooky meld of Chrissie Hynde's tone quality and Lene Lovich's noise making, among other things. She and McEntee tell atmospheric little stories about this old Yugoslavian opera singer who lived in the same hotel for a while. The man heard them rehearsing one day and offered to help Christina with breathing, "making animal noises" and other fundamentals. The guy had a lot to work with. Feel her belly up next to the choruses of "Victoria."

Okay, let's take a deep breath, drop down in a crouch position and say a bad word: feminism. As long as you don't use that "f word," she'll talk about it. "I think I scare some women with the way I look and act, because I remind them how safe they're playing their lives. They like their choice and they don't like to be challenged." No labels here, either: "Mostly I just want to *give* something. Like the soul singers I listened to, they always gave so much." Nor here: "I don't want to intellectualize things right out of existence." Just tell me where to get those stockings.

Meanwhile, back in Hitsville, Matt Dillon attracted all sorts of attention at the "after-show" pahhhrty, particulary from women with hair gloss, lip goop, hip hairdos and the vitality of embalming fluid. Those gals should have hunted Christina down in the attitude of pilgrims, humbly asking to be delivered from the ravages of 20th century grown-up galhood.

MITCH RYDER
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

Naturally, some people are going to see this whole situation as a parallel to the Springsteen/Gary Bonds and Petty/Del Shannon doings. I asked Mitch if anyone's asked about it, ha ha.

"Boy, have I heard that question," he replied. "I don't doubt that people are going to feel that way from time to time. Actually, John is my illegitimate son, and I told him to do something for his dad.

"But, since that's such a stock question, I'll give you my stock answer. The only similarity between this and the Springsteen/Bonds and Petty/Shannon deals is that it's a contemporary artist producing an older artist. Beyond that, from what I know—and I could be mistaken—those people weren't actively pursuing recording careers, as I was. They weren't touring nationally and internationally, as I was. They weren't still doing rock 'n' roll—they were doing lounge type music. This isn't a resurrection; there was an ongoing career. Maybe it wasn't at the level that we intend to take this to, but it isn't a resurrection."

To which Ryder's wife Kim added: "The other point is that John Cougar was trying to promote himself as a producer."

"Well, he produced himself and he's doing pretty well, so that says something about his technique. I won't be the only artist he'll produce. He wanted to do another one, but there's so much pressure on him now to do a follow-up that he has to do that. And I'm sure that once he finishes his next album, he'll again take on another artist. Maybe myself again, or maybe somebody else."

Maybe. As much as Ryder appreciates his association with Cougar, though, the cat didn't exactly sit around and pout after Jenny took a ride and his career went fltzz. He's cut about a scad of albums, some available in the States (most recently, *Naked But Not Dead* and *How I Spent My Summer Vacation*) and more out in Germany (my favorite being the remarkable *Got Change For A Million?*). Mitch's European product is, he admits, more experimental than *Never Kick A Sleeping Dog*, but who the hell wants to go overboard when there's lotsa bucks to be made? Like Ryder says, "I'm doing whatever has to be done to sell a big commercial record." That must be the new 18" discs I've read about.

His European fame came about in an offbeat way, and also kept him able to pay his bills. "They discovered me, actually, when we were invited to do a TV show which is semi-annually broadcast across the entire continent," he said. "170 million viewers. It just took that one appearance and the resultant controversy."

"Gosh, Mitch, what'd you say?"

(Long pause.) "What did I say? Wellll—I suppose maybe I had one beer too many. It's possible. What I ended up doing was denouncing the conservative government there and their attitude towards rock 'n' roll. Then I warned them to lock up their children.

"I mean, we were with Southside Johnny and Nils Lofgren, and *those* people came down and said: 'Hi. Thanks a million. Thanks for having us here.' So I come out and I start into this big tirade on TV. I attacked the interviewer's girlfriend."

"Verbally."

"Physically! Just weirdness like that. Boy! My manager, my partner's manager, the record company president and the producer of the show—they're all going, 'Oh my God!' My partner comes up and says, '*Now* are you happy? You've ruined this man's career, his record company...you've ruined your own career...we'll probably never be able to work in Europe again. Now are you happy? And proud of yourself???' Then he said, 'Go out and do your show.' So we went out and did our show. *But:* the next morning we started getting feedback, and it seems that these kids in Germany knew enough English to understand what I was saying, and loved it. And you should've seen these fucking fair-weather friends of mine! All of a sudden I'm back in their good graces and they're trying to schedule interviews for me. I was a little bitter about it, y'know?"

Makes sense now why Mitch described himself earlier as his own worst enemy. Actually, the fellow's got remarkable equanimity when discussing his ill-starred career. At one point, he—not Seger—was Detroit's great white hope. That the shoe's on the other foot doesn't seem to bother Ryder at all.

"We're not good friends, but he's definitely done his share to help me along the way. When *Naked But Not Dead* came out he said it was one of the greatest albums he'd heard in many a moon. And he had me open those six shows for him at Cobo Arena (a couple of years back).

"We began at the same time—I recall doing the Robin Seymour Show (local tube) with Bob. And it was set up so that when we completed our song, the camera would

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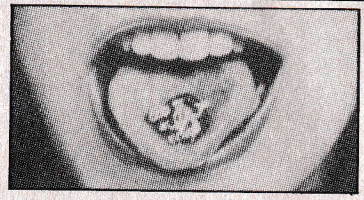

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go right across the room to him. I recall performing "Jenny Take A Ride" and looking across at Bob and seeing—I wouldn't call it jealousy—but it was like he *knew* that he was good. And he knew that his writing was good. He had all the confidence in the world in himself. But—it's just the feeling I got from his eyes—he knew he should've been there with me. But he wasn't, in terms of acceptance. He's never the kind of guy to overtly display jealousy. So, having waited such a long time for success, I wouldn't take that away from him. Yet, I feel that I still deserve this chance that I'm having, too. Because the first time I was quite young and did posibly get ripped off. I'd like another chance to do it."

Which he'll undoubtedly have now. "Yeah, I miss the excitement. The mediocre motels...the torturous travel...the irritable promoters...the smelly, spoiled deli trays. I miss that." This doesn't sound unreasonable coming from a guy who regards Edgar Allan Poe as an idol: "To me, he was one of the early rock heroes. He had everything going except the music. Drugs, young girls, died in a gutter," or tells this tale about working with Ms. Faithfull: "She's a veteran, like I am. She's had as disastrous a career as I have. I think there are a lot of similarities, she's still alive. I wanted to take her golfing, but she couldn't find my balls."

When I suggest that *Dog* won't be one on the record charts, he's also down-to-earth. "First of all, we're counting chickens before the eggs have hatched. I'm still quite content, and perhaps if I'm fortunate enough to make money off this project, I would prefer to continue this lifestyle and buy up Israeli War Bonds." What a kidder.

RAMONES
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

who meets this guy from Brooklyn and they fall in love. The Mystics did it. I love all those guys, their whole sound and quality is so perfect y'know, it's so resonant and uplifting' it sorta *cleanses ya out."*

Joey plans something solo ("maybe an EP") before Christmas, but stresses that he regards such activities as extracurricular: "It's just a personal, honest kinda thing—I just need another outlet, 'cause the material I write isn't always Ramones material. Myself, I have really extreme musical tastes, really broad tastes in music. And new ideas—that's what keeps ya alive, right?

"I think," confides the Tall One, "that the musical imagination is the only thing that really knows no bounds—well, besides art itself, paintings or whatever. And when it comes to the mind and the way you put it out, there's no bounds and you, you can do anything. I mean a lotta people may fall into a rut or something...they may become able to live 'the good life' or whatever—but that's when they stop and everything stops for 'em. I'm just never totally satisfied, so I guess that's kinda workin' *for* me."

Paramount among the people who individual Ramones usually cite as giving up in favor of "the good life" are the Clash. "They're just so basically different from what they set out to do," comments John. "They used to play hard rock, the shows were dynamic, the music would—it's just that they were a high energy band at one time and now you buy an album or whatever it is, a triple record thing, and...there's not one fast song in the whole package!

"We don't feel like we've changed or softened, but of course if you put out a first album with 14 fast songs on it you can't put out album after album of just that; you gotta begin to offer some variety. You gotta make sure to have just the right mixture of slow, medium and fast tempo'd stuff."

Joey agrees. "It's really important that an audience acknowledges exactly what you're doin' and that they're takin' it all in, cause if it just goes by 'em—*so what,* y'know? I mean, it was obvious from early on that commercial success came first with the Clash, or maybe originally with their manager. I thought the first album was great but the initial idea of 'em...that they were 'the truth', they weren't a bullshit band, aaahhhh—when you get involved in something like that you screw yourself unless what you're puttin' out really is from the heart.

"I mean, there they was pleadin' poverty and livin' in the basement and Strummer turns out to be a diplomat's son, right?" Joey laughs. "I guess they just got *so* bored with America they can't get up and go home."

It's lonely when everybody you like has either "broken up or sold out"—but the Ramones have always held their own through the toughest periods of their existence, honing their personal niche for posterity by perfecting a brand of misfit soul so uniquely high-powered that anyone else who tried to touch it risks getting fried alive. ALIVE is the key work for Ramone-o-mania, too; this is the most *accomplished* trash-thrashing, sky-punching live outfit I've seen since the MC5...and I've yet to see 'em fail to deliver.

"I think that's why we're reaching more people, too," says Johnny. "We spend so much time on the road, not just in major cities but in all the little nooks and crannies. I also think it's more than the hardcore thing; I think people are getting disgusted with the whole programming and the vice of the radio; more people are starting to think for themselves and see what *they* want to listen to.

"I got this card the other day," he continues, "from some little girl—she was 11 and her friend was 13 and we were the first rock show they'd ever seen. It made me feel *great!* Like they're gettin' the right education. They could easily have gone to see REO Speedwagon—or Journey or Toto or somethin'."

Bringing that chainsaw buzz and those Chambers Brothers' visions to the nation, however, constitutes an ongoing feat of quite substantial physical proportions; since a Ramones show usually manages to wring dry the most fanatical of audiences, what does to do to its perpetrators?

Johnny: "Well, it ain't easy, because you reach a point where you've worked your way way into it and ya can't slack off even if your arms feel like wet spaghetti. But then there's maybe one slow song (*laughs*) so that's one rest stop. They'll dim the lights there, so it's also a bit cooler. And—halfway through, ya take your jacket off and that's a relief too. Just little things, but also you've built yourself up to bein' able to do it. We don't believe in improvisin'."

But do you believe in jogging?

"EEEaaahhh—I always *want* to, but I'm

too lazy. Once in awhile I get up and go run round my block and *want to*, but then I always say 'that's enough'. People start to look and say, 'Hey, Johnny!' y'know? 'What're ya doin'?'. Everybody *recognizes* ya every time ya go outta the house, everybody on every block so, ah, I feel silly. 'Hey, what're ya doin'—*jogging?* Who're ya runnin' *from*, hmmmm?' You know?"

So they don't participate in the ME generation health boom; the brothers are still in a fighting trim few can aspire to emulating. On the recent tour, they've been surprising those slammers who storm the stage—with their combined tolerance and endurance. ("Sometimes," Joey relates over the phone, "It gets like there's a whole other show up there with ya...sort of a *Ted Mack Amateur Hour*"). The rest of us they amaze by their Houdini-like survival—escaping the evils of selling out, slowing down, splitting up, delivering less. I think it was a Roger Corman character who once said "All is art—the rest is graham crackers."

Well: no crumbs on these boys.

US FESTIVAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

pleasers as "The press have been treated like shit all day." To no one's surprise, the group announces their intention to perform, even though, as Kosmo repeats, the contracts still haven't been signed. "If we don't play, Van Halen will call us Commies and the kids will wreck the place." Demanding that Wozniak donate 10% of his revenues to organizations for the poor, the group announces their intent to fund a future L.A.-area concert at lower prices with the huge sum they'd been paid. "Who cares whether we get paid," a band member strategically calls out.

Proving that he's certainly not interested in running for office, Kosmo neatly denounces "Sting with his dyed hair, Stevie Nicks who won't drink anything but champagne, Van Halen and his moron music" and "David Bowie, who says 'I have money now, so fuck you.' " Of course, it's all unsportsmanlike and childish, but so is the day we've just had, and the band receives a hearty cheer. Later, I'd hear that Eddie Van Halen had asked Joe Strummer to explain the above comment, and the two musicians had a heart-to-heart conversation which ended quite pleasantly.

To be sure, certain of the US organization are not as willing to forgive the Clash its transgressions. The group refuses to play in front of the peace 'n' love US Festival banner, substituting their own black background, which sarcastically contains a reference to their "sell out." The Clash's performance is a vibrant manifestation of that classic slogan, "you're beautiful when you're angry." They're angry, and show it in an uncompromising 80-minute set. They preface "London Calling" by references to being "in the capital of the decadent USA." They issue a warning to the privileged sons and daughters here that "Those people in East Los Angeles aren't gonna stay there forever." And when the group's visible rage shows signs of not penetrating the determinedly good-time audience, Strummer shrieks, "I need some hostility here! I need feeling of some form," before he can continue.

As Woz's friends pour off the balcony in droves, disturbed and uncomprehending of the day's most meaningful presentation, Strummer carries on, "Aren't you sick of hearing 'it's so groovy' for the last 150 years?" Apparently not, as one MTV announcer got so offended by the group's attitude that, before the Clash can do their final encore, he intones, "The Clash have left the building; wasn't that a *blistering* set?" in a drawled, pseudo-English accent. Upon finding their power cut, Strummer and Kosmo get into a behind the scenes brawl with their latest adversary, bringing the day to an appropriately political conclusion. More relevant to photographer Ebet Roberts and I is the black gunk we're extracting from our breathing passages when we finally get back to our hotel.

Day 2: I have learned my lessons wisely since arriving on this unholy soil. Even though the temperature has dropped to the mid-80's, it's still pretty inferno-like out there, and today is Heavy Metal Day. There must be something about HM music that makes its followers more willing to fry in the sun—booze and drugs?—but this day has outsold the other two put together. Estimates are that 300,000 souls, two of whom would die in drug-related incidents, are happily headbanging to the sounds of Ozzy Osbourne, as I arrive about 2 p.m.

I'd spent the previous hour catching up on old times with Judas Priest, who aren't at all uneasy about breaking a three-month performing hiatus in front of such huge numbers. Instead, Rob Halford, who really must have been schvitzing under all those chains and leather, responds joyfully to the

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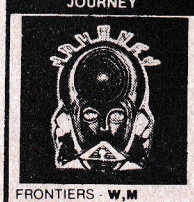

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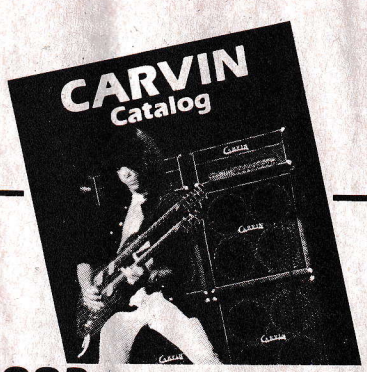

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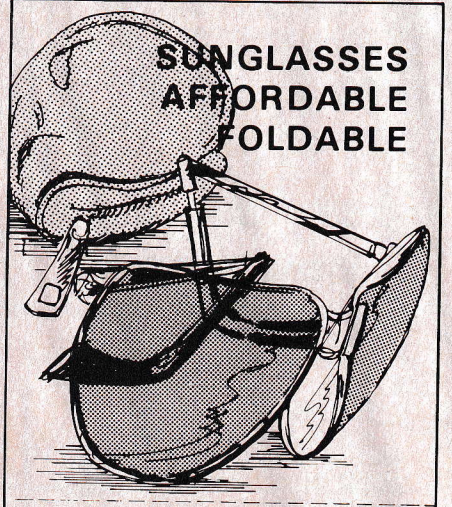

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sea of bare chests and upraised fists. "This is the largest collection of heavy metal maniacs in the history of the world!" he declares, and a vast churning wave comes back in reply.

As Priest performs an abbreviated 70-minute set (with seven bands scheduled, almost all have at least an hour), various members of other bands dot the stage. Osbourne's people, in typically subtle fashion, wear personalized T-shirts stamped "Ozzy makes US crazy!" Looking a bit overwhelmed, or maybe envious of the better-known bands, Motley Crue periodically meander around. Suddenly, the balcony denizen's attention shifts away from Judas Priest and onto David Lee Roth who, accompanied by a bikini-girl, is grandly posing for his loyal subjects. Like it or not, with their own private compound allotted them for all three days, Van Halen rules this particular roost, and Roth has no doubts that he is king of the forest.

Once Rob Halford has emerged on his motorcycle to do Priest's encore and the ponderous orchestral strains of Triumph fill the stage, I decide to see just what all this Van Halen folderol is about. Screened off from the other trailers by yards of wire mesh, Van Halen really do have an entire territory. A sign forbidding virgins and sheep marks the start of its uphill entryway. The group's long-suffering publicist, good-natured Steve Mandel, deftly leads the way on this overgrown trail, until we reach a clearing unlike anything I'd ever imagined possible for a short-term event. The back wall is lined with a bar, dining tables and video games. Most tables are lined with women in various states of undress. Before I get the chance to notice anything particularly disgusting, Mandel propels me into a trailer, where David Lee Roth has been turning out a stream of witticisms all day long.

Leonine behind his sun-bleached hair and well furred chest that peeks through a string vest, Roth is man who likes to laugh. Maybe that's because he's a man who likes to drink. Jovially, he toasts each comment from a beer glass close at hand and only scolds me once, when I preface a question, "but seriously." The only serious thing that is happening here is the business of making money, and of that, Roth concludes, "God decided to pay us off in one game." Throwing "honey," "darlin' " and "sugar" into every other sentence, Roth, in a steady blur, outlines his philosophy of life: "It's not whether you win or lose in the game of life, it's how good you look," "Van Halen's integrity is that we never cared what anybody thought about anything—we'll sail down our merry little path, and you're all invited, but I'm driving," "We've been one of the first bands to truly confuse business with pleasure." Mandel pokes his face through the trailer door as David Lee puts the wrap on a double-time *Twilight Zone* monologue, and the next sucker—a serious-looking sort, poor guy—gets ready to enter. Though it made me burst into tears at the time, I now think that it's morbidly appropriate I have to walk through a path of spillover from the Porto Sans to return to "civilization."

Unless Roth's continual bravado'd exhortations to party, get wasted, or "show them some *real* violence" are your idea of entertainment, the heavy metal day's greatest moments are during the high-energy set by Scorpions. What they offer is the basic premise of HM—lethally charged-up rhythm music, played with flash and volume, but in the Scorpions' case, overlaid with well-structured solos and attractive melodies. After the purity of the Scorpions' musical thrills, Van Halen's laser displays and cartoons seem little more than bought-and-paid-for tricks. Ignoring the hucksterish blared announcements to buy a sun hat or T-shirt and "take a piece of the US Festival home with you," we decide they should be paying *us* instead, and grope toward clean sheets.

Day 3: Now fully realizing just how unhealthy this place can be—I've since learned that many of the bands who appeared were also sickened by ingesting clay dust—Intrepid Photographer and I are wishing we hadn't been suckered into coming along. Still, duty—and Bowie and Pretenders—calls, so it's another enormous hotel breakfast (remember, no food all day), a liberal schmear of sunblock, and back to the shuttle bus. The massive, fierce audience which had dominated heavy metal day is thankfully gone, replaced by smaller, more peaceable attendees, who aren't out to trample one another or topple the stage—which almost occurred during Ozzy's set.

Unlike the precise timing of the first two days' events, the nine acts scheduled for today are running over two hours late. Ultimately, this will mean that David Bowie begins at 11:15 instead of 8, forcing quite a few who paid $25 for the day to forego seeing his show. The temperatures have moderated a bit more, but the constant exposure to this weather has frayed everyone's nerves. However, when Wozniak obliviously careens through backstage on a dirt bike accompanied by Berlin's Terri Nunn, and raises a huge cloud of choking fumes, everyone bites their tongues.

Despite our diminished enthusiasm, we are heartened by a brilliantly physical and charismatic set by Ireland's U2. Declaring, "nobody twisted my arm—I wanted to be here," possibly as a refutation of the Clash, lead singer Bono proves himself a fearless master of the stage. Before everyone's astonished eyes, Bono caps his performance by climbing unassisted to the top of the scaffolding—a good 25 feet high—and waving the band's flag. U2's sheer enthusiasm and dedication wins respect from the seen-it-all crew as well as the audience. Missing Persons do not have an enviable job in following them.

Curious about the technological displays that are supposed to be such a big part of this deal, Barbara Shelley and I cruise through one of the sparsely-attended display tents. Disappointingly, except for two small robots, most of the exhibits either hustle instruments and amplifiers, or recruit computer students. We do spend a buck for a "Computer Personality Profile" based on color choice, which indicates that I am faced with threats and opposition, that interfere with my usual perfectionist high standards. For a machine, it was pretty perceptive.

Returning in time to see the Pretenders, I am pleased that I'd given this group one more chance to prove they can play live. Although it's a terrible shame that the group's two unfortunate members did themselves in, newcomers Malcolm Foster

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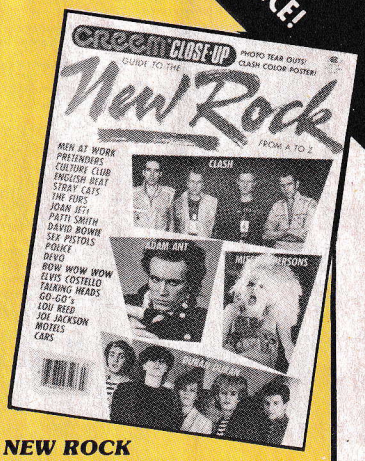

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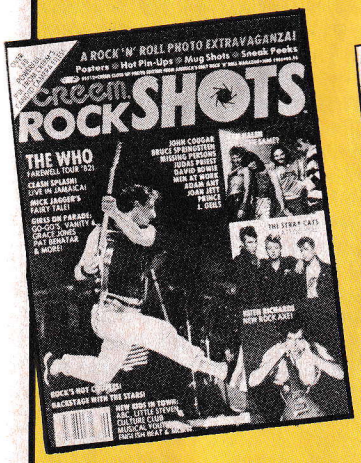

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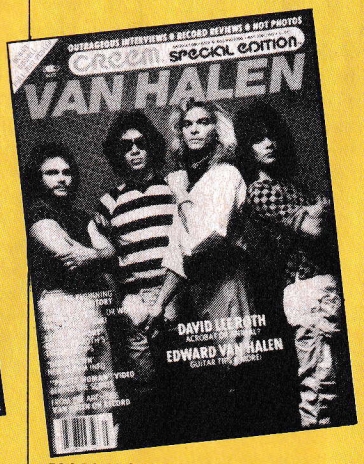

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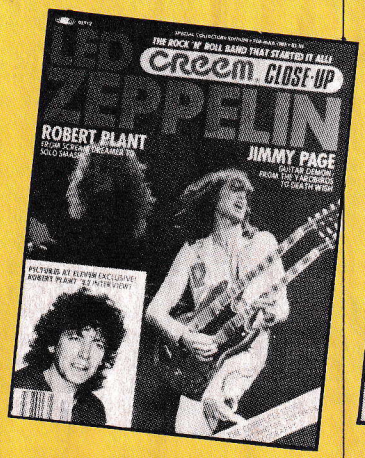
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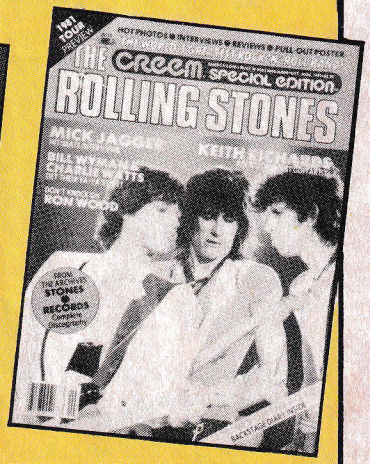

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and Robbie MacIntosh give the Pretenders a healthy, confident glow. Similarly, motherhood seems to suit Chrissie Hynde, who appears relaxed, smiling and radiantly slim in an all-white outfit. Even when she forgets the words to "Talk Of The Town," Hynde easily jokes about her lapse and simply starts over again. Lightly dedicating a rousing rendition of "Money" to "all the bands who did the US Festival and the ones who didn't 'cause they weren't getting paid enough," Chrissie and the boys have shaken forever that sullen, inflexible image that used to compromise one's enjoyment of this band.

Rather than wade through the old-style California routines of Joe Walsh and Stevie Nicks, I cadge a crew-only meal ticket—another favor called in—and exchange greetings with Go-Go Gina Schock and ex-Blondie bassist Nigel Harrison, who has just gotten his new band, Chequered Past, signed to EMI. In contrast to almost everyone else's sleeveless casual clothes, Devo's Mark Mothersbaugh strolls around in a three piece red suit. "He's here to check out this year's Bowie show so Devo can do it next year," unmercifully jibes a long-standing L.A. scene watcher.

But if that really is the case, Devo didn't find anything specific to lift from their former mentor. Although David Bowie's show is comprehensive, stretching from the "Space Oddity" days to his newest material, it isn't deliberately shocking, the way it used to be. David, in good color and no longer malnourished, is more stylish than stunning. His intent is consolidation rather than another great leap forward. Assisted by an ethnically diverse 10-member lineup, his two hour set is studiedly at ease, as if, after all those years of having to live up to people's expectations, Bowie doesn't have to satisfy anyone's except his own.

By 1 a.m., it was all over, except for the hours-long exodus of the faithful onto the highway. And except for a residue of dust that's resulted in this saga being written from a sickbed, there are no lasting effects. US wasn't "Three Days of Peace, Love and Music," and US wasn't "Sympathy for the Devil" either. US was, in the end, a well-publicized, sometimes efficiently and sometimes abominably-run enterprise that will help keep Steve Wozniak's name in the news. Personally, I hope what US-Two ultimately means is that Woz will go back to designing computers and forget about putting together an US-Three. If this weekend was all about US, I'd rather be one of THEM.

BENCHPRESS
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

Range Factor," and the fabulous "Value Approximation Method," to name but a few James originals. And, though the latest *Abstract* features more just-plain-ole baseball talk than ever, James made it clear that it's still just the facts, ma'am, on which he ultimately rests his various cases. "Over the last few years," he said, "I have found that the facts certainly play a very important role in what I do. Although I'm basically not charging for them anymore—I'm basically selling a book like anybody else for which the selling point is not the numbers—they still play a very important role in my work."

Since he admits that almost all of his time is taken up with research, I asked James what a typical day was like for him. "I spend most of the day in my pajamas," he confessed. "I get up, go downstairs to the office in my house in Winchester, and just start figuring stuff. Sometimes what I'm doing turns into play and I'm just creating mythical careers, but other times it turns into work and I'm figuring out answers to questions I've always been curious about. And when the day is done or my wife threatens to kill me if I don't come to bed or whatever, then I stop.

"I don't leave the house very much," James admitted, "but I usually get out and walk around a little bit almost every day. I mean, once in awhile you do have to go down to the store and buy more Diet Pepsi or something." Yeah. And I bet that Bill James knows his price per ounce of soda pop better than any other guy on the block, too.

U2
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

ing a point. Guitars are only wood, steel and plastic. The same with drums, that's all they are. There should be no worship of the instruments. I mean Edge, who is, I think, obviously an exceptional guitarist, an innovator, only takes his guitar out on formal occasions. He hardly sleeps with it, or polishes it, no real respect for the instrument.

Adam: And he polishes himself a lot!

The new album War *seems to have less of the shimmering qualities of the earlier work in favor of a funkier, chunkier sound. How'd that happen?*

Adam: I think having been over here in America much of the time, a lot of the white rock 'n' roll bands that you hear were very dull and unstimulating. I think Larry and myself, and indeed the rest of the band, have discovered that the only really progressive music happening over here is R&B. We were listening to a lot of R&B and it made us more aware of the role of the rhythm section. I think these are our tentative explorations into the field of R&B.

Bono: It's also reflected in the subject matter. A lot of the songs on side two of the album were inspired by New York and the friction of the city, the whole claustrophobic thing, how people were living on top of each other, how it affects them, their way of life, their characters. "Surrender" and "Red Light," in particular, and even "Two Hearts Beat As One."

Do you see yourselves as having abandoned some of the earlier sound in favor of something new?

Bono: We see ourselves as changing. Stripping down. We're shedding, like throwing off clothes. We're like a clown who comes off from the ring in the tent and is taking off his clothes and putting on more. It's still the same clown, he's still trying to express a lot of the same things and make people laugh, but if he was out there in the same costume, then it gets boring. What bugged us, though, was that a lot of people started ripping off our clown outfits. There were people regurgitating "A Day Without Me" for an entire LP, um, like flocks and Flocks of Stealers. Lots of people are playing just like The Edge, to the extent that he

was being asked if he was being influenced by them! He was in danger of parodying himself. So we sat down for this album and said, "Look, we must strip the sound bare." As Edge says, people can rip off the style of this group, but they have nothing. They have only the clothes. They've not the personality. More important to the music is what's behind that music, I think. It's the spirit of the group that's important, and they can't rip that off.

EXT. CHORDS
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

ly sensitive from all sides.

"It's an awkward concept for a neophyte to visualize," Geoff Langdon concedes, going on to point out that many cheaper cardioids tend to go unidirectional in the highs and omni-directional in the lows. Thoroughly confused, now?

Don't panic, hang in there. Here's a more digestible tidbit to illustrate the difference between the response of an omnidirectional and a cardioid/directional mic. An omnidirectional's response is essentially flat, while a characteristic of cardioids is something called *proximity effect*. Put your finger back in you ear again (wash them while you're at it) and walk back and forth towards your friend's voice: the closer you get, the more the bass frequencies are emphasized, the farther away you move the greater the preponderance of highs. This is why when you see a vocalist passing the mic back and forth across their face they're not looking for a warm water route to India. They're manipulating the microphone to take advantage of the warm color changes and presence boost inherent in proximity effect—and manufacturers spend a lot of time *tailoring the overall response* of their mics to accommodate various tastes and vocal characteristics.

It all depends on where your voice needs help. Or *if* it needs help at all, in which case you'd want a mic that tailors out the proximity effect, as Electro-Voice did with their variable D design. Or, as Mike Pettersen points out: "The Shure SM58 has a lot of proximity effect—a lot of punch. When Elvis Presley worked that mic he'd practically swallow it, and he had a deep, powerful voice, so it got muddy. Now you couldn't tell the star to change his style, so they switched him to an SM54 which is directional but has no proximity effect. The mic better complemented his technique."

So for buyers of hand-held cardioid vocal mics (by far, the most popular models), you need to consider whether you want to sing *into* the mic or *around* it; if your voice is powerful like a Pat Benatar or frail and delicate like Stevie Nicks; if you want to sound like yourself or *better* (be honest now); do you sing from the chest, throat, nose or all three like America's premier howler, Steve Perry of Journey (*"...calling all cars...calling all cars"*).

"Steve Perry has a very interesting technique," Greg Hockman observes, in commenting on Electro-Voice's Fast Fourier Transfer Analysis of his voice—part of their attempt to define Perry's subjective quality in terms of objective measurements. "In working on custom mics for Steve we found that the range of his fundamental fell between 85Hz and 500Hz. It's a fairly limited range, but he's a very accurate, creative singer and to get higher notes he'll shift his voice from chest to throat to face, and he'll produce these 2nd and 3rd order harmonics that are so strong they can drive a microphone element into clipping. We studied the effect of pinching his nose to observe the variation in frequency from throat voice to sinus voice, and it made a significant difference." For sure.

Now that you have a handle on omnidirectional vs. cardioid, let's return briefly to the characteristics of dynamic, condenser and ribbon principles. Mike Pettersen summarizes:

Dynamic (BALLS)—"You have a diaphragm made out of mylar. Glued to that is a thin wire suspended in between magnets. The diaphragm responds to changes in air pressure, and the coil wire moves in the magnetic field, which produces a corresponding variation in current."

Condenser (DETAIL)—"Has a diaphragm, but instead of a coil wire you have a very thin coating of gold, because it's a good conductor; a little air space, and behind that a back plate, which has a permanent charge of electricity. The air space holds a certain amount of electricity; and acoustical movement pushes the diaphragm back and forth across the air space and the backplate—like squeezing a malleable plastic bottle filled with water and watching the fluid rush back and forth —thus varying the charge which produces a signal. The advantage of a condenser's lighter diaphragm is that it responds quicker and easier to subtle sounds and high notes like cymbals, acoustic guitars, flutes and grand pianos—more open and transparent. The trade-offs are it has less SPL capacity than a dynamic, and because of the permanent electric charge, you need a built-in amp, which has to be internally powered with a battery *(electret condenser)* or a phantom power supply."

Ribbon (MELLOW)—"Is a variation on a dynamic, with a very thin piece of aluminum ribbon suspended in a magnetic field. Essentially the ribbon is both the diaphragm and the coil—it's the part that moves, and it's the part that the electricity moves through. It responds well to lower and midband frequencies, and, particularly for vocals, it imparts a lot of warmth—it takes the shrillness out. As it doesn't respond so well to the highs, you can use it for pleasant attenuation effects, or to complement sound sources without the high frequency content, like french horn or flugelhorn. But ribbons tend to be fairly fragile, can't take the transients the way a dynamic can and are generally used in recording applications. Beyer's are the first really roadworthy ribbon." Jeff Levy adds that "The rule of thumb is if you wouldn't put your ear right next to it, don't put a ribbon there. You wouldn't put your head inside a bass drum, would you?"

Pretty complex ideas, huh? Nah. There's a lot more to it than we have room to cover here (look for future articles to flesh out the ideas), but as you can see (and hear, hopefully), a lot of it comes down to common sense—understanding the nature of your sound source, and how a particular microphone will best respond. After all, a microphone is a musical instrument, too, not simply a convenient phallic member to gesticulate suggestively during lulls in the ac-

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ZZ TOP
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

comfortable then as it ought to be. So it was never really discussed. It just filled the bill for us...musically...emotionally...spiritually...

FRANK: None of us like organs. We don't like rhythm guitar players and we're not from the Southeast, so we don't need a second drummer. Years later, when we wrote a couple of tunes that needed horns, we just picked it up ourselves. If we've needed another instrument, we've figured a way for one of us to do it. Some people think you're limiting yourself but, in a way, you've got a lot more freedom. You're not constantly bumping into each other musically.

VII. ELIMINATOR

Eliminator, like *El Loco* and *Deguello* before it, is made up of relentlessly hot songs that sound simple at first but reveal themselves over time as smart or depraved or hysterical (sometimes all the above) testimonials to ZZ's, uh, quirky world view and Houstonian humor. When I had trouble framing the appropriate question Dusty laughed and finally said, "Come on, Jeff. You just want to ask: ZZ, how can you be *so* fucking funny?" The answer, like everything else, is hard work.

In rock 'n' roll, the rough framework is set from the start and is pretty much immutable—for three pieces or eight pieces, rock 'n' roll *es siempre* rock 'n' roll. But within the framework ZZ Top works—dare I say it—very subtle differentiations continually. Every track on the last three LPs works as an instrumental—in most cases the last half of each cut *is* purely instrumental. All this puts me in mind of Booker T. & the M.G.s which, for me, is the highest sort of praise.

FRANK: The songs are written that way. We write lyrics last. We don't really write music, we play music and refine it, jam it into shape. And then we sit down to work on the lyrics like, "What are we gonna write about?"

BILLY: We have a book of titles...and then there was "Tush." That came together in 10 minutes at a Florence, Alabama sound check.

DUSTY: We tape a lot of sound checks for ideas and that song just came out and it changes very little from there to the record. But on the other hand we've had one riff for maybe 10 years and we just can't make the right song out of it.

That really fits with my sense of your control. You guys have a very highly developed conception of what you do.

BILLY: Touring is the secret—we're constantly working.

There followed some giddy disagreement over which *Eliminator* lyrics came before or after the music. The urgent glandular anthem "I Got the Six" and the ominous "Sharp Dressed Man" probably came from the top secret book. (Special Fashion Note: With the obvious exception of boots and sunglasses, the Top likes to go shopping for clothes at Barney's, 7th Ave. and 17th St., New York City.) In "You Got Me Under Pressure," they rhyme whips & chains/cocaine/Great Danes and I couldn't restrain my curiosity.

That's a pretty serious rhyme scheme.

FRANK (laughing): We're talking about the Empress!

When the giggling subsided I suggested that the beautiful slow blues "I Need You Tonight" reminded me of the neglected British genius Peter Green. Billy smiled, "A great favorite of all of us. Those were the great Mayall days: Clapton to Green to Mick Taylor." A few reminiscences led us to studio sound, about which Sr. Gibbons has a bit to say.

"Our engineers have always had some new ideas or other. They'll put Frank in booth A and they'll put Dusty across the street and run some telephone wire—crazy kinds of situations to work under all in the name of new technology and getting a better sound. This time we showed up four days early and they had no plan, they had no attack force in gear for ZZ. We wound up setting all the instruments in one room where we were in eye contact with each other all the time. And it was the first time that we were all in there together, grooving to the cues. A nod of the head is good enough—it's what we've done for 13 years onstage. And they've always tried to figure out a way to mess it up."

VIII. WHO DO YOU LOVE?

BILLY: I love it all...well, that's pretty general. I saw *Solid Gold* too, and I do not love Barry Manilow. So I don't love it all, I love most of it. Oh, Julio Iglesias doesn't knock me out either.

DUSTY: Elvis, Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis and all that. And then, of course, the Beatles, Cream, Hendrix...it runs to a list that you could probably mimeograph and run around to most groups, depending on-when they came in or out.

FRANK: The bands that have always appealed to me are the players—the bands that get up and play and don't strut, going back to the Allman Brothers before everybody started dying. Little Feat was another and the Band has always been one of my favorites, 'cause they looked like they were sitting up in a garage somewhere and they just played with each other. They didn't rely on anything other than the music and watching them was a treat. The show was watching a virtuoso play. So I've always been partial to the bands that put the music first. Hendrix put on a great show, but I always got the feeling that the music came first to him and not the tongue wiggling and knee falling.

BILLY: I meant to tell you guys: I've worked up a knee fall for the show and I've got a tongue wiggle being shipped in as soon as they can build a case for it.

IX. WIT & WISDOM

Standing by the buffet table in the dressing room after the Knoxville show, Billy, Dusty and I are talking excitedly about rare Elvis tapes (They had the good taste to be playing my favorite at the moment—a 1955 Houston gig) when a sweet young blonde—filmy white top, lacy white stockings, very short black mini: a lot of leg and not a lot of skirt—implores Billy to autograph her backstage pass. "You're my hero," she fumbles, clearly serious. He obliges graciously and then it's time to run for the limos while I muse about what makes ZZ so wonderful, what makes heroes out of bearded border

boogie bandits. Got to be BLUES WIT which informs their entire presentation, undercutting the onerous preposterousness of Metal. Wimps like Judas Priest never betray for half a second that what they do is funny, much less fun. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, ZZ's heavily seasoned rock 'n' roll continues to tear right along—in person and on record—and the people tear right along with them. Me too.

X. LAST CALL AT THE LINGERIE COUNTER

Dusty sleepily suggests we end the interview "on an up note—E flat, C sharp, any of those." We settle on the theme from *I Married Joan*, a mid-'50s Jim Backus/Joan Davis sitcom, and for no reason (the best reason of all) the four of us remember most of the words. At the elevators hysterics overtake us trying to imagine what might have been thrown up on stage to Elvis when he was young and deserved such offerings.

FRANK: But remember the size of those... bloomers?

Billy could make great soup of them.

DUSTY: Stew!

Hot sauce? *Why not...*

LETTER FROM BRIT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

volume of short stories. McEwan said that making the movie (all of which, including its finale at the Tory conference, was filmed *in situ* with real politicians participating) "offered me an insight not just into the Conservative mind but into the blacker side of human nature." He cites delegates who "were transformed at a stroke into a snarling pack of mass murderers; no call for a discussion of real politics could have provoked such passionate ovations as those which greeted demands for hangings, floggings, increased police powers, longer prison sentences, more prisons. *Punishment* is what the Tory party seeks to inflict and the sense of a common enemy is all that binds them together."

The majority of Britain's pop tacticians, by contrast, may agree on nothing, but most are bound together by threads of that thing Tory philosophy is based on: the abandonment of hope. "I'm not expecting to grow flowers in the desert/But I can live and breathe and see the sun in wintertime" sing Big Country in their choppy, chunky, assertive single—which carries a threnody of Gaelic keyboards underscoring its sentiments. Big Country includes Pretender-for-a-day Tony Butler, and their song's at number 18 and rising—an unusually muscular track for an often-anemic Top 20.

Tartan shades are also audible (it's the week before Scotland plays England: a traditional city-under-siege occasion) on *Pop-Eyes*, the debut solo album from former Lemon Kitten Danielle Dax. *Pop-Eyes* features probably the most repellent LP sleeve ever to escape a printer—a collage of medical-manual cut-outs scrambled into an ominous visage by Ms. Dax herself. But then Danielle's initial stage appearance with Amy Turtle & the Crossroads took place with her own face obscured in a spider's web of black paint, just like the lad in Roger Corman's *The Trip*.

Danielle offers her sleeve art as "a personal depiction of the meat-market syndrome I've encountered in the music biz" (must have been some shock for a Kitten who used to perform in little more than body paint and her immense long hair). Inside, however, is experimental music worth more than a few moments' musing over—particularly a track called "The Shame-men," written on "the theme of Jim Morrison's macho shaman thing...the whole album's a process of exorcism."

Back in circulation from Paris is *NME* colleague Vivien Goldman, returned in the form of vocalist/foundress of Chantage (that's French for "blackmail," but Viv originally thought it meant singing). An original Flying Lizard around the time of their "Money" 45, Chantage continues Ms. G's preoccupation with the guilt inherent in gelt on an EP entitled *It's Only Money* (subtitle: Until You Haven't Any).

Slight, light, jolly and entirely female rather than feminist, "It's Only Money" showcases also one Sylviane Bloune. A free radio DJ in Paris (where she doubles as Viv's flatmate), Sylviane becomes "Moona" for recording purposes as Viv becomes "Viva". So far they've hustled three producers for their three tracks—including Chris Thomas and lovers' rock queen Caroll Thompson. Contributing musically to *Money*'s exuberant brew of Calysodic melodrama are several London "names," among them London Musicians Collective stalwart Steve Beresford.

On the theme of buried treasures, I've been meaning for awhile to mention more about the U.K.'s ever-expanding indie cassette market. For three years now, recorders and collectors have rabidly assaulted each others' Stowaways with whole genres of stuff unattainable elsewhere—while friends madly manufactures "specialist" tapes of their own. In London, the hot loops are Test Department, Camp Sophisto and Strafe Fur Rebellion, but bands also copy and distribute countless demos that never made it to the majors.

If you're interested in tuning in, a good bet would be to contact the scene's one pan-U.K. "review mag," which is called *Stick It In Your Ear*. *Stick It* is run by Geoff Wall—who also runs his own tape label—from 9 Gladstone Rd., Sholing, Southampton SO2 8GU Hampshire, U.K., and costs 50p (use International Postage Coupons and send appropriate postage). The average issue manages to review about 80 DIY tapes as well as offering the odd mini-feature—this time, the history and tape-ography of The Legendary Pink Dots—and a rundown of bootlegs available at gigs.

Among 'em, you're guaranteed to hear about gems from all round the country—like Happy's "Demonstration Of Affection" (Bristol), The Plague's soulful dance cassette (Dorset), The Cleaners From Venus' "Midnight Cleaners" (Essex), Modern Arts' "Underwater Kites" (West Midlands), or live goodies like Robert Fripp's "Pleasures In Pieces" (recorded at the Kitchen in NYC) and The Bluebells' "Venue 6.8.81" (Edinburgh).

After all, even the Tories can't monitor our tapes. That much was proven by the debut of one featuring Maggie T. repeating slogans docilely after her voice coach—last week's highlight of London's new, political pirate radio station. About which say no more. Nudge nudge, wink wink.

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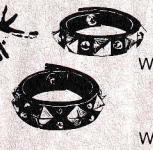
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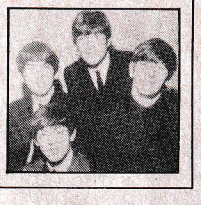

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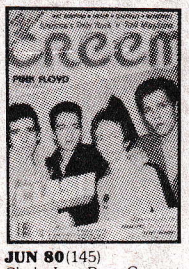

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KISS & TELL

But, Alex! This is David's trophy room! Alex!...*Alex?*

by Jaan Uhelszki

How Low Can You Go? **Rodney Bingenheimer**, that serious and enduring scenemaker, received an engraved invitation to no-longer-baby **Brooke Shields**' 18th birthday bash. So naturally Rodney booked an LT-11, handed the reins of his KROQ radio show over to the **Bangles,** and flew the friendly skies to the Apple to join the revelry. Thrifty as he is hip, Bingenheimer decided to save a couple of bucks and bunk over at **Chris** and **Debbie**'s (yes, *that* Chris and Debbie). To repay their generous hospitality, Rodney called to RSVP and asked whether he could maybe bring the couple by for some cake and some ice cream—the least they could do is sing Happy Birthday a la Blondie. Brooke's secretary was polite but firm. Maybe she saw *Videodrome*. I guess Blondie's manager, **Shep Gordon**, saw *Videodrome* too, because the same week he dropped the band from his roster...**Clem Burke** and **Nigel Harrison** must have seen it coming because they both joined ex-**Sex Pistol Steve Jones**, ex-**Utopian Tony Sales** and former **Detective Michael Des Barres** in **Chequered Past**, just recently signed to EMI...The **Go-Go's** are still out on the loose looking for a new producer. They can't decide on anyone just yet, but they all agree that it won't be **Richard Gottehrer**...No, it's not true that Mattel is bringing out a **Joan Jett** doll with detachable guitar strap this fall, but yes it is true that Joanie presented the Chemical Bank in Long Beach, New York with a platinum record of "I Love Rock And Roll." New accounts has never been the same...Heavy Metal mobsters **Triumph** has hired horror czar and rock enthusiast **Stephen King** to write the liner notes on their latest album. Then, Stephen turned around and hired that boulder among rock writers, and former editor of CREEM, **Dave Marsh** to serve as music coordinator for his latest fright flick *Christine*...Calling all Cars: Former **Clash** drummer **Topper Headon** was fined $150 for swiping a London bus stop sign... **Marianne Faithfull** tried to tell us about the company she was keeping when she released last year's *Dangerous Acquaintance*, and Kiss & Tell finally believed her when we heard Faithfull's newly ex-husband **Ben Brierly** was nabbed along with **Nik Cohn** (seminal rock critic, and author of *Saturday Night Fever*—the magazine article and the movie) in a jet-set coke raid in New York City catering to rock clientele. One arresting officer was overheard saying that the traffic outside Cohn's 76th St. apartment was backed-up with double-parked limos. And all this time we thought it was the Chinese take-out joint on the corner...Don't invite those shamrock rockers, **U2**, to your beer blast next Sunday because **Bono Vox, Larry Mullen** and **Dave "The Edge" Evans** are born-agains, and they don't even gig on the Sabbath. I mean, these guys mean business. Their girlfriends even sack-out in separate quarters (READ: no connecting door) when they join them on the road. How should I know what **Adam Clayton** does while all this isn't going on? Maybe he hangs with **David Lee Roth**. On the other hand, **Stevie Winwood** spends his Sundays playing organ at the All Saints Church in Turk Dean, England. No, he's not all that devout, he just needs someplace to practice for his upcoming U.S. tour... Falafel Rock: **Sheika Dena el Fassi** is taking her booty from the $82 million divorce settlement from the **Sheik el Fassi**, and starting her own record label with **Billy Preston** as her first release—which proves "somethin' from somethin' is *still* nothin'."... **Police** State: The **Copeland** boys have named their new film company CCCP in the ingenious tradition of the Police, IRS Records, FBI Booking and LAPD Management—they claim it stands for Copeland, Copeland, Copeland and Powers, but our mole informs us that CCCP is what the Russkies call their beloved mother Russia... Abandoned Luncheonette: **Chris Butler**, songwriting force behind the **Waitresses** has left the band—apparently looking for a better table. So what's on the menu now, you ask? It could be all over for the Waitresses, especially since **Holly Beth Vincent** has pulled a couple of her infamous no-shows...Le **Bowie** is the man to know lately—at least **Bianca Jagger** thinks so—she was spotted buzzing around the Bowie hive at the US Festival. **Tina Turner** has let it be known that she's not interested in the honey, but in having David produce her next album. Sorry sisters, right now the T.W.D. is committed to producing a short starring his pal **Iggy Pop**, and Bowie's *Hunger* co-star **Susan Sarandon**... **Bebe Buell**, that scrapbook chanteuse, put out a record on LA based Rhino Records last year—so can you tell me, and **Harold Bronson**, why she should *still* be billing her long, long distance calls to the perissodactyl record company? Kiss & Tell also picked up on the jungle drums that **Prince** has rung up Bebe quite a few times, (and we know *he* doesn't charge them to Rhino) suggesting that he produce her next album. His Royal Highness of Minneapolis offered to fly her up to discuss the plans, but tactfully suggested that Ms. Buell leave the **B-Sides** at home, because *he* wants to play all the instruments himself... **Valerie Van Halen** meet Valerie Van Halen. Not to be outdone by his brother **Eddie** and his bride, Valerie Bertinelli Van Halen, **Alex** has taken his own Valerie (Kendall) as his wife. No, don't bother to throw rice, just brown M&Ms...**Terri Nunn** had none—panties, that is. Just ask any of those enthusiastic onlookers perched backstage at the US Festival during "Sex (I'm A...)," where the fetching songstress horizontally crooned her hit. What do you mean, is she really blonde?...Maybe **James Watt** knew something. In May, 1969—three months before the **Sharon Tate** horror, **Charles Manson** requested permission from his parole officer to travel to Texas with the **Beach Boys**...Don't Call Me **Deva Dip**: I'm sure you all will be relieved that **Carlos Santana** has ended his long-time infatuation with **Sri Chinmoy** and all things karmic. We knew he was back when Carlos was actually spotted consuming the sacred cow in the form of a burger at his recording session at the Automatt in San Francisco. But if you'll excuse the term, don't expect miracles—our guy isn't ready to party hearty yet, he's just switched stations. He's how-you-say back to the fold, and decided to Try God. In fact, there are mumblings that Santana fired three members of his band because he dreamt that God told him to. If you don't believe me, just ask **Alex Ligertwood, Dave Margen** and **Richard Baker** what was written on their pink slips.

Bianca desperately searches for a nearby Send Humans Home Zone

Yow! Hey everybody! John Fogerty kicks girls!

Photos by (from left to right) Scott Downe, Debbie Leavitt/Pix and DeGuire/Galella, Ltd.

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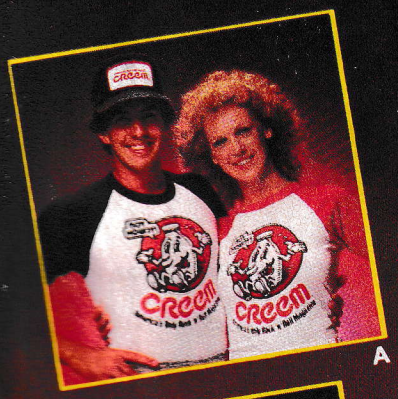

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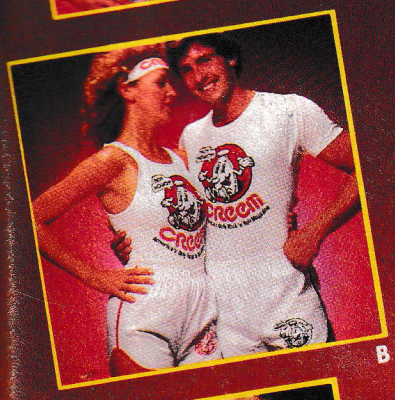

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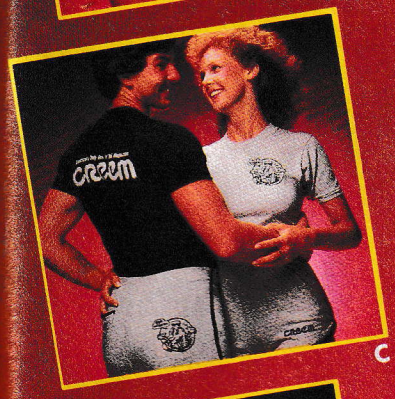

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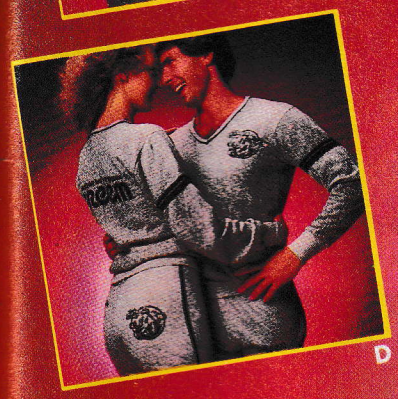
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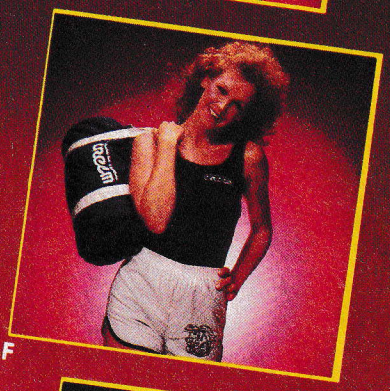
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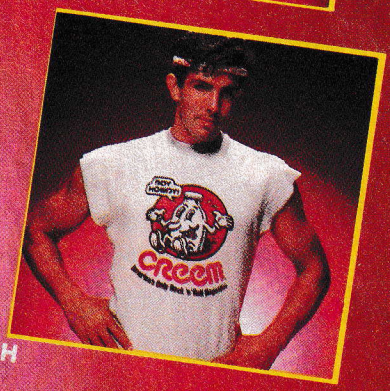

H

BE A STAR WITH THE CREEM CLOSET!

ORDER FORM

Enclose check or money order and send to:
CREEM Closet, P.O. Box-1064, Birmingham, MI 48012

Check item and circle size:

A	☐ Boy Howdy Jersey—Black	(B 26) S M L XL	$9.00
	☐ Boy Howdy Jersey—Red	(B 25) S M L XL	$9.00
	☐ CREEM Baseball Hat—Black	(H 35)	$6.00
B	☐ Boy Howdy Tank-Top	(B 30) S M L XL	$7.00
	☐ Boy Howdy T-Shirt	(B 41) S M L XL	$7.00
	☐ Boy Howdy Shorts—Red Stripe	(S 33) S M L XL	$7.00
	☐ Boy Howdy Shorts—Blue Stripe	(S 34) S M L XL	$7.00
	☐ CREEM Headband—White	(G 37)	$4.00
C	☐ CREEM Black T-Shirt	(B 31) S M L XL	$8.00
	☐ CREEM Grey Jock-Shirt	(B 40) S M L XL	$8.00
D	☐ CREEM Grey V-Neck Sweatshirt	(F 15) S M L XL	$15.00
	☐ CREEM Matching Grey Sweatpants	(F 16) S M L XL	$17.00
	☐ Both of the above items		$30.00
	☐ CREEM Grey Shorts	(F 17) S M L XL	$9.00
E	☐ CREEM Baseball Jacket—White	(J 44) XS S M L	$30.00
	☐ CREEM Baseball Jacket—Black	(J 55) XS S M L	$30.00
F	☐ CREEM Bag	(D 36)	$10.00
	☐ CREEM Chemise Top—Black	(C 43) S M L	$7.00
G	☐ CREEM Chemise Top—White	(C 42) S M L	$7.00
H	☐ CREEM Inside-Out Sweatshirt	(B 28) S M L XL	$14.00

Add $1.50 per order for postage and handling.
Michigan residents add 4% sales tax.

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED $_____

DO NOT SEND CASH. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

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BACKSTAGE™

Where the Stars Tank Up & Let Their Images Down

DeGuire/Galella Ltd.

"**Beav**'s *still in that coffee cup*, guys!"

Ebet Roberts

Balding **Mike Love** reveals his plans to skin **Dean Torrence** alive and *wear him as a hat!*

Ron Galella

Listening to seven **Billy Joel** records consecutively can be "rather tiring," explains **Christie**!

Ron Wolfson/LGI

"We got *principles*," insists Joe Strummer!

John Paschal/DMI

The mischievous Object From Space is *back!*

DeGuire/Galella Ltd.

Victoria is *sick* of exploitative photos!

Chris Walter

It's *not* my hair! *Get lost*, goon!

John McCartney

That *Marvin! Invisible* again!

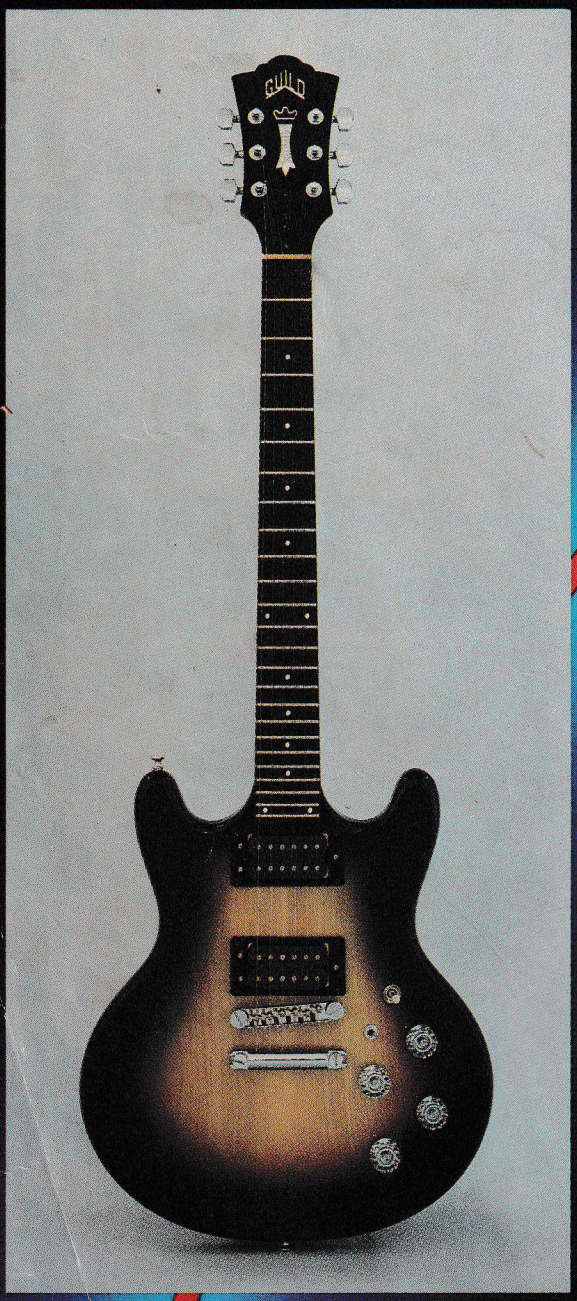
THE GO-GO'S

Hey there, groovy guys! We're the Go-Go's, and we wanna be to the 80's what the Shangri-Las, Angels and Ronettes were to the 60's! We got the beauty, we got the beat, and we got a sincere lust to love! How much more do ya need?

So meet us down at the hop, big boys! We can't stop the world, and maybe we can't erase those skidmarks from your heart, but we guarantee that tonite we're gonna rock all your blues away! See ya there!

Photo by Robert Matheu

THE NEW GUILD M-80



Guild's new M-80 is the most explosive guitar to hit the music scene in years. From its double cutaway, sculptured body to its fast-action fingerboard to its superior electronics, this instrument is solid Guild all the way. Here are a few of its outstanding features:

BODY
Solid maple top, with mahogany back. Contoured for exceptional balance and playability.

NECK
3 piece maple, offering 24 reachable frets, 24 3/4" scale, ebony fingerboard. Whether you play rhythm or lead, the M-80 has that right feel.

PICKUPS
New Guild XR-7's, utilizing an advanced Guild magnetic/electronic design. The XR-7 has a versatility of sound that ranges from raw, wall shaking power to soft, gentle whispers.

HARDWARE
Guild's SP-6 quick change Tailpiece that allows strings to be changed in about a minute—without coming apart like similar style tailpieces. Fast control speed knobs. Innovative Guild bridge. Deluxe Guild machine heads.

It gives you another chance to own a classic.

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Guild

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